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A

Royal Historie

OF THE EXCELLENT KNIGHT

Generides.

A

Royal Historie

OF THE EXCELLENT KNIGHT

Generides.

EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS. OF JOHN TOLLEMACHE, ESQ., M.P.,
OF PECKFORTON CASTLE, SOUTH CHESHIRE, AND HELMINGHAM HALL, SUFFOLK,

BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL.

Roxburghe Club.

PRINTED FOR HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, ESQ.
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MDCCCLXV.

HERTFORD:
PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN.

TO THE

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF

The Roxburghe Club

THIS ROMANCE

OF

Sir Generides,

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM A MS. OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE 15TH CENTURY,

IS DEDICATED AND PRESENTED

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

HENRY HUCKS GIBBS.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, REGENT'S PARK,
Christmas, 1865.

The Roxburghe Club.

MDCCCLXVI.

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PREFACE.

THIS Romance is, I believe, one entirely new to modern readers. Till Mr. Groome, of Monk Soham, sent up extracts from it for the Philological Society's Dictionary I had never heard of it myself, and on asking Sir Frederic Madden, and the other best authorities, if its name was known to them, they answered in all cases, "No." The like result attended the enquiries kindly made for me by M. Francisque Michel and M. Michelant* in France. "Sir Generides" was unknown to all. But after a time, the great Cambridge discoverer of fragments

* M. Michelant writes on Nov. 17, 1865: "Il me parait indubitable que votre poeme (Sir Generides) a une origine française; mais de tous ceux que je connais il n'y en a qu'un seul avec lequel il présente quelques faibles analogies. C'est un poeme en vers de 8 pieds, intitulé *Eledus et Serene*, conservé à la Bibliothéque de Stockholm, que j'espérais avoir en communication ici, et que j'attends encore. Vous en trouverez une description dans le Catalogue des Manuscrits français de la Bibliothéque de Stockholm par Stephens. (Förteckning af franc. och britt. Handskrifternar i des Kong. Bibl. i Stockholm af Stephens, 8vo, 1849.) Voici en quelques mots le contenu. Gemenas, roi de Tubie, a une fille nommée Serene, fiancée des son enfance avec un jeune duc d'Alide nommé Maugrin. Elle s'éprend d'un chevalier appellé Eledus, fils du Comte de Monfleur, Maninus. Après une suite de combats et d'aventures de tout genre ils finissent par s'épouser. L'ouvrage suédois contient deux fragments assez courts qui pourront sans doute vous donner quelques éclaircissements de plus."

The following extracts which I have made will show that the two Romances have (little or) nothing in common beyond the name *Serene*:

A compter vous ay d'Eledus,
Filh du pros conte Maninus,
Tout ne fu roys, ne amyraux,
De proesse conquerre plus baux,
Ne pour laisser tort ne malice
Oncques en li uent vng malvice,
Quar il conquist pour sa valeur
La fille du roy son seigneur,
Et troys roynes en Bougie,
Dont se vous veuilh compter la vie.
Mes d'Eledus veuilh laisser,
Quar de son seigneur veuilh compter;
Con fu bon roy natural,
Et de grans honeurs principal,
Et peut auoir a ses talens
Cent mille hommes combatans.
Vne cyte eut mult notable,
Nulz u'en auoit de plus notable,
Et eut nom Tubie la bonne,
Ou eut mainte bonne personne, etc.

Gemenas, le roy de Tubye,
Sestoit en son palays vng die,

in unthought-of places, Mr. Henry Bradshaw, Fellow of King's, and lover of MSS. and old books, found in a volume in Trinity Library some pages of an old text, printed seemingly by Wynkyn de Worde, in which the hero of our Romance was named, and which show that Sir Generides was known to our forefathers, and that our translator's reference to a French original was not a fiction. The lines discovered by Mr. Bradshaw are printed from a copy which I owe to the kindness of Mr. W. Aldis Wright, at pages xxv to xxx of this volume, and a comparison of them with the parallel passages of the present version (pp. 259–60, ll. 8371–8423, and p. 271, l. 8791, to p. 278, l. 8981) will show the reader how the two different Englishers of the French text treated their original, and enable him either to rest satisfied that he has the better version here, or regret the loss of it, as his poetic judgment dictates.

In the work itself we have one of the romances or novels of our ancestors, "made, al trew louers for to glade," and though we may

Et si parloit ou ses priues.
Atant le roy s'est resgardes,
Et vit entrer vint pellerins
Quj moult estoient noblentins,
Ne pour ce pas bien paroient riche gent,
Car mult venoient cortoisement;
Chascun siet sus sou paleffroy,
Et descendirent deuant le roy,
Le plus noble a parle promier,
Et dist au roy, "le droiturier
Quj forma toute creature
Vous enuoye bonnauenture,
Sire roy, and a tous vos barons."

Trestous les huys ont tost quasses,
Et ceulx que treuvent tous estrasllles,
Lors Eledus et l'escuier,
Et auec luy maint cheualier
Vont vers la tour du duc Maugrier,
Et montent sus droit au planchier,
Les portes rompent hastiuement,
Et puis entrerent hardiement.

La sus trouerent le duc Maugrier,
Et Gention, & le roy Rechier,
Et quatre roys, & vij comtours,
Et d'autres C. tous des meillours,
Du duc Maugrier pour seiorner
Estoient venus, & pour bagner,
Et bien cuidoient segur dormir, etc.

[A]tant vees vous lors l'escuier
Qui monta hault en vng soulier,
Trouua Sebile et Serene,
Vestir les fist & puis lez moyne
A moult grant ioye vers Eledus.
Et quant vers luy furent venus,
Eledus l'ala moult tost baiser,
Et puis l'ava moult resgarder,
Et son blyant vit desire [?]
Et de son sanc par tout coste.
Et il li dist qui ce auoit fait;
"Maugrier," dist elle, "par atrazait
Des esperons me baty tant
Que de tous lieux sally le sanc."
—(*Stephens*, pp. 146–9.)

often be tempted to smile at the plots and incidents of the books of its class, we must yet remember that those who once delighted in them were men

> "of Noble birth,
> Valiant and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
> Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
> Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
> But always resolute, in most extreames."

Written, as the present poem was, in the sixth Henry's time, Talbot himself may have seen it, he, "the great Alcides of the field," perchance enjoyed it with his boy, "the Sonne of Chiualrie;" and though it lacks somewhat, as well the fire as the simple pathos, of stories of an earlier day, yet there is no need to ask for it a favouring ear from those who, with M. Hippeau, know "ce n'est jamais sans profit que l'on receuille quelques-uns des nombreux anneaux de la chaîne qui permet de suivre à travers les âges toutes les transformations que subissent les mots d'une langue et les idées d'un peuple" (*Messire Gauvain*, Preface, p. xxxiv.).

The story told is shortly this: King Aufreus of Ynde has an unfaithful wife, and is himself led by Destiny to beget on the Princess of Surre a son (Generides) who is to become a knight of price. He is brought up by his mother, sent as a stranger to his father's court, and is there beaten by the Steward, Sir Amalek, the paramour of the Queen, whose advances Generides has rejected. Unable, from his youth, to fight and avenge the insult of the grown-up warrior Sir Amalek, Generides goes to the Court of the Sowdon of Perse, where his service is gladly accepted, and where love at first sight strikes both the Sowdon's daughter (Clarionas) and him; he is caught at her window, thrown into a dungeon, and is near being hanged. Meantime Aufreus's queen

(Serenydes) has given up his castle and herself to the Steward, Sir Amalek, and Aufreus has to take refuge in the land of Tharse, of which he is soon elected Steward, and then King. Here he finds his love Sereyne, Generides's mother, and

> "wedded hir with grete solempnitie;
> A royaler fest did neuer man see."

While the Sowdon is trying to get his Council to assent to Generides's being hanged, comes, in regular Arthur wise, a demand from Sir Bellyns, King of Kings, for tribute from the Sowdon's land, and for his daughter as the King's concubine for the space of twelve days. This saves Generides, for he claims to fight the King of Kings and avenge the Sowdon's right. Now come the great points of the book, a grand battle, or rather two of them, stretching from p. 119 to p. 164, and then the single combat between Generides and the King, from p. 165 to p. 190, ending in the King's defeat, and his death on his road home, p. 191.

It is evident, from the care and elaboration given to these encounters, that the author and his readers held fighting the true meat for a man, and that though it was quite correct for a knight to fall in love, to be susceptible to any extent, to swoon and fall ill on proper occasions, and be recovered by a kiss from his sweetheart, yet his real function in life was—being on the right side—to break the backs of other men on the wrong side, run them through, chop off their ears and arms, after more or less fighting; and when they got their opponents down, not, in modern fashion, to "*don't kick*" them, but to ride over and over them, and trample the life out of them, unless they gave in. Why give the devil a second chance if you've once got a good hold of him? It is quite refreshing to feel how Syr Thomas Maleor and the older men enjoyed a good stand-up fight. They must have had many a one

with their arms, or seen it with their eyes, ere they could have described it so vividly with their pens.

But to return to the story of the romance. King Bellyns's son, Gwynan, falls deeply in love with Generides's sweetheart, Clarionas, and having witnessed her lover's power of fighting, resorts to stratagem to get her into his possession. His friend, Sir Jewel, succeeds in carrying her off to Egypt, and there Gwynan, after his bridal-feast, is about to consummate his marital rights, when Generides, disguised as a leprous beggar, gets access to her and rescues her. Having deposited his lady-love in safety with the Sowdon, Generides goes off to help his father, Aufreus, win back his land of Ynde from the traitor Sir Amalek. After a first battle Amalek asks for a month's truce, and this gives Generides time to return to Perse and defeat Gwynan, who had invaded the Sowdon's country in the hopes of recovering Clarionas. Serenydes (Aufreus's first Queen and Amalek's paramour) takes advantage of Generides's absence in Perse to make a quarrel between him and Clarionas, inducing each to believe that the other is married; but by the good sense of Mirabel, Clarionas's maid or lady-in-waiting, the plot is defeated, and all made pleasant again. Generides then returns to Ynde, fights Amalek, and wounds him so badly, cutting off his right ear and arm, that he is carried off the field, and after repenting of his evil deeds, dies; that is to say, he must be supposed to die, though the text does not tell us so, for at the end of his repentant speech, at the bottom of p. 303, there is evidently an omission, as well of the death of Amalek as of the scene promised us in the heading of Chapter XXI. —"hou lamentablie Quene Serenydes come with a naked sword to [Generides], And offerd hir to die for hir grete vntrouth doon to hir lord the King Aufreus, And how paynfullie hir hert brest in hir

constreint sorrow, and so she died ouertwhert Amalek"—the poem suddenly turns to another subject, the death of Generides's father and mother, and says no more of Amalek. These parents having considerately died at just the right time,

> "Generides wedded was ful rially
> To Clarionas that feire ladie,"

and having been crowned King of Ynde before his marriage, immediately afterwards becomes Emperor of Perse in right of his wife, whose father

> "The Sowdon died at the last."

Then they reward all their friends who have helped them in their troubles, live long a good life, have much of worldly wealth, with many children, lords of price, and daughters ladies great:

> "Thei led here life in ioye and blis
> As thei were wele worthie i-wis."

So ends the noble history of the excellent Prince Generides. If any one begins it, let him attend to the author's entreaty:

> "for goddes sake, or ye hens wende,
> Here this tale vnto the ende."—(p. 118, ll. 3769-70.)

And let all who finish it

> "Pray for him this talé made,
> Al trew louers for to glade!
> And graunt vs al at oure ende
> To heuen blis forto wende,
> Eternallie there to be!
> Seith Amen al, for charitie."

The love part of the story is sufficiently romantic and exciting: there is first the sudden falling in love; then the stolen interviews; the discovery of the lovers by the Sowdon; the casting of Generides into a prison, and the distress of Clarionas; the fear of his death in battle over and over again; the lady's double abduction by Jewel;

the pursuit and rescue of her by her lover; the delayed marriage; the report that each has married another, and all the woe involved in that; crowned at last by Generides's nearly dying at the news of his parents' death,—all this trouble before the joy and bliss of wedded life.

With regard to the principal characters of the poem—Generides himself is a generous, simple-hearted, gallant fighting man, entirely devoted to his lady-love, willing to trust the promise of a traitor though he had deceived him twice before. He is endowed with the extraordinary power of swooning on the shortest notice that we have seen in the Graal knights, and is so tender-hearted that the news of his love's displeasure, or his parents' death, is nearly enough to kill him. His love, Clarionas, on the other hand, though described at first as a marvel of perfection,* turns out to be a somewhat hasty-tempered person, quick to believe injurious reports of her lover, able to call his messenger a liar, to scold him too right soundly, and ready to regret that she has lost his rival, Gwynan, when she finds that Generides wishes to postpone their marriage till he can make her a Queen. All these points are indications of love, no doubt; but they might well have been a little less sharp. Mirabel, Clarionas's friend and waiting-woman, is a much more estimable person than her young mistress. Always good and sensible, trusting the noble, suspecting the rascals, ready of wit, and quick in act, she is a worthy wife for Generides's trusted friend, Darel. Clarionas's father, the Sowdon, is a

* "She was of beautie so feire and bright,
In noo place, I you ensure,
Was known so feire a creature,
Hir bodie was ful gentil and small;
She was ful amyable, and goodli withal,
Defaute in hir might no man finde,
She had al that nature might doo be kinde;
Therto she was courtes and free
To euery man after his degre."—(p. 47, ll. 1502-10.)

hot-tempered, violent, and changeable person (p. 170, l. 5441), somewhat of a sneak, more than half-inclined to give his daughter up, first to Bellyns's lust "in unclenness hir life to haunt" (l. 5444), and then to Gwynan as a wife, in order to save himself and his possessions from threatened invasions. He is not, however, an absolute despot. His knights hold him in check, and tell him plainly,

> "All may not be at youre will;
> Thogh ye wold put on him treason,
> Ye must doo that is reason,
> And juge him aftir the comon law,
> And not oonlie aftir youre own saw.
> The dome must goo by law and skill."—(p. 92, and see pp. 94–7.)

Piers Plowman's wholesome doctrine that "Might of the Commons makes Kings reign," had borne good fruit. Aufreus, Generides's father, is worthy of respect, if we except his conjugal infidelity, for which he has, however, the excuse of Destiny, and his wife's previous faithlessness, though that was unknown to him.

The MS. is put by Sir Frederic Madden at about 1430–50, the date of so many of the MSS. of the "Canterbury Tales." It is a tall, double-columned folio, the first part of which contains "Lydgate's Troy Book," and the second, this "Sir Generides," from fol. 103 to fol. 152, back. All the initial letters of the chapters of the Generides are wanting, and most of the illustrations. The names of the hero and heroine are left blank in many places for the rubricator, who has not filled them in; but a later hand has often made the attempt in black ink, generally spelling Generides *Gerenides*, and I have therefore paid no attention to such insertions. Where the names are written in red in the MS. they are printed in italic in the text; but the rubricated headings of the chapters, or illustrations, are printed in the ordinary type, and the italic names in the text-headings correspond to the black ink ones

in the rubricated headings of the MS. The italic letters occurring in common words mark the expansions of contractions. The MS. is an awkward one to print, on account of the number of strokes and tails about, and to, many of the words. Many of the tails occur after adverbs and infinitives, where in an earlier text they would have meant a final *e*; but as they occur in other places where they *must* mean nothing, and as the real marks of contraction are always in heavier lines and unmistakeable, I have disregarded the ordinary strokes and tails, treating them as mere flourishes of the scribe, except in the cases of *h*, *l*, *m* and *n*, about which there may be some doubt (though I have none myself), and which, as the lined letters existed in the ordinary founts of type, could be procured without difficulty. The lined ħ, ŧ, m̃ and ñ are always printed as they are written, though in the m̃ and ñ the line is often carried over the whole syllable or word of which the letter forms part. There are a few stops or metrical points in the MS. These are printed between brackets, thus (.)

The metre of the poem is the ordinary four-accent one, normally consisting of four feet, each of an unaccented and accented syllable—

Upón | a dáy | in sóm | er týde,

but admitting of the omission, of the doubling or trebling, of the unaccented syllable, as in the following instances:

Line 221 Wé | ry and áll | fór | swétt
1449 Sír | seid thán | Nathán | aél
1450 Stráun | ge cón | tres I | know wél
1851 His | desí | re tó | respíte |
2323 Af | tre mét | e, wálk | she wóld
4049 Séy | hím | with | out lés |
5295 As | for mé | nóv | I máy |
1634 In this coúrt | ther ís | a gén | tilmán
847 And sáid | má | dáme | mercý |

Line 206 Tho wíth | the goode lá | die the king | gan góon |
1636 I offénd | ed him név | er in wórd | ne thóght
217 The king | set him doún, | the goode lá | die him bý

Of *Rhyme* the translator of this poem was certainly not a master; but he never lets spelling stand in his way. When *destiny* has to rhyme with *high* (hie), it appears as *destinygh; therby* is written *therbigh* (p. 218, l. 7062); *rank* (or reng), when rhyming with *strenght*, takes the form of *renght;* and pleasure is turned into *pleasire* to correspond with *desire* in its fellow line (p. 33, l. 1060): *rebounded* is docked of its *ed* (p. 181, l. 5813) in order to rhyme with *ground;* Soudon is turned into *Soudoan* to rhyme with *Ottran* (ll. 9133-4); and for *riuen* in l. 6001 we have *reue;* while *home* (l. 855) answers to *goone* (l. 856).

Of the Dialect of the verse, late as it is, I can say nothing certain. It is perhaps Midland, with a Northern mixture; though it may fairly pass, I think, as a specimen of the standard language, the Midland's child. There are Northern words and forms: *til* for *to*; *thertil* for *thereto*; *aithre*, either; *naithir*, neither; ? *algate* (l. 2237); and *spere*, ask, enquire (l. 9119).* But these are met by the use of *to*, *therto*, *nouthir*. The imperfect participle in *ing* (*frushing*, l. 3831; *ambling*, l. 4031; *waloping*, l. 4744) is used as well as that in *and* (*sechand*, l. 1315; *smyland*, l. 9779; *shakand*, *walopand*, ll. 3641–2); and soft forms like *wirch*,† work, occur beside *wirk* (l. 7048); *wreche*, revenge (l. 1275), beside *wreke* (l. 1296), *awreke* (l. 1272), *wroke* (l. 4634), *wroken* (l. 1256); *-liche* (ll. 282, 290), beside *-like* (l. 1045); and we have both *ilk* and *ych* (l. 847), *ax* (l. 815), and *assh*, ask, etc. Of verbal inflexions we

* The *gg* for *dg*,—*egge*, edges (l. 5147); *logges*, lodges (l. 6455); *brigge*, bridge (l. 8160); *pleggs*, pledge (l. 5499); is not dialectal, I suppose.

† *Betesche*, betake (l. 973); *seche*, seek (l. 1205); *besseche* (ll. 336, 973), also occur.

have a Northern plural *s* as well as a Midland *n*: ye me *telles* (l. 467); ye *been** (are), l. 927; *louen*, 3rd plur. (l. 1039); and *th* appears in the 2nd as well as the 3rd singular: hou *liketh* thou (l. 3814); *comforth*, comforts (l. 572); *dooth*, does (l. 1638); and is used in the 2nd plural imperative: *gooth*, go ye (l. 492); *beth*, be you (ll. 1678, 1921); *kept* = *kepeth*, keep ye (l. 620); but the usage is not consistent, as in—"com on and spareth not" (p. 120, ll. 3803–4). Some infinitives are in *n* as well as without, as *sayne*, say (l. 631); *known*, know (l. 923); *sene* (l. 140); *seen*, see (l. 928). Among the perfect tenses and participles that occur are the following:

delt, p. dealt, line 9016
holp, p.p. helped, 369
fond, p. found, 378
shold, p., 383
wold, p., 384
yatte, p. got, 443
drede, p. dreaded, 536
wet, p.p. wetted, 607
quoke, p. quaked, 650
close, p. (? for closed), 687
yolde, p.p. yielded, repaid, 947
hold, p.p. held, 948
know, p.p. known, 1226
wroken, p.p. wreaked, 1256
ferd, p. behaved, 1310
sigh, p. saw, 1325
wan, p. of win; go, get, 1374
kest, p. cast, 1587
threst, p. thrust, 1588
tane, p.p. taken, 1620
bote, p. bit, 9656
smet, p. smote, 4613
stoong, p. stung, 5000
slaw, p.p. slain, 3180, 5009, 5206
floy, p. flew, 5934
shet, p. shot, rushed, 4598
sooke, p. sucked, 5994
pitt, p. put, 1947
blan, p. ceased, 2079
weshen, p. 3 pl., washed, 2334
washen, p.p., 611, 2339; *wesh*, 2372
wash, p., 30; *washed*, 2441
sprong, p. sprang, 2484
fligh, p. flew, 2670
cleue, p. clave, 2673
kest, p.p. cast, 2742
wex, p. waxed, grew, 2806
slough, p. slewed, 2861
droofe, p. drove, gushed, 2888
setten, p. pl. sat, 3014
lough, p. laughed, 3253
meved, p. moved, 3282
quoke, p. quaked, 3798
come, p. came, 3994
dalt, p. dealt, 4100
laft, p. left, 8108
halpe, p. helped, 8550.
thrast, p. thrust, burst, 8744

In the 3rd Pronoun, the plural *thei* alone occurs (ll. 366, 422, etc.); but in the oblique cases, *their* (l. 524) occurs seldom, and *them* (*theim*, p. 6, l. 133), I think, only once, *here* (ll. 355, 423, 2044, etc.) and *hir* (ll. 422, 524) being the general possessives, and *hem* (l. 360) and *him* (ll. 1691, 2034) the objectives. *She* is the feminine singular; and the possessive *hers*, which Mr. Merivale groundlessly questions in the "Paston Letters," occurs in l. 4089, as, well as in Chaucer's "Man of Lawes

* We *ar* (l. 241) is used as well as *ben* (l. 243).

Tale," *I moot be heres* (l. 4647) Wycliffe's "Isaiah" (ab. 1382 A.D.), and many earlier Northern and Midland texts, as in Robert of Brunne's "Chronicle," A.D. 1330, ne non of *hirs*, (Inner Temple MS., fol. 5, col. 1.) *Who* in the nominative is not used as a relative.

In constructions we have the frequent one of the genitive: *The Quenes fadre of ynde* (l. 3694) for the Queen-of-Ynde's father; *the kinges ost of kinges* (l. 3899) for the host of the king of kinges; *that*, omitted in ll. 2944, 7498, *bi him me boght; on*, in l. 2962, etc.

The text was copied very carefully from the MS. by Mr. W. A. Dalziel, and the copy read once, and the printed text twice, by myself, but the errors in the Corrigenda—besides others, no doubt—have nevertheless escaped notice. The Glossary is not exhaustive, and is slight, because in these late texts few words requiring elaborate treatment appear. The Index, also, does not pretend to completeness.

My thanks are due to Mr. Tollemache for his kindness in allowing his unique MS. to remain so long in my possession. Would that some other possessors of MSS. little known to students would imitate his generous example, at least so far as to let the contents of their parchment-books be copied and given to the world. No chance owner of a record of the mind and life of our old-English worthies has a right to turn Dog in the Manger, and do what he will with his own. A Chaucer relic, a Percy ballad;—the curse of all true men on him who misers these up in his own strong box, not for love of the writers, but for gratification of vanity and self.

3, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn,
15*th November*, 1865.

REMAINS OF THE OTHER VERSION OF *SIR GENERIDES* IN THE LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

FOUND IN "MICHAELIS MENOTI SERMONES QUADRAGESIMALES, PARIS, 1525," A VOLUME FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF EDMUND CASTELL, THE GREAT ORIENTAL SCHOLAR.

[*The words and letters in italics are supplied by guess, two of the three original leaves having been cut off at the edges, and otherwise damaged.*]

I.—GUSSAR'S FALSE TALE TO CLARYONAS.

(*See pp.* 259, 260, *ll.* 8371–8423, *post.*)

Of a fortune whiche *has befalle*
For in this case to you *I do mayntayne*
Generydes is wedded in certayne
It passeth not a fortenyght syth it[1] was [[1] orig. *is*]
To syr Amelokes doughter Lucydas

Gussar tells Claryonas that Generydes has wedded Amelok's daughter, Lucydas,

This was his wyll in euery thynge
The case was suche that he myght not saye na*y*
His fader charged hym on his blyssynge
That peas myght be appoynted for alway
If ye trust not the wordes that I saye
Here is a rynge whiche he sent you by me
Ye gaue it hym in very certayn[t]e

on his father's entreaty to make peace with Amelok,

and has returned the ring Claryonas gave him,

And forthermore he charged me
To let you wete and suerly vnderstonde
That ye may now stonde at your lyberte
To wedde where that ye wyll in ony londe
whan she herde that she myght no lenger stond*e*
But downe she fell swounynge for grete dolou*re*
Myrable ran and toke her vp that houre

saying that she is free to marry any one else.

Claryonas swoons,

Comfortynge her in all that euer she myght
And whan she was recouered agayne
To hym that brought the rynge she went ryg*ht*
And in no wyse coude not her restrayne
and smote the rynge out of his handes twayn*e*
All sodaynly the rynge from hym was gone
With that Myrable toke it vp anone

recovers,

and knocks the ring out of Gussar's hands.

Myrable takes

And put the rynge in sure kepynge
Than sayd Gussar vnto Claryonas
[*Two lines cut off.*]

and keeps it.

case
*e*very dele
In alle wyse that ye kepe hym wele

Claryonas also turns out Generydes's gift dog,

As for t he dogge quod she lo here it is
I wil no lenger kepe it sykerly
Ne not hynge elles that I may knowe was his
Out the n she threwe the dogge hastely

and Myrable keeps that too.

With tha t myrable caught it sodaynly
Thou s halt no more quod she come in his waye
Dame Lu cydas shall neuer with the playe[1] [[1] *playne* in orig.]

For I w yll kepe the at myn owne deuyse
Whan G ussar sawe that there was none other way

Gussar goes home.

He toke his leue anone in haste wyse
And streyght d eparted on his Journay
Agey n to ynde as fast as he may
Claryonas is to her chaumbre gone

Claryonas mourns.

With sig hes depe and thoughtes many one

O carefu ll woman and full of perplexcyte
Generi des alway remembrynge
And pla ynynge gretly his duplycyte
But truly che he was giltles in no thynge
And gentyl Myrable had alway demynge

Myrable suspects treachery.

Of this mater to vnderstonde it wele
That it was done by treason euery dele

The Sowdan goes to comfort his daughter.

Now wh an the Sowdan herde of this aray
And ho w his doughtir toke such mornynge
Into hir chaumber he toke the redy way
As fad re wolde and as a gentyll kynge
[*Three lines cut off.*]

II.—THE CLEARING UP OF THE MISCHIEF MADE BY SENERYDES AND GUSSAR WITH CLARYONAS'S RING.

(*See p.* 271, *l.* 8791, *to p.* 278, *l.* 8981, *post.*)

But yf she here you this wote I wele
and yet Darell wyll tell her [1]fuerydele [[1] *f* for *e*]
yet wyll she gyue no credence be ye sure
But ye be there elles to no creature

Generydes begs Myrable

and forthermore I praye you tell her so
Me to mystruste truly she is vnkynde
For one thynge shall I saye and true it is also
Untrue to her she shall me neuer fynde
and this I wyll remembre in my mynde
Eche creature of nature hym delyteth
That one good tourne another quyteth.

to assure Claryonas of his fidelity.

with this worde Myrable began to smyle
Her leue she toke and forthe she wente her *waye*
Of syr Darell nowe let vs speke a whyle
whiche hasted hym as fast as euer he *maye*
And so ferforth he was on his Journay
That in the [lande] of perce arryued he
And came to mountanar that fayre cyte

Syr Darell journeys to Perce.

He reaches Mountanar,

Full streyght he wente to Claryonas
And to her chaumber toke the way redy
He knocked softly as the maner was
Than came a mayde and to hym sayde preuely
Go fro this dore syr I pray you hertely
My lady had no rest of all this nyght
Nor slept not tyll nowe I you behyght

goes to Claryonas's chamber,

but is refused admission by the maid,

Full fast he prayde but neuer the nerer he coude
And whan he sawe it wolde none other be
[*Three lines cut off.*]

but allowed entrance by Claryonas.

Then spake Claryonas to hir mayde
Go open nowe the chaumber dore she sayde

Darell kneels to Claryonas,

Whan he came in he kneled on his kne
and thus he sayde vnto Claryonas
Fro ynde I come now as faste as I can *te*
Generydes commaundeth him to your grace
as for my comynge this is the case

tells Generydes's distress,

Of you he hath ben drenched passynge sore
Which dayly and nyghtly is more and more

and explains all to her.

Than tolde he her the mater how it was
She *her*de hym speke all his entent to fele

She will not believe him,

Ye speke false wordes nowe quod Claryonas
And all ye say is lesynges euery dele
Suppose ye not I vnderstonde it well

and says Generydes has wedded Lucydas.

Generydes *this* is the mater playne
To L*ucydas* is wedded for certayne

To her it is the erande sholde be do
And not to me for I haue done withall

Darell

Now good madame quod he why say ye so
My message is to you in especyall

reminds her of Generydes's constancy,

Now please it you to youre mynde to call
Howe good how true he was to you alway
And yet he is the same I dare well say

and says that he (Darell) loves Lucydas,

Of Lucydas quod he ye may be sure
For in very trouthe without faynynge
I loue her best of any creature
She sente to me no malys supposynge

[*Three lines cut off.*]

The rynge she sayde wolde make hyr *fayn* — and got her Generydes's ring
And for that cause I sente it to lucyd*as*
Nowe wote I well it was but for a tr*ayn* — with which Senerydes and Gussar
Sénerydes it had this is the case
That false gussar the messengere was
Fro you and fro Generydes also — have made all the mischief.
To make a varyaunce bytwene you t*wo*

This is quod he trouthe that I haue *sayde*
And put me to what othe that euer ye *liste*
In her conceyte than was the well a*payde* — Claryonas is appeased,
To you quod she nowe haue I no my*striste*
Truly madame quod he if I had wys*te*
That ye mysdeme me sholde in ony r*age*
I had nat taken on me this viage

with that she made hym very frendly *chere* — and makes friends with Darell.
And whan the Sowdan wyste of his *comynge*
To her he wente some tydynges to he*re*
and gaue hym anone his welcomynge — The Sowdan welcomes him,
what tydynges quod he do ye now br*ynge*
For certayne syr suche as they be
To you I wyll declare the certente

The syege is layde to parentyne quod *he* — and hears of Auferyus's besieging Parentyne
a great deale nere than it was before
The gates are all shytte of that cyte
and of vytayle they haue but easy stor*e*
Nor none may haue I say you forther*more*
So streyght them kepeth auferyus the *kynge* — very closely.
That out they may not for no maner *thynge*
[*Two lines of the next Stanza cut off.*]

He hath besege d them in suche a wyse
That none ne can e scape I vnderstonde
Till Amelok yeld yeth vp to his honde

The Sowdan says he

The Sowdan h erde him well & thus he sayde
Now of Generyde s I am well apayde

wants Generydes

God wot I wol de that he were here with me
For, tell him, Darell in ony wyse

as Gwynan is ravaging his lands.

Gwynan the ky nge is nowe in this countre
And unto me he doth great dyspyse
Trulyche haue I great nede of his seruyse

Darell promises to tell Generydes,

I go to Ynde as fast as I may gone
Riht well, Sir King, y our erande shall be done

and returns to Ynde.

Syr Darell toke his leue & goth his way
Certes he was fo unde euer gode and trewe
Myrable Perce warde gothe on hir Journay

He meets Myrable,

And on their way they m ette to gyder a newe

and each tells the other news.

And told to eche suche tydynges as they knewe
With neither was no lenger abydynge
But both forth r ode with out more taryenge

Amelok sallies out of Vyce.

Sir Amelok out of the towne of vyce
His knightes & h is people forthe he sente
For they had told hym in credeble wyse
Generydes did lie seke in his tente
Therefor he wyn nes to hym verament
He sone was sow nde in theyr opynyowne
They saw him prikky nge out before the towne

Generydes slays Anamyell.

Anone Gen erydes slewe anamyell
[*One line cut off.*]

CORRIGENDA.

Page	1,	line	15,	*for* "stong" *read* "strong."
,,	7,	,,	178,	*for* "begooh" *read* "begoon̄."
,,	51,	,,	1642,	insert [Clarionas] at the end of the line.
,,	53,	,,	1701,	*for* "wrote" *read* "wote."
,,	64,	,,	2054,	"thoo" perhaps belongs to the sentence following.
,,	109,	,,	3508,	"banerer" is probably for "baner" (*see* l. 3515).
,,	128,	,,	4082,	"ost" is probably omitted after "Soudanes."
,,	143,	,,	4571,	*for* "She" *read* "The."
,,	186,	,,	5999,	*for* "euercome" *read* "overcome."
,,	192,	,,	6200,	*for* "scretes" *read* "secretes."
,,	245,	,,	7922–3,	put a comma after "stede," instead of after "kepe"

POSTSCRIPT.

19th February, 1866.

Mr. W. Aldis Wright has just sent up the following fragments of the printed version of *Sir Generides*, which he has found among Sir John Fenn's papers, now in the possession of Philip Frere, Esq., of Dungate. They have suffered mutilation, in the same manner as the Trinity fragments, from having been used in the binding of a book. The corresponding passages of the Helmingham text are referred to in the headings. The parts in italics are supplied—by guess, was already printed, but with gladness I substitute for it—from the MS. whose re-discovery is announced below, and which will, I hope, be printed by the Early English Text Society next year.

Trin. Coll., *Monday*, 26 *Feb.*, 1866.

My dear Furnivall,—

I have only time to say that I have found the whole ballad of *Generides*, in the seven-line stanza, in a magnificent MS. of "Lidgate's Poems," in our library. I enclose those parts which help to piece out the imperfect printed fragment.—Yours ever,

W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

I.—ABEL AT THE SOUDON'S COUNCIL; AND THE ARRAY OF THE SOUDON'S HOST AGAINST THE KING OF KINGS.

(*See pp.* 109–112, *ll.* 3508–3587.)

And in the formest batayll for to be
He and his ayres they clayme this dew*tie*

And also to be constable of his hoost
And the forwarde to haue in gouernau*nce*
For to turky it longeth of ryght moost
Besechynge you with humble obseruau*nce*
Of your lordshyp ye lyst me so auaunce
That I may bere without enuy or blame
The formest baner in my faders name

Anone withall the Sowdan gaue answere
All your desyre I graunt for it is ryght
The kynge hym thanked in curteys manere
Than to theyr tentes soone gan they them *dyght*
And dressed all theyr harnays ouer nyght
That they myght on the morowe without *doute*
Unto the kynge of kynges to gyue a stroute

Whan it was daye forwarde they gan dresse
In bryght harnays these knyghtes euery*chone*
With dyuers lordes more and lesse
Of erles and barons many one
Theyr helmes garnysshed so that they shone
With grete perles and dyamondes of pryce
Theyr coursers trapped on the best wyse

In the cyte thrughe euery strete
There was grete noyse of people all about
To dresse them forth theyr enemyes to mete
And soone vpon without ony doubte
Forth of the cyte the Sowdan passed out
And rode streyght vnto his tente
With his lordes aboute hym wente.

G. i.

And whanne the y were all redy to go
And all assem bled in company
Thre skore thousande they brought without mo
Thanne were o rdeyned the wardes by and by
The formest warde to guyde truly
The king of turky had in gouernaunce
Be very rig ht of his enherytaunce

Thre thousa nde knyghtes in his ledynge
Beside arch ers and fotemen that were there
And as his graunte was at the begynnynge
His son sir Abell dyde the baner bere
The second e warde to sertefye you here
Was putte o nto the kynge of araby
[*Sir Sircu*] s with thre thousande in theyr company

The third batayll therin was anazere
And with h ym [was] Generydes also
And all th e newe made knyghtes that there were
And fifteen e hondred men withouten mo
Of chosen men what euer they sholde do
All vndern eth the reule more and les
Of Anazere and of Generydes

The Prin ce of cesar called Cherydone
He was th e fourth and in another warde
His felow shyp well besene echone
A thousa nde knyghtes waytynge on his garde
Thanne ca me the kynge of cesyle afterwarde
Thre tho usande knyghtes in his company
With arc hers and fotemen ryght hardely

Next a fter came the kynge of nycomede
Five th ousande knyghtes wonder to beholde

II.—ANOTHER FRAGMENT OF THE SAME.

(*This line follows the last above.*)
Full vgly shapen in length and brede (recto)

(*p.* 113, *l.* 3633.)
In that bate ll Darell bare the banere (verso)

(*p.* 124, *ll.* 3924–33.)
And as they rode spekynge by the way (recto)
Sygrym was ware where in a valay

(*p.* 125, *ll.* 3976–82.)
Quod Amelok thou hast ynough to daye (verso)
Reche me my shelde agayne and go thy waye

Copied 18*th Feb.* 1866,
W. A. W.

MS. TRIN. COLL., CAMBRIDGE.—O. 5. 2.—CATALOGUED AS "LIDGATE'S POEMS."

(Large fol. 17¼ × 12. 37 folios—originally 38—one having been cut out; 2 col. on a page, and an average of 45 lines in a col.)

And whanne that they were redy to go
And all assemelid in a companye
iij skore thowsand they were withoute moo
Thanne were ordeyned the wardes by and by
The formest warde all redy for to gye
The kyng of Turkey had in gou*ern*aunce
Be very right of his enheritaunce.

Thre thowsand knyghtes att his demening
Be side archers and foote men that were *þer*
And as his graunt was atte begynneng
his sonne *sir* Abell he was baneer
The seconde ward to certifie you here
Was putte on to the kyng of Araby
ij thowsaund knyghtez in his companye

The iij [d] ward ther in was *sir* Anasore
And with hym was Generydes also
And all the new made knyghtez they were *þore*
And xv hundred men withoute moo
Of chosen men what eu*er* they shuld do
All vnder nethe bothe the rule of more and lesse
Of Anasore and Generydes

The prince of Cesare callid cherydone
he was the iiij[th] all in A nother ward
his felisshepe wele be sene echon
A thowsand knyght wayteng on his gard
Thanne came the kyng of Cesell afterward
iij thowsand knyghtez in his companye
With archers and foote men by and by

Next after hym came the kyng of Nycomede
v thowsand knyghtes wonder to behold
Full begely shapen bothe in length and brede

HERE begynneth a royal historie of the excellent knight *Generides*, king Aufreus soñ, king of Ynde, that he gate on a faire ladie called *Sereyne*, doght*re* and heire vnto the king of Surre, as he went on huntyng in a forest, and was conveid vnto hir by an hert which his houndes rañ to, which was ordeined him by fate and destynye: like as ooñ of the seveñ sages called Catoñ declared vnto hire the cause whi. which seid child conquered after many Regions bi his grete noblesse, And was a famous Prince, and A goode cristen mañ, and a charitable to all maner of peõple, and was maried unto *Clarionas*, the Sowdanes doghtre, and heire of Perse. Aftir whos decesse he was king of Perse by hir*e*, And converted the countre to the cristeñ lawe: And after sleugh Amalek the fals steward which hadd put oute his fadre Aufreus king of Ynde from his countre. and toke his quene from him, the which was called Syrenydes, doghtre and heire vnto the king of Affrik, and held hir, and kept hir from the king Aufreyus by stong hond, by hir own free will and vntrew agrement, which aftirward died in grete miserie and mischefe, and for sorow, whan the fals steward was sleyñ, and toke him in hir armes, and so she died w*ith* him for verray shame of hir vntrouth ayeinst hir husbond, And hou king Aufreus, whan he was put out of [Ynde] by his fals steward, went in to the lond of Tarce, and ther was chosen steward of the lond: And after the king of Tharse decesed, and theñ was Aufreus chosen king of the lond by thassent of all the lordes and comouñs thurgh his goodelie and worshipfull demeanyng. And hou bi fortune the Quene *Sereyne*, Quene of Surre, the moder of *Generides*, was aspied in Tharse by the whasshing oute of the teeres of Aufreus shirt, which she wept vpon it whañ she lay w*ith* Aufreus the same night that *Generides* was ygoteñ betweñ hem twoo in the forest, which teres wold neuer out of the shirte: But with hir whashing, or elles that she had died, And how that Aufreus than wedded hir. and was tho crowned Quene of Tharse, As ye may here in this boke see itt more pleinlie declared here aftir.

INTRODUCTION.

A man with little to do

A man that hath litel to doone, [Fol. 103b, col. 1.]
Werk he may make him soone;
Ne thar him nat be idel long
4 That any werk wił vnd*er*fong,—
Neither lewd mañ ne clerk,—
That he ne may find him werk,
Forto sing, or forto rede,
8 Or for to speke of su*m* old dede
That here before hath̃ be wroght,
Which vnto this day be on thoght,
Of doughtie meñ that sum tyme were,
12 How noblè that thei heḿ bere,—
Guy of Warwik, and Tristrañ also,
Bevis of Hamptoñ, and othir moo,
Percyuale, and curteys Gaweyñ,
16 And othir knightes as Sir Oweyñ,—
I ne may rekeñ heḿ ałł
That worship hañ goote in boure and hałł,
And, for here ladies sake, to and froo
20 Suffred grete sorow and woo;
And at the last, to here purpos,
Thei gate worship and grete los.
Now of a geste that was sum tyme,
24 That was raddè in frensh ryme:
A clerk itt in to latyñ tooke
Att hertford out of a booke,
There in latin was it wretin,
28 As clerkès wele knowen and weteñ;
Now if ye wil listeñ a stound,
Like as I haue this tale I-found,
I shal you tell in my maner,
32 Yf it pleas you forto here.

may soon find work:

may tell of some old deed

of doughty men,

Guy, Tristram, Bevis, Perceval, Gaweyn, and Oweyn.

So I will tell you a tale,

(written in Latin at Hertford)

if you will listen awhile,

WOrshipful sirres, A tale I finde,
That som tyme was a king in ynde, — of a King in Ynde,
A feir man, gentil and wise,
36 Of noblesse he bare the prise,
Loued he was, curtes and free,
About him he held a feire meynee;
To god he bare him trew and mylde,
40 To mysdoers sterñ and wild:
Aufreyus, the knight hight, — Aufreus by name,
Wedded he had a ladie bright, — who wedded the lovely lady
The kingès doughtre of Affrike,
44 Few of beutie were hir like;
Sirenydes, that ladie hight, — Sirenydes.
Borñ of noble bloode a-right,
Curteys she was, and compenable,
48 But of hert not verray stable;— — Not stable of heart was she,
And treulie that was grete pitie,
Or elles a goode ladie was she,
Saue that she was som dele felł,
52 And that was pitie, sothlie to telł,
For to lufè she ne rought — but loved where she ought not;
In othre wisè than she ought,
Yit such wifes han often shame — and such come oft to shame.
[Fol. 103b, col. 2.] 56 That doon hir husbondes dishono*ur* of name;
For many a goode man,—god it wot,—
Bereth that name, and knoweth not,
And durst swere for his wife
60 That she ne wold, for hir life,
While he liueth an othir take
But him that is hir chosen make.
This noble ladie, this royall quene,
64 In hir there was no lak, I wene,
But that she was sum-what to glad
Of hir bodie to be so badd.

For Aufreus had a steward,

The king, hir lord, had a Steward,
68 A bold knight, and noo coward,

rich and proud,

Riche he was of lond and fee,
A prouder mañ might nowhere be;
Borñ he was of noble kinde,
72 Of the grettest of all ynde;
Of all the lond he had his wiłł,
Ther durst noman, loude nor stiłł,
Him disobey, in wrathe nor tene,
76 For drede of displesaunce of the Quene:

and him, Sir Amalek, the Queen loved best,

She loued him best, I you ensure,
Of any othre living creature.
If ye will know his name a-right,
80 Sir Amalek hight that knight.
The quene and he a long while

and did the king dishonour,

Did the king treasoñ and gyle.
The Steward durst no man discure,
84 So fals he was of coniecture,
For all the lond was in his might,
Him durst discure no maner wight;
All thei held hem in pes.
88 The king him self was recheles,

he not suspecting it.

And had no maner suspecioñ
To hem of their fals treasoñ.

Now in spring

It was in may, whan the leuès sprong,
92 And smalè foulès merilie song,

Aufreus

The king was som dele hert hevy,
And he ne wist wherfor ne why.

goes hunting,

Vnto the forest he wold wende,
96 If god wold him gam send
That light might his hert make.
Sõm of his men he did *with* him take;
But thre or foure, and no moo.
100 In to [the] forest went he thoo;

Right as he was comen there,
Anoon̄ he *per*ceyved where
A grete hert passed him beforn̄: — and after a great hart
104 He vncoupled his houndes, and blew his horn̄,—
Al the forest dynned of that blast— — follows
With horn and crie he folowed fast;
No mo than foure houndes he had,
108 Al were goode, and noon bad.
The king of hunting couth ynogh̄,
Alwey nigh his houndes he drogh̄;
His stede was bothe swift and strong,
112 And vndre him lightlie he sprong.
Ful straunge pathès yede the hert, — through strange paths,
For of foote he was ful smert;
Of him the king lost oft the sight̄,
[Fol. 104, col. 1.] 116 But neuer-the-les, as soone as he might,
He folowed alwey the houndes sown̄,
And prikked aftre him vp and down̄.
His squyers that were *with* him come, — till his squires and their horses are dead beat.
120 *With* werynes were vndre-nome;
And here horses that thei on ride,
Were so werie that thei abide.
The king to folow thei ne might,
124 Of him thei had lost the sight;
On his gam was all his thoght,
That of his meny he ne roght;
A ferre wey they were in sondre.
128 Listeneth now a grete wondre: — Then happens a great wonder.
The king to his hunting so did entend
Til he[1] sone gan̄ low discend;
The houndes were werie, no leng*er* thei might — The hounds
132 Ren̄ aftre the hert, but lost the sight, — lose the hart,

[1] *he sone* may mean *the king soon*, with reference to the *valley*, l. 133; but I take it to be *the sun*,—*t* being omitted before *he*—as shewn by l. 147.

In a valey from̃ theim he fled;
And whan thei had no better sped,
and come mourning On here maner thei gan to morñ,
to the king. And to the king thei did retorñ;
Here heides thei heng vnto the ground,
And careful chere thei made that stound
As thei sore beteñ had I-bene.
Whan the king al that did sene,
He wonders, With such semblaunce wondre he cañ,
That of the hert he bethoght him̃ thañ,
And seid "god! hou is he gooñ?
Of my self reide cañ I noon,
Sith I haue this hert lorñ
And my goode men forborñ,
Fast it draweth to the night,
And I can not the wey a-right
Oute to gete of this forest,
Nouthir est, south, ne west,
In this forest I know no wey,
That I ne wote what I doo may;
and resolves But what therof so euer betide,
to ride and see Furth will̃ I streight ride
what his hounds have found. And wit what my houndes han found
And whi thei morñ so this stound."
The king no lenger there abode,
But streitè forth the way he rode,
The same way the hert nam̃,
Til he in to a launde cam;
His houndes the wey with him toke.
At last about him he gañ loke;
On his right hond fast by,
He sees a fair place, A faire place there he sigh̃;
Than gan he glade somedele,
And praid to god of goode hostell̃. [Fol. 104, col. 2.]

He went streight to that place;
168 And whan he thider comen was,
A paire of gates he saw there stound—
Such ben now ful few in lond;—
Of every thei were made, — with ivory gates,
172 Graven *with* gold that might nat fade,
Of trewloue werk wroght ful wele;
The nailès hedes were eueridele — and carbuncle-headed nails,
With charebonclе stones set ouer all
176 That shoone as clere as doth cristall; — that shone like crystal.
And all the leges euerichoon̄
With gold and asure were begoon̄.
The picture and the purtrayng,
180 It liked wele vnto the king,
And the brightnes of the stoones
That light gave for the noones;
As this was vpon the night,
184 He wondred moch vpon that sight, — He gazes wonderingly at it,
And so grete delite therof him thoght
To loke theron, that he ne roght
Of mete, of drink, ne of hostell,
188 The gatès likèd him so wele;
So feire him thoght that thei were,
Al night he wold haue dwelled there
Forto behold it at his will.
192 And as he houed there still,
From within ther cometh a-Ryght — till a lady comes out,
A goodelie ladie in tirès bright,
Semelie of *per*son, amyable to see:
196 The shottes of the gates opened she,
And sett open the gates wide — sets open the gates,
That the king in might ride.
Humblè on knees *with* loulie obedience
200 She resceyued the king *with* grete reuerence,

welcomes the king,

And welcomed him *with* hert entier;
And he, as gentilnes wold requyer,
Did hir obeisaunce, and in he yede.
204 Ther come a made, and toke his stede,
And into the stable him led anoon̄.

and takes him into the hall.

Tho with the goode ladie the king gan̄ goon̄
Into an hal right wele beseen̄;
208 But few people can he seen̄
Save an old man cam him ageyn̄,
A goodeli man he was certeyn̄,
And an othir maden yeng,—
212 Thei made grete ioye of his comyng,—
The goode ladies *servaun*t was she;
And elles he saw no moo meigney.
The king was led to the high̃ des
216 To rest him there in goode pees;

He sits down beside the lady,

The king set him doūn, the goode ladie him by,
And talked to-gedre ful plesauntlie;

and soon a hart comes in, weary and sweating.

And as thei were in here talking,
220 Thurgh the hall̃ an hert com rennyng,
Wery and all̃ forswett [Fol. 104b, col. 1.]
As he had be hunted or to-bett:
Right wele on the hert was seen̄
224 *With* houndès he had hunted been̄.

The king is all dismayed,

The king held him self al dismaied;
That he cam there he was yuel paied:
Of that hert he was agast
228 To haue be chalenged or holden̄ fast;

for it is the hart that he has hunted.

For well he wist that it was soo
He had alday hunted him thoo.

The lady smiles,

The ladie was full̃ wele avised,
232 The kingès chere she wele devised,
Saw him abasshed, & *with* laghing chere
She said to him on this manere,

"Loke ye fall not in noo thoght, — and tells him not to be anxious,
236 For all day game haue ye soght;
And aftre trauaile, were nede of reste.
Be glad, Sir, here ar ye noo geste,
For ye are comen to youre owñ; — for he is come
240 We shul you chere in that we mowñ,
For we ar glad of youre comyng,
Ye ar both our lord and king; — as a king
We ben vndre youre powere,
244 And this belding we made here — to his own;
Is for you (:) and youre gestes we be; — they are his guests, and he must cheer them up.
Make ye vs glad, for charitie,
With goode chere and with goode wiłł;
248 For oght long ye shall know the skiłł
Whi ye be come into this place;
For youre goode, by goddès grace,
And not for youre yueł, by noo way,
252 Therfor be glad, sir, I you pray;
Of mete and drink, sir, and of pleyng,
Think, Sir, and on noon othre thing."
Hir goodlie semblaunce, hir loving speche,
256 Was the kinges hertes speche[1]: — [1] [? for *leche*, physician, curer.]
Boord and cloth was leid a-nooñ, — Aufreus and the lady go to supper,
To their soper gañ thei gooñ.
The king and this ladie in fere
260 Sat to-gedre at sopere,
And the old man a little hem froo;
No moo meigne was ther thoo
But this othre maiden yenge — served by a young maiden,
264 That serued hem of all thing,
Of brede and wyne and al deyntie,
Of mete and drink right grete pleyntie.
The maiden was reedie of seruice,
268 Here mete was dight in the best wise;

There was plentie, dout ye noght,
Of all deyntes that coude be thoght.
By than the king had dronken and eteñ,
and soon forgets his cares. 272 All cares were forgetyñ;
The cloth draw, the bord leid to ground,
And vp thei risen in a stound,
Then he goes off And to his chaumbre she did hym bring
276 Most plesauntlie to his liking, [Fol. 104b, col. 2.]
Nooblè dight *with* fresh pictoures—
Portreyd aboute with diuers coloures,—
Of foule, of beste, and all thing
280 That he couth remembre to his thinking:
to the fairest of chambers So feire a chaumbre and so riche,
Saw he neuer noon it liche.
In that chaumbre was a bedd
284 *With* rich clothes ouer all spred,
Panes of gold, coueringes of silk,
Shetes of lawñ, white as mylk;
The coueringes wer rich and wele I-wroght;
288 In any lond, if men had soght,
and richest of beds, Ne shuld thei finde noon so rich,
Nor of beuatie noon hem lich.
with a pillow At the heid a pilow ther lay,
292 Made ful meruellous and gay:
In noo lond marchaunt ther nys
That devise it couth I-wys.
An hundreth sith in day and night
that is always changing colour, 296 Chaunge it wil his colour bright;
Oft it was white, and oft grene,
Oft reid, and oft blew, I wene,
To all coloures it would chaunge;
300 That was to the king ful straun[ge].
Perceyue neuer couth noo wight
Hou it was wove or it was dight;

Hool it was without seme, — without seam,
304 It shoone as dooth the soñ beme;
In euery corner ther was prest — and jewelled in every corner.
A rich stoon of vertue fest;
A wel faire Saphire therin was ooñ; — 1. a Sapphire;
308 So felouñ a sore was neuer nooñ,
Outhre *with* touching or *with* sight,
Hele it wold a-nooñ right.
An Emeraude that othir hight, — 2. an Emerald;
312 Sore eyen hele it might;
Whoo had such oon wer at ese.
The third stooñ was a Turkese; — 3. a Turquoise;
What man that bereth on him that stooñ,
316 Pouertie thar him drede nooñ.
The fourt stooñ was a Jasper, — 4. a Jasper.
The best stoon far or nere
Forto staunch mannes bloode,
320 Were he wounded neu*er* so woode.
On the pilow at foure corners
Were sett thes stoones in sondry maners;
Vndre whos heid it lay a stound, — And no harm could befall a man while he lay on this pillow.
324 With what sekenes he wer bound,
As long as it vndre him lay,
Shuld noon yuell doo him betray.
The king saw all this sight,
328 Hou richelie that the bed was dight,
And saw also the ladie swete;
He begañ right wele to lete;
[Fol. 105, col. 1.] The ladie saw his counten*aun*ce — The lady sits down by Aufreus at the foot of the bed, and tells him her story,
332 And shewed him signes of grete plesaunce;
On the beddes fete thei hem sett;
Ne wold she noo lenger lett
That she thoght to vtter in speche:
336 "Nov, Sir," she said, "I you beseche,

Take it nov to no displesaunce
Thogh that I tell you oure chaunce
That most fall to you and me,
340 Which ordeined is thurgh destynie.
Swete lord, take it nat in yuell
Of that I shal say you vntiłł,
Ne hold me nat the more vnwise,
344 Ne haue me nat les in price.
And, Sir, more wold I, if I wist,
Tell you (:) for certein, ye me trist,
I ne wot for what skiłł,
348 But I trow it is goddes will.
Sir, If it youre will be,
This old man that is here with me
Was oon of the vii sages of Rome:
352 I shall tell you hov he hiddir come.
For sothe he, Sir, and his ferus,
In all Rome had noo perus,
With here wisdom and here connyng
356 All that land was in hir ledyng,
Tiłł that an Emperoure of wilfulnes—
Whom no mannes counsel might redres
If thei spokeñ ageyns his wiłł,—
360 Anoon he wold hem slee and kiłł;
So at last into a galey
Thes vii sages were put awey,
And bad here lodesman at a word
364 Shuld cast hem ouer the ship bord;
But the folk of Rome wist it noght
Hov thei were to deth I-broght.
This old man that ye here see,
368 With his feres was cast into the see;
Yit was he holp thurgh goddes sonde;
The water cast him quyk to londe

and what must happen to him and her.

"The old man with me was one of the Seven Sages,

and they were put by an Emperor

into a galley

to be thrown overboard

and drowned.

But this old man

was cast ashore in

In Surre, ther my fadre is king. — Surre, the kingdom of my father,
372 My fadre herd of that tithing,
And made fech him with honour,
And was his chief counsellour; — who made him chief counsellor, as he could foretell events;
For he couth by the sterres
376 Tel of peace and of werres.
Of that he seid afor the hond,
My fadre alwey soth fond,
And al-wey by his counsel wroght,
380 For his profit, as him thoght.
This wise man told my fadre of me, — and he told my father
'But he me did out of contre,
For me his lond lese he shold
384 For a Giaunt panym, that wold — that a giant
Out of a contre al from ferre
[Fol. 105, col. 2.] Vpoñ my fadre make grete werre — would make war on him for my sake.
With mych boost for my sake,
388 Me to ravish and to take
For to haue me at his will.'
My fadre priuely and still — So my father
By this old mannes counsel thoo—
392 And of othre that were wise also,
That to him were holden trew,—
Sent me to this wonnyng new — sent me to this dwelling,
Which the old man ordeined afore—
396 That with me dwelleth, & hath doo yore;
So thurgh my fadres song,—
To shelde my bodie from al wrong, — to shield me from wrong.
Mi fadre hath to him grete trist:
400 Nov ye know al that I wist.
"From whens I cam, nov wil I tel,
And whi in this forest I dwell;
Of this old man, my trew fere,
404 I haue herd sith I come here;—

Therfor I am the more bold
To tel you as he me told,
For he knoweth my destynye
And between you and me, Sir King, shall a marvellous child be gotten,
408 And youres also, Sir, sekirlye:—
Be-twix vs a child goten shal be,
That meruels of him men shal see;
An hardier man of flesh and boone
412 In this world was neuer nooñ
Than he shal be, I vndrestond;
Of mych travail he shal fond,
who shall rise to great honour.
And to grete worship he shal rise,
416 Mich bettir than I can devise.
And if it pleas you, souereyn king,
I warñ you of an othir thing:
For you, sorrow shall befal, by the treason of your wife and steward,
Moch sorow is to you ward
420 Thurgh your ovn fals steward;
For he kepeth the quene your wife,
And fals thei hañ be al hir life;
Thurgh here treson, at the last
and you shall be cast out of your land
424 Out of youre lond ye shul be cast;
But youre soñ that I of speke,
Of al that treson he shal you wreke;
after fifteen years' peace;
Fiftene yere ye shal in pes
428 Hold youre lond, but neuer-the-les
Thenk of noo feith to you ward
Of youre quene ne of youre steward.
By than the fiftene yere be dooñ,
432 Tithinges ye shal here sooñ,
Sum what bitter, and noothing swete;
But aftre bale ther may come bote;—
and for this reason
But certes, Sir, for this reasoñ,
the hart you have been hunting was sent to the forest."
436 And for noon othre encheasoñ,
The hert was to the forest sent
That so fast about ye went

Al this day so besilie,
440 To bring you hiddre redelye;
And nov my tale is at the ende;
Think me nat wanton nor vnhende."
The king hir seying vndre-yatte, — The king
[Fol. 105b, col. 1.] 444 Aꝗ in a studie tho the king satt;
Som thing he herd that liked him wele,
And some thing that him pleased neuer a dele;
But therageyñ he was so light — is so delighted with the lady,
448 Of hir talking and of hir sight,
And of that ladie so faire and free,
Hou she told him of his destenee, — that he does not trouble about his wife and his steward,
That of his steward nor of his wife
452 Herof he made but litle strife,
So grete delight he hath in his thoght
That he was thider so ybroght
Of that ladie to haue acqueyntaunce,
456 That al his hert and al his plesaunce
To loue hir was sett souereignelie,
She was so demure and so goodlie.
His arme aboute hir he leid, — but puts his arm round his hostess
460 And ful gentillie to hir he seid,
"Dismay you nat, my swete wight,
Of that ye have told me to-night;
Trust me treulie, I you behete,
464 Ye shul finde me treu and secrete,
And I you loue the mich more,
And euer shal, and god before,
For the tithinges that ye me telles;
468 Treulie to blame were I elles;
But, dere hert, tel me oon thing
That I to wit haue grete longyng;
Shal I haue, my ladie bright, — and asks if he shall have any joy of her after this night.
472 Any ioye of you aftre this night?"

"To that, my lord, can I not answere,
But so wold I not that it were;
For it wold me ful sore rew
476 The tyme that euer I you knew;
But, swete Sir, in the mornyng
We shal enquere of that thing
Of my frend the old man;
480 The soth wele tel vs he can."
The king wold no lenger abide,
But in that ilk same tide
The old mañ cal he did,
484 And there in that same stid
Ful curteislie he can him frayñ
'Al the sothe him to sayñ
Of him [&] of that ladie bright,
488 Hou long thei shal aftre that night
Of here loue haue mirth and gañe.'
"Sir," seid the old man, "so god me blame,
No more shal I tel you now,
492 But gooth to bed and rest you:
To morow I shal you more tell,
But nov I may no lenger dwell."
The ladie herd the short answer
496 That the old man gave him there,
And she wel saw that he ne wold
Tel him hou it be shold; [Fol. 105b, col. 2.]
She began at thee last
500 Forto wax sore agast,
And supposed at the ende
To grete trouble this mater wende,
And sore she had hir hert sett
504 That she loued nothing bett
Than the king that by hir satt.
Of loue erst knew she neuer what

She refers him to the old man,

who orders him off to bed.

But the lady is very much in love with the king,

It ment, to that tyme, I wene.
508 The king was of making so clene,
That to loue him she must nede
In hert, wil, both thoght and dede;
And therto had she grete skiłł,
512 For he loued hir ageyn *with* as goode a wil;
Their loue was departed soo,
I wot not which loued best thoo;
But at that tyme to bed thei yede — and therefore goes to bed with him,
516 *With* mirth, and gam, and goode spede.
Al men may seker beñ
Grete ioye thei made hem betwene;
I deme it was vncouth to hir, that play,
520 For neuer or than did she it assay
To haue mannes plesaunce in hir bed;
But that night so wele thei hem sped
That a child goten ther was. — and a child is begotten.
524 Aftre their mirth and her solace
Som del to slepe list the king,
For he was wery of his huntyng,
So trauelled he was and wery,
528 To slepe he was the more hevy. — Then the king sleeps,
A litle rest he gañ to take;
This ladie might nat slepe, but wake;
What for loue, and what for thoght,
532 Of that night slept she noght;
Of the aunswer she was musyng — but the lady thinks of the old man's answer,
That the old man told the king
Whan he wold tel him no more;
536 His loue to lese she drede sore;
For care and pitie she gan wepe — and weeps.
So sore (:) she couth nat hir kepe.
Hir heid lay on the kinges arme;
540 The teres of hir weping al warm

To his shuldres ran a grete pas;—
His heid *with* his shirt bounden was;—
Thurgh the shirt to the bare skyñ
544 The salt teres burned in.

The king feels her warm tears,

The king gan wake, and abraied,
And of that wetenes was affraied
That by his arme and his shuldres rañ;
548 He p*er*ceyued wel she wept thañ;
So had he grete sorov and pitie,

and asks whether she regrets what has been done.

And seid, "dere hert, what may this be?
Repent ye now in youre thoght
552 Of that we haue betwix vs wroght?
Tel me the soth, goode sweting,
For ye bring myñ hert in grete mornyng; [Fol. 106.]
The sothe, I prey you, tel me nov,
556 If that ye ought repent you."

"No," she says,

"Nay," she seid, "by heven king,
Therof I repent me nothing;
But al this sorow that I make,

"but because I must leave you."

560 Is(:) for I shal so soone you forsake.
Therfor I sorow, And so I may,
Youre loue shal short my liues day;
But suffre I must my destenee,
564 Ageyns my wil thogh it be."
The king answerd *with* mild chere,

The king cheers her up,

"Ladie, thogh al this world myn were,
I had leuer lese it euery dele
568 Than youre bodie, by seint Michel!
Wete we shal in the mornyng
Of oure maister som goode tithing;"
And in al that euer he might or coude

and comforts her.

572 He comforth hir both stil and loude.

In the morning

Ful erly in the morning
The king made his vprising.

To chambre cam the old mañ; — the old man
576 The king seid vnto him thañ,
"I prey the tel vs som goode tithing,
For therto haue I grete longyng."
Oute of the bed gan she lene
580 New tithinges of him to freyn.
The maister seid vnto the king, — tells the king
"Sir, I warn you of oon thing;
So wele your part haue ye take now,
584 Ye may no more wele for your prow;
A son haue ye begoten to night — he has begotten a son, who shall be a knight of marvellous power,
That shal be a ful hardie knight,
And ful meruellous of powere,
588 Gracious vnto loue fer and nere;
Of strenght he shal bere grete price;
Feire shal he be, curtes and wise,
Trew, manlie, and bold in bataile;
592 And suffre he shal grete trauaile,
And wele escape it he shal,
And rise to grete honour withal;
Of lond, of tresoure, and of fee, — and great riches;
596 Conquere he shal grete plentie,
That neuer man of al his kyñ
Had so mych as he shal wyñ,
Nor so grete as he shal be;
600 Many oon liueth that shal it se.
And also, Sir, ye vndrestond,
He shall wreke you with his hond; — who shall avenge his father.
That child shal you so avenge and wreke
604 That many oon theron shal speke.
Sir, also tel you I may
Of the shirt that on your bed lay, — And the shirt wetted by the lady with her tears
That so was wet with your bed-fere,
608 With hir weping in your bed here;

Where the water soked in,
Ne shal it neuer *with* noo gyñ
Of lawndre be washen clene, [Fol. 106, col. 2.]

shall never be clean till the lady washes it with her own hands.

612 But the teres shal be sene
Til this ladie, youre swete wight
Which ye haue slept *with* al to night,
Wash it with hir ovn hondes;
616 But if deth take hir into his bondes,
Aftre hir deth an othir might
Wash it clene, I you plight:
Forto sey that it soth be,
620 Kept[1] wele the shirt, and ye shal see.

And the lady must at once begin her journey home, as her father is dying.

Ma dame, nov a word or twoo
To you must I speke also;
The sooth must I nedes tell:
624 Here may ye no lenger dwell.
Your fadre, that of Surre is king,
Lieth at the point of diyng;
His heire most ye nedes bee,
628 And this day begyn your iourney
In hast toward him ful bliue
Yf ye will find him on liue."
Whan the king herd him thus sayne,
632 Sory he was, and nothing fayne;
Grete sorov he made, and mich woo.

They take leave of each other, weeping sore, and swooning oft;

Whan this ladie shuld depart him froo,
The king at hir his leue did take,
636 For pure sorow his hert cañ quake,
Hir coloure was pale and feint of hew,
Hir sorow encresed new and new;
Neuer erst of sorow thei nouthir wist,
640 Ful sore thei wept whan thei kist;
For both at oones in swonyng thei fell,

[1] *t.i.* kepeth, keep ye. Cp. "he comforth," for comforteth, l. 572.

Hou many times I can not tell;
So hard herted was neuer nooñ — the most hard-hearted must have pitied them.
644 That had loked hem vpoñ,
Grete pitie than he shuld haue had
Of the sorov that thei made.
But whan it might no better be, — At last
648 The king to his hors yede he; — the king
Whan that thei here leue tooke,
For pure sorow here hertes quoke;
The king light vp and rode his way, — rides off,
652 Criyng "alas, and welaway, — lamenting
That he had so sone y-loñ — the loss of his love.
That he most loued of women boñ."
Furth in that forest can he ride;
656 His squiers soght him ful wide — His squires
About in that forest al night;
Ful sore of him thei were afright;
At morow thei met him on a pleyñ, — meet him,
660 Of him they were right glad and feyn;
Careful of chere thei him see,
Othir wise than he was wont to be,
But thei ne durst ask him whi
664 His chere was so sad and sori;
That thei him had, glad thei bee.
So rode he furth to his citie; — and he rides off to his city.
His woo priuelie he it bare
668 That noman thereof was ware.

CHAPTER II.

Here the kinges doghtre of Surrey retourneth home to hir countre of Surrey wher she was heir. And after hir fadre discesse was made Quene, and wedded to king *Aufreyus* by whom she had *Generydes* the goode knight.

The lady

Listneth nov of this ladie [Fol. 106b, col. 1.]
For whom the king was right sory.
When the king was goon his wey
672 She did make redi hir palfray,
With careful hert and heuy chere
returns to her country,
To hir contre she gan draw nere
With the old man hir counseller
676 And hir woman also in fere.
Whañ she to hir contre come,
and is taken to her father
With grete worship she was nome,
And to here fadre she was ledd
on his death-bed.
680 Which lay that tyme on his deth bed;
With humble voice and pitous chere
She obeid to him in hir manere;
As he on passing lay that stede,
He opens his eyes and sees her,
684 Yit a litle his eyen he vndede,
And beheld his doghtre a stound
Which fell on swonnyng to the ground.
The king close his eyñ, no lenger did loke,
then gives up his soul to God;
688 His soule to god thoo he toke;
And aftre that with grete woo
and is buried
To the erthe thei led him thoo [Fol. 106b, col. 2.]

With mich worship, as reson was, — with great
692 W*ith* sore weping and many alas. — lamentation.
Whan the buriyng was broght to ende,
The wooful ladie feir and hende — The lady
Of here baronage was chosen quene, — is chosen Queen,
696 With right, as she ought to bene;
Crowned she was, and made a fest — and crowned.
To al barouns most and lest; — She gives a feast,
Grete plentie ther was of ladies
700 And othre gentilwomen of grete price;
Shortlie to sey, grete mirth thei made, — and all rejoice
Aftre here sorow here hertes to glade. — after their sorrow.
And whan the fest was al dooñ,
704 Erles and barouns euerichooñ,
Knightes and squiers grete plentie,
Did hir homage and feautie.
The quenes name was Sereyne, — Her name is SEREYNE,
708 A goode ladie, the sothe to seyñ;
[Fol. 107, col. 1.] Husbond wold she take nooñ;
Grete with child gan she to gooñ, — and she grows great with child,
Euermore she kept hir in
712 That noman might come hir within
To perceyue hou that it were.
So priuelie she gañ hir bere — but keeps it secret
That noon therof know might
716 But hir woman that Medean hight, — from all except her maid Medean,
That in hir chambre s*eruaun*t was,
Which knew hir counsel in that case,
How the child was begete.
720 She praid hir forto be secrete,
And that she wold be priuey and trew,
And she shuld it neuer rew.
The maid answerd w*ith* goode wil
724 And seid, "ma dame, bere you euer stil,

who promises to keep her counsel,

For treulie I shal youre counsel hele,
I shal not discouer you noo dele;

and help her all she can.

Of me ye shal haue help goode
728 In that I can, with hert and moode;
And if ye finde in me fantise,
Reward me neuer for my seruice."
Hir tyme gan to nighen fast,
732 She most deliuerd be in hast;
Lowde durst she in no wise crie
For drede lest any shuld hir espie
Wheraboute that she yede.

Queen Sereyne is safely brought to bed of a son,

736 So wele she bare hir in that nede
That in short tyme she had at hond
A feire soñ, thurgh goddes sond.
That she was seke, many wist wele,
740 But of what seknes neuer a dele.

and her maid Medean

Medean toke the child a-nooñ,
And to the Citie gan she gooñ;
With hir she toke a lauendere,
744 Wold she haue noon othir fere,
For she wist of her priuetie
More than al the companye:

gives the baby to a laundress,

Hir she tooke the childe to bere,
748 And made hir to beleue there

saying it is her sister's son,

That it was hir sustres sone
That to hir late was come;

and begging her to take care of it,

And praid hir to kepe it priuelie,
752 And right clene and honestlie.

which she promises to do.

The lauender said, "ma damoyselł,
I shal feithfullie kepe youre counselł;
And that It may be kept wele,
756 I wil doo my parte, ye shul it fele;
Where goode norses be in the tovñ,
We wil gete of the best that we mowñ."

A norse was fett hem beforñ — A nurse is got,
760 To receyue the child the same morñ;
To the chirch thei did him bere
His baptym to receyue there; — the child is christened
There was he named without les,
764 By right name called *Generides*. — GENERIDES,
Medean toke him to the nors there,
And with the lauender home did she fare
To the castel ther thei come froo.
768 Medean told hir ladie thoo — and the Queen is told of it all.
Hou with that child she had wroght,
"And in noo wise bad hir take thoght,
For it shuld be kept ful still
772 In al thing at here ovn will."
[Fol. 107, col. 2.] The Quene was comforted with hir chere,
And said, "Medean, my swete fere,
Gramercy"(:) and aftre it was not long
776 The Quene began wax hole and strong. — The Queen grows strong,
Medean went to the Citie
Dailie the childe forto see;
The childe waxed wele in dede,
780 And began fast to burnesh and sprede. — the baby fat, and
Whan he weyned, as children bene, — is weaned.
The Quene and Medean hem betwene
Thoghteñ best for that childe dere
784 That he were in all manere
To court broght, there forto dwell,
That no bodie shuld here tell
But Medean were his aunt;
788 Therto did thei both graunt,
To kepe this ladie from all blame.
This Child, *Generides* by name,
To the castel was I-fett, — Then he is brought to the castle,
792 And to the scole at age was sett. — and sent to school.

In a twelmonth he waxed more
He grows greatly, Of largenes and eke of lore
Than any othir in yeres thre;
and is loved by all. 796 Beloued he was withal treulie,
And of all that euer him knew,
For he was alwey goode and trew.
At fifteen Whan he was at xv yere of age
800 His wit waxed somwhat sage;
He felt him light, and somdele strong,
To know the world he thoght long;
He begañ to thenk him at the last,
he wants to know 804 And thoght he wold wete as fast
who his father and In what wise he was furth ybroght,
mother are, That fadre and modre knew he noght.
And on a day it befell thañ
808 To him he cleped Medeañ,
and asks Medean. "Faire laidy, now lete me wete
Of what mañ I was begete;
Who is my modre, and where she is,
812 Tel me, nov, aunt, I prey you this,
In what countre be thei dwelling."
She puts him off Medean than answerd laghing,
"Swete nevew, nov I ax day
for a day, 816 Til to morow without delay."
Medean went to hir ladie
and then urges Queen Sereyne And seid, "Ma dame, mercy!
Generides youre dere soñ [Fol. 107b, col. 1.]
820 Wil wete of what kyñ he is coñe.
Hertlie therof he cañ me frayñ
All the sooth him forto sayñ;
Of his fadre I shuld him tell,
824 And where his modre dooth dwell."
Quod Medeañ, "he [is] faire of elde,
And mannes witt he gan welde;

Wel norisshed he is, and wise,
828 And of goodelynes he bereth the price;
Ouer all, I trow that men shall see
Strong and hardie he shal be;
Tyme it is withouten drede
832 To tel him of his kynrede; — to tell the boy that he is her son;
He is so curtes, I dar wel say,
That he will you neuer bewray."
The Quene assented therto anooñ, — which she agrees to do.
836 And after him bad Medean gooñ.
In hast he was to chambre broght,
The Quene to him told hir thoght, — The Queen tells
And seid, "son myn, *Generides*, — Generides
840 I am youre modre, w*ith*oute les: — that he is her son,
Youre fadre is the king of Ynde, — and the king of Ynde is his father.
So are ye come of kinges kinde."
All to gedre she told him there
844 Hou he was begoteñ, and where.
Whan the childe hir vndrestoode
He was comen of kinges bloode
On ych side (:) ful wele he lete,
848 And fell on knees to hir fete, — Generides kneels at her feet,
"Ma dame," he said, "pur charitie,
Swete ladie and modre, nov graunt me,
If I be you lefe and dere,
852 Lete me no lenger dwel here; — and begs her
To tendre am I, nor to yong,
To lerñ I haue grete longyng
In othre place than here at home, — to let him leave home,
856 Ma dame, gyve me leve to goone."
The Quene answerd feir and meke,
"Whethre wold ye goo seruice to seke?"
"Madame, if it youre will be,
860 I desire to see that contre — and go to his father's country,

There my fadre is lord and king;
there to serve him, Forto serue him were my liking,
And of his contre to see the aray;
864 Ther to serue, lerñ wele I may,
Bettir there than in othre place;
For more loue and more grace
Of my fadre I hope to finde
868 Than oon that wer nat of his kinde;
And so, Madame, I shal me bere
but keeping her That noon that I shal finde there
secret still. Shal neuer wete what I am,
872 Ne from whens that I cam,
But the king him self allooñ;
No moo shal wete of al that woone." [Fol. 107b, col. 2.]
Sereyne consents, The Quene sawe that he wold wende;
and sends for Nathanael, 876 Vnto Nathanael she did send
That fro the tyme that she was quene
Had hir serued, and with hir bene.
From a childe she him forth broght;
880 Faire he was, and clenlie wroght;
Dedes of armes he knew ful wele,
And to hunt he couth somdele;
Of al craftes stil and lowde
884 That longed to a gentilman he coude,
whom she loved well, Therfor the Quene loued him wel,—
His name was called Nathanael,—
Of gentil kinde he was come,
888 Of the Rodes he was a king soñ;
Of al that knew him, more and less,
He was beloued for his gentilnes.
Nathanael to chambre cam,
892 And the Queen him to hir naḿ,
And seid, "Nathanael, come ye nere:
Ye are to me ful lefe and dere;

This child ye take to youre keping, — and gives her boy into his charge;
896 And help him wel in all thing;
Of youre craft ye him teche,
To be curtes of dede and speche;
The child I loue, and so I ow;
900 Nov the sothe ye shal know,
To you I tel sikerlie
This child hath no modre but I.
With you shal he goo into Inde, — telling him to take the lad to Inde
904 There ye shal his fadre finde, — Major, find the king, his father, and
Of Inde maior he is king;
Ther was this child, without lesing,
Of that king begoten of mee
908 As god wold thurgh destynie.
Whan ye come there, I you prey,
To noman the childe bewrey, — not betray him to any one, especially Amalek;
Nor to the Steward Amalek,
912 For that were a shrewd chek;
And he of him the soth wist,
Forto sle him I wold trist.
But whan ye come befor the king,
916 Make him noo privey salewing,
But openlie afore hem all
Profre youre seruice in the hall; — but proffer service to the King,
Whan ther is noon him beforñ,
920 Sey that he is of grete kin borñ,
A riche Dukes son of that lond.
Whan he him seeth, I vnderstond
By the face he shal him known; — who will know him by his face.
924 Bere him this ring, it was his owñ; — Give him this ring,
Whan ye see tyme most esiest,
Than speke to him of my request;
Tel the sooth, what ye beeñ;
928 Take him the ring, than shal he seen

and he will know you speak truth.

That ye be trewe in youre seyng, [Fol. 108, col. 1.]
For he gaue me the same ring
The last tyme he spake *with* me."

Nathanael undertakes the charge;

932 Nathanael was gentel and free,
"Ma dame," he seid, "at youre wil
Youre co*m*maundment I shal fulfill,
And with youre son that here dooth stond
936 Glad to wende into that lond.

asks that all may be got ready for their journey;

Madame, in hast I you pray
Lete ordeyn al thing for his aray,
Of hors, harnes, and money
940 Forto spend in straunge contrey;
And I shal him [help[1]] and teche [[1] l. 896.]
Al that I may in dede and speche
As long as I may goo and see:

and says if he fails the boy, may God fail him.

944 If I faile him, god faile me."
"God you foryelde," seid the Queñe,
"And I hope that day shal bene
That youre seruice shal be yolde,
948 And euermore to vs be hold."

Sereyne gets everything ready,

The Quene wold haue noo rest
Til hir son was arraid at the best;
To haue acqueyntaunce there he wold
952 Him lakked noght, ne noon he shold;
What euer he wold aftre craue,
His modre made him forto haue.
Or euer that he went hir froo,
956 Nathanael she cleped thoo,

gives Nathanael plenty of money,

And yave him largelie of hir tres*our*
"Ye shal faile noon, I you ensure;
At al tymes whan ye haue nede,
960 That ye lak noon I you forbede;

and begs him to keep well her son.

And kepe wel my soñ here,
And the ring in al manere

That I toke you the king to bere;
964 Take it him whan ye come there
Al aloone betwix you thre,
As I before rehersed you, parde."
"Ma dame, it shal be doo," he seid.

She exhorts Generides to obey Nathanael;

968 Vpon hir son hir hond she leid,
And seid, "soñ, vpon al thing
Doo aftre Nathanaels teching,
The more men shal you honour,
972 So moch I know of his nortur:
To god almightie I you beteche."
And right with that same speche
Weping, with many a kyssing,

kisses him, and blesses him.

976 She gave him there hir blissing,
And to Nathanael she him betaght;
For him she wept, as she wel aght;
Vnto hir chambre she went him froo.
980 *Generides* and Nathanael thoo
Forto goo thei were redie anooñ;
And *Generides* made ther no mooñ,
For his gooyng his hert was light;

Generides is glad to go,

[Fol. 108, col. 2.] 984 His harnes was trussed and redie dight,
Coursers to bere hem by the wey;
With grete riches, the sooth to sey,
With moch mirth and felicitie
988 Thei went forth bi the contre;
So their iourney thei did cast
Til thei come to Ynde at last
Ther *Generides* fadre was king;

and he and Nathanael travel till they reach Ynde;

992 And than thei asked tithing
Wher his dwelling might be:
Meñ seid, "here by in a feir Citie
That Parentyne cleped was;"

where they hear that the king is in the city of Parentyne.

996 There lay the king in that same place,

And the Quene, as men hem told,
With many rich Barouns bold.
LOrdinges, listen nov to me,
1000 Of goode talking here may ye
Generides Of *Generides*, noble of fame.
Whan he into Ynde came,
he aspied where the king was;
1004 Thiderward he hasted a pase
and Nathanael go to the city of Parentyne, With his maistre and his meigney
Til he come to that Citie
There the king lay in his palice.
1008 Nathanael was ful war and wise;
The best hostel that he fond,
He toke it to his lordes hond;
to court. His lord and he to court yede
1012 Arraied wele in riche wede.
To the court whan thei were come,
Ful goodlie thei were ynome
Of officers that were thoo
1016 Til thei come the hal vnto;
Whan thei were come to the hall,
They see the king, And saw the king and the lordes all
Sitting at the high bordes,
1020 *Generides* without mo wordes
Cast of his mantell, without letting,
That was of the Sarrasynes wirching,
That was riche and disgyse.
go straight to him; 1024 Streite to the king thoo went he;
and Nathanael Nathanael first salued the king,
He did his erand without letting;
"Souereigne Prince," he seid, "this yong childe here
1028 Hidder hath soght to youre power
From fer contreys sekirlie,
Manhod to lerne, and curtesie,

With you to dwel, if you[r] will be."
1032 Then seid the king, "from whens come ye?"
"His fadre is a grete lord and wise
Of Grece, a man of noble price;
Therfore to you he sent his soun,
1036 If it pleas you, with you to wouñ."
"My feire frende," seid the king,
"Haue ye now cristes blissing,
[Fol. 106b, col. 1.] And al thoo that louen oure pees."
1040 The king behelde wele *Generides;*
The more he can him devise,
The more his hert gan arise;
Vpon that ladie than was his mynde
1044 Which in the forest he did fynde;
Him thoght the child was hir like:
Priuelie than he gan to syke,
Fast he beheld him in the face,
1048 His ovn begoten son he was.
Whan he had behold him wele
He seid thoo vnto Nathanael,
"Frend, it is to me ful glad chere
1052 That this childe is comen here;
Withold him I will gladlie,
He is welcom to my companye;
And ye also right hertlie,
1056 Ye ar ful welcome vnto me;
But I warñ you ouer al thing
He want noo thing to his liking,
He shal haue what he wil desire,
1060 I wil he haue al thing to his pleasire."
Thus in seruice *Generides* was left
With his fadre, til bettir wer eft.
At the second mete thei sete
1064 With the steward, I you behete;

asks leave for the lad to dwell with him.

The king looks well at Generides,

thinks of the lady in the forest,

and says he will gladly keep the boy.

So Generides enters the king's service.

Generides was ful glad of chere,
He is courteous, And therto ful curtes of manere,
That al him loued that him sey.
and the queen falls in love with him. 1068 The Quene had a ful licorous eye
And a hert ful amerous;
On *Generides* she wax gelous,
And she beheld wel the childe;
1072 In hir hert she waxed wild,
And than she thoght she wold assay
To gete his loue if she may;
And than she held hir self still,
1076 She thoght she wold haue hir will.
The child that I spake of before,
Generides of Surre y-bore,
Wex in court thoo ful bold,
1080 And gate loue of yonge and old;
Meke therto, ful of curtesie,
Whan tyme was, bold and hardie.
He had a maister was ful goode,
1084 And he waxed wise and vndrestoode.
Nathanael Nov of his maistre Nathanael
I purpos to tel you somdele.
watches his time Whan he saw his tyme best
to speak privately 1088 That he might with most rest
with the kiug; Priuelie speke with the king,
And to take him his ring
That the Quene Sereyn him sent,
1092 In a mornyng as the king went
In an aley there vynes were,
Nathanael drew to the king ful nere [Fol. 106b, col. 2.]
finds him alone, And saw him alloon there he yede;
1096 He thoght his erand forto spede,
To the king he drew nere
And did his obeisaunce with humble chere,

And seid, "excellent prince, for charitie
1100 With you to speke ye wil graunt me."
The king seid, "I wil well;
Tel me nov youre counsell."
"Sir," seid thoo Nathanael, — and tells him that his lady Sereyn, Queen of Surre,
1104 "The Quene of Surre, wete ye wele,
Recomaundeth hir vnto you[r] noble grace:
Sereyn, your ladie, grete sorow has — sorrows for him,
For youre sake; oonlie aboue al
1108 She loueth you most, and euer shal;
And, Sir, by me she hath sent
A token to you here present, — and has sent a token that
Youre son and heire *Generides*, — Generides is his son,
1112 That this is sooth, sir, and noo les,
She hath you sent here a ring — even his ring
Which ye hir toke at youre parting.
This token, Sir, ye mow wel know;
1116 I suppose my wordes ye trow
Whethre I sey sothe or nooñ."
The king stoode stil as any stooñ, — Aufreus
And the ring there he toke;
1120 Theroñ ful fast gan he loke;
Ther his hert couth wel entende — recognizes it,
The message was trew she did him send;
And that his ladie was hole and sond
1124 He thanked god hertlie in that stound; — thanks God,
And for ioye betwix his armes twoo
Nathanael hertlie kissed he thoo;
For ioye oft tymes he him kist,
1128 Of thoo tithinges whan he wist.
"Leue Nathanael," seid the king,
"Feche me hidre myn ovn derlyng; — and asks for his darling son.
Ther whiles shal I walk and rome
1132 In this place to ye ageyn come;

For my loue nov ye stere,
Hast you wightlie that he were here."

Nathanael fetches Generides,

Nathanael wold not lett,
1136 But *Generides* fast he fett,
And broght him to his fadre the king
Which made him noble welcomyng,

and his father welcomes him;

"Welcome," he seid, "my son dere,
1140 Wel is me I haue you here,
Ouer al thing welcome to me.
Wold god I might youre modre see!
I pray you hertlie, Nathanael,
1144 My dere son ye kepe wel,
And som tyme shal I yelde it you;

but charges them to keep the secret.

Let noon know this but we now;
Goo ageyn to youre seruice
1148 That no mañ youre counsel devise."
Generides And his maister thoo [Fol. 109, col. 1.]
Went ageyn ther thei come froo;

They continue diligent in their service;

Thei wer diligent in here seruice,
1152 And ful seruiceable in al wise,
And thus thei[1] there gan dwel [[1] MS. ther.]
That neuer creature herd othir tell
But that he was grete borñ;
1156 Thei wist noon othre, even ne morñ.

but the queen loves Generides secretly,

The Quene him loued secretlie
And dalie contynued by and by,
On som maner she most nede
1160 To *Generides* hir folie bede,
That suffre lenger she ne might

and resolves to have her will with him.

Such woo to suffre day and night,
But if she haue som dele hir will
1164 Hir fals desire shall him spill.

CHAPTER III.

Here telleth of the desire of the Quene (.) hou she desired *Generides* to haue desceyued the king his fad*re*.

Vpoñ a day in somer tide — One day the king goes out hunting,
The king on huntyng wold ride,
To hunt in a depe forest
1168 With knightes and squiers of the best;
He lete at home *Generides* dwell. — and leaves Generides at home.
The Quene therof anoon herd tell, — The queen sends for him,
She sent aftre him hastelie
1172 That he shuld come to hir, and not tarie.
Vnto hir chambre he can gooñ
For to speke with hir anooñ;
She leid hir arme about his swere, — puts her arms round him, kisses him,
1176 She kyssed him with hertie chere,
And seid, "welcom, gentil *Generides*."
She began discouer hir distres,
"Entierlie ye ar to me welcome
1180 While my lord is nat at home,
Aftre you nov haue I sent
Forto tel you myn entent;
Ye wax goodeli, semelie, and wise, — tells him he is seemly,
1184 And of seruice ye bere the price;
Of al men that ar in this lond
Ye ar most goodlie, I vndrestond;

If god you fortune oones come to elde,
1188 Ye be ful liklie armes to welde,
And ye shal a doughti man bene;
That day, I hope, shal I seene.
The grettest thing is that longeth to loue,
1192 A souereigne ladie to haue (:) and hir aboue
Al othir to serue (:) than dar I swere
If ye doo soo (:) of gretter power
Shul ye be, and more hardie,
1196 And doughtier man of youre bodie;
Aboue al thing so haue I rest
Of chiualrie (:) loue is the best,
As men may here in old romaunce
1200 The grete worship and noble chaunce
That fel to knightes that ladies loued;
For loue here bodies so thei proued. [Fol. 109, col. 2.]
Therfore, *Generides*, I counsel you
1204 To loue somwhere for youre prow;
And if ye be of loue to seche,
To finde a loue I cañ you teche;
To loue a thing that you dooth loue,
1208 Me think it were to youre behoue;
Than shuld ye loue me, the soth to sey,
My self I must nedes bewrey,
So long I have loued you stil;
1212 Mi dere hert, if it be youre will,
My loue, my hert, and my bodie,
Here I gyve you feithfullie
At youre wil to be whils I lyve;
1216 A richer thing can I noon gyve;
Thogh ye were duke, outhir king,
This profre might be to youre liking.
I haue loued and loue you soo,
1220 My thoght may noght part you froo

and will be a doughty man,

therefore he ought to love a lady,

one who loves him,

even me, the queen;

for I have loved you long,

and now will give you all myself;

Nouthir by night nor by day;
Whan euer ye list, ye may assay." — try me when you list.
Generides in a studie stoode, — Generides thinks she is mad,
1224 Him thoght the Quene was tho woode
To make to him such a sermoñ:
Had he know for what encheson
She had for such cause aftre him sent,
1228 He nold haue come there to that entent.
Ful sore abasshed was he there — and doesn't know
Forto gyve hir an answere; — how to answer her.
"Ma dame," he seid "I thank you — He thanks her;
1232 For the grete loue ye profre me nov;
But wel ye know oon thing,
That my lord is a grete king,
He hath me norished and furth broght
1236 So wel that me wanteth noght;
If I to him did treason or shame, — says he cannot do treason to the king,
Treulie I were gretelie to blame;
I ought for his grete kindnes
1240 To do him honour and goodnes;
Neuer-the-les, to loue I ne can,
Yit neuer to loue I began;
And, madame, if ye haue grete liking
1244 Othre to loue than the king,
In this contre is many a feir knight, — and recommends her to take some other knight than one so simple as himself.
Goode and courtes, of bodie wight,
On hem ye might your loue bestow,
1248 And on noon so simple nor so low."
The Quene his answer vndrestoode,
And for shame she wax nere woode: — She waxes wild,
Him that she loued for hir delight,
1252 Deidlie she hated to se him wit*h* sight.
She bad him avoide in hast, — orders him out,
And began to threte him ful fast,

and threatens to be revenged on him.

"Lewd felow," she seid, "siker thou be
1256 I shal ful wel be wroken on the."
To hir chambre Ageyn she went, [Fol. 109b, col. 1.]

She tears her robes,

And hir atire she al to-rent;

and sobs as if she were mad.

She wept, she sobbed, for grete moode,
1260 She ferd as thogh se[1] wer nigh woode. [[1] *se* in MS.]

In this state the steward finds her,

Generides his wey ther name,
And sone aftre the steward came
Into chambre to ye Quene;
1264 And whan he saw hir out of tene,
And saw hir here al to-rent,
He held him dismayed and shent;
And than he seid to hir y-wis,
1268 "Ma dame, what is all this?
Who hath you greued? tel me, I pray."
"Sir Steward, the soth I shal you say;
Glad woman shal I neuer be
1272 Til ye graunt to a-wreke me."
"Who was so hardie and so sterñ?
Tel me nov, I pray you yern;

and swears to avenge her.

On him I shal take such wreche,
1276 Shal him neuer nede noo leche."

Generides

Generides was not recheles;
He saw the Quenes frowardnes;
He wist wele the Quenes hate.

goes home and tells Nathanael all that has happened.

1280 He passed out at the gate
Vnto the Citie to his hostell,
And al he told to Nathanaell,
The Quenes desire, and his answere;
1284 In his loggeyng he dwelled there
Til the king come to the Castel.

The queen again appeals to the steward

Than the Quene hir hert did tell,
And to the Steward pleint she made
1288 With angry hert and colour fade,

"Sir Steward," she seid, "wele ye woost
That I haue loued you euer moost
Of al men that on live bene;
1292 Yf ye loue me, nov shal I sene,
From this tyme forward
If ye me wreke, Sir Steward." — to avenge her.
Whan the Steward herd hir speke,
1296 "On him," he seid, "I shal you wreke,—
Tel me his name,—if I him know,
By the feith that ye to me ow." — He swears to do it.
"Sir," she seid, "thank I you cañ! — The queen says that
1300 It is a lad, it is noo mañ;
Into this court he come this othere yere,
Generides he is cleped here; — Generides
Wax he is so noble and proude
1304 That he me prayd stil and loude — prayed her to love him;
P*ar*amoures him forto loue.
I had leuer, by god aboue, — but she'd sooner have him hung like a thief.
He heng as high as any thefe
1308 Than euer he wer me so lefe."
Whan the Steward this tale herd, — The steward
He quoke, and as a wood man ferd;
And, for [he] loued the Quene so wele,
[Fol. 109b, col. 2.] 1312 The wrother he was a grete dele. — is very wrath,
From thens into his chaumbre he went,
A naked sword in hond he hent, — takes a drawn sword,
And went *Generydes* sechand, — and seeks Generides,
1316 To haue sleyn him with his hand;
But at that tyme he fond him noght, — but cannot find him.
He failed of his wil and thoght;
He saw he might than not spede,
1320 Ageyn to his chambre he yede.
Whan the king from huntyng cañ, — On the king's return,
Than *Generides* to court nam.

Generides serves at table;

Generides serued in the hall
1324 Befor the king and the knightes al;
As sone as the steward him sigh,
Pale he waxed, and drew him nigh.
That day in stede of a white wonde
1328 A staf he bare thoo in his honde;

the steward catches him going to the kitchen,

Generides was to kechen ward;
Hurtlyng on him come the Steward,
And seid to him with egre chere,

abuses him,

1332 "Thou grome, thou combrest the hous here.
Draw the vpward, and make hem place
That to serue han better grace;
Thou canst not serue in stede goode."
1336 *Generides* right still tho stoode,
And not an word ageyn he yaf.
The steward tho lift vp his staf,
And seid, "thou mysproude quengeovñ,
1340 Whi answerst you not to my reasoñ?"

throws him down,

He drew him bi the here that stound,
And threw him douñ to the ground
That both mouth and noyse blede.

and beats him.

1344 Twoo strokes he yaue him in that stede
With his staf, ouer al that,
That he lay to the erthe flat.

The king

The king saw him so take oñ
1348 That he trembled both flesh and booñ;
He thoght vpon the quene his wife;

hurls his knife at the steward,

In his hond he toke his knyfe,
And to the Steward it threw egrely.
1352 The steward saw that, and did wry,
And drew him som dele aside;
The blade thurgh his arme did glide.

and orders him to leave the place.

The king seid, "traitour, hens thou flee
1356 That I the nov no more see;

The first shame ys this not
That thou hast waited me, I wot."
On that word thoght the Quene, — The queen
1360 And thoght on hir it must been;
Wel she supposed that the king — thinks the king knows of her crimes;
Of hir folie had som knowing.
Vp from the bord she arose anoon,
1364 And to hir chambre gan she gooñ
With careful hert, and ful of ire, — she is full of ire
For hir souereigne lord *and* most desire — that her lover is wounded and banished.
[Fol. 110, col. 1.] Cruel wounded he was thurgh the arme,
1368 Of that she thoght ful grete harme;
That he from court was conveyd,
For pure sorow she wold haue deyd;
Som treson she thoght forto seche,
1372 Of that grete dede forto haue wreche.
The Steward yede from the court thaĩ, — The steward takes refuge in his castle,
And to his ovn Castel he wañ
That was both goode and strong;
1376 Grete meigne he gadred among, — gets together men and victuals;
Of vitels also grete plentie
Into the Castel gaddered he;
Tresour he had more than the king, — has much treasure,
1380 For al the lond was in his keping;
He thoght what life he wold lede,
For he was born of grete kinrede;
Thei wer redie at nede *with* him to hold,
1384 For on the king werre he wold — and resolves to make war on the king.
Whan he his tyme saw at will
His grete treason to fulfill.
Of *Generides* speke we — Generides rises up.
1388 That such despite and vilene
Had in hal the folk among.
Vp he ros, and lay not long;

His maister therfor was woo ynogh,
1392 And vp by the hond he him drogh;
Generides was milde of moode,
Of his face he wyped the bloode,
Generides (:) than to the king yede
1396 That sore was greued of that dede,
"My lord," seid than *Generides*,
"I come hidre *with* loue and pees
With you to dwel at your liking;

tells the king he must leave him;

1400 Nov cometh the tyme of our parting,
For I haue here grete vilenee
Befor you and youre meignee.
That I haue in youre court to day,

and promises to pay back the steward his insult.

1404 It shall be quyt, and euer I may;
But my power is yit to small
My dettes forto acquiten all;
For the shame and the despite,
1408 P*er*auenture I may it quite,
For at my witting, by my will
I trespased neuer lowde ne still.
Therfor my lord, if you[r] wil be,
1412 I beseche you forto licence me,
God you preserue both night and day,
And euer while I live may
To worship you al that I cañ,
1416 And al-wey be youre ovn mañ."
Careful before was the king,
And than more hevy for that tithing.

Generides and Nathanael take leave of all,

Generides toke his leue anoon̄
1420 At the king and euerichoon,
And so did Nathanael also,
And to here loggeyng gan thei goo,
And hasted hem in al that tide,
1424 And furth here wey gan thei ride;

With here harnes and here meigney
Thei went out of that Citie. — and ride out of the city.
When thei were w[*ith*]out the tovñ,
1428 *Generides* asked a questioñ
Of Nathanael with wordes meke,
"What contre," he seid, "wil we seke?"
Than seid Nathanael, "sikerlie — Nathanael proposes to return home to Surre;
[Fol. 110, col. 2.] 1432 It is best we ride into Surrye,
Mi ladie your modre forto see,
And youre frendes that ther be."
"Maister," seid *Generides*, — but Generides refuses to go,
1436 "That wer wel doo, but nertheles
Yit wil I nat come there;
Seruice I wil seke elles where; — and resolves to seek
In straunge seruice is myn entent,
1440 Forto [serue] is myn hert bent;
At more honour til that I be, — honour in foreign countries.
Wil I not come in my contre;
For whan I am more of elde
1444 I cast me armes forto welde;
Therfor I wolle into vncouth lond,
To seke aventure I wil fond;
Maistre, ye know wel this contree,
1448 I pray you nov to cast our iournee."
"Sir," seid than Nathanael, — Nathanael suggests Perse.
"Straunge contres I know wel.
Sith ye wil nat to youre contree,
1452 Right into Perce wende wil we,
A goode contre and a plentyvous,
And folkes in armes ful desirous;
Of that lond is king a Sowdañ
1456 Which is reported a noble mañ,
Courtes, hounrable, and free,
With him he kepeth a royal meigne;

Thidre I rede our wey we take,
1460 Oure seruice wil he not forsake."

Generides agrees,

Than was *Generides* at ease,
"Maister," he seid, "youre wit I prase."

and they ride to Perse,

To Perse he tok the way aright,
1464 Thei nouthir spared day nor night
Til that thei comen there;
And ful sone thei drew hem nere
Wher the sowdan with his meigne was,
1468 Thider thei riden a grete pase,

to the city of Mountanar,

To Mountanar ther he lay,
Which was a Citie of grete nobley.
Whan thei to the Citie came,

and there take up their abode.

1472 Here ynnes ther ful sone thei nam
A litle beside a feir Castell,
Generides and Nathanaell.
Than sone to the court thei yede,
1476 There here nedes forto spede;

The Sowdon

Walking thei found the Sovdoñ, [Fol. 110*b*, col. 1.]
And with him knightes many ooñ.
Generides (:) did him ful humble obeisaunce;
1480 He him welcomed w*ith* grete plesaunce;
Ful loulie thei profered here s*er*uice;

gladly accepts their proffered service,

He hem receyued in hertlie wise,
With goode will he toke hem bothe,
1484 Here seruice to him was nat lothe.
To *Generides* then seid he,
"Of what kinred, Sir, be ye?"
"Sir, I am of the lond of Ynde,
1488 A lordes son born of kynde (.)"

and tells Generides to be nearest him, and serve him at meals.

"Wel (:) than shul ye next me be
At my mete to serue me:
Lefe Sir, what is youre name?"
1492 "*Generides*," he seid, "w*ith*out blame,

Ther I was born, so call thei me."
"Ay, *Generides*, welcom to me."
The Sovdon him cherished and loued,
1496 He yave him al that him behoued;
Moche loue in the court he gate
Of high and low and euery state.
A feire doghtre the Sovdon had, — The Sowdon has a daughter.
1500 And hir life *with* ioye she lad;
Clarionas (:) that ladie hight, — Clarionas,
She was of beautie so feire and bright,
In noo place I you ensure
1504 Was known so feire a creature; — the fairest creature living,
Hir bodie was ful gentil and small,
She was ful amyable, and goodli withal,
Defaute in hir might noman finde, — with no defect in her;
1508 She had al that nature might doo be kinde;
Therto she was courtes and free
To euery man aftre his degre;
She wist ful wel what was to dooñ,
1512 And els couth she lefe of soone;
She was so feire and so yeng,
Hir fadre loued hir ouer al thing,
For othir childe neuer he had — and she was his heir.
1516 That his heire shuld be, saue oonly she.
The sovdon made a fest soone— — The Sowdon makes a great feast;
As he was oft wont to dooñ—
Of the grettest of his baronage,
1520 Therof he had a goode vsage,
Of mete and drink he was ful large,
Of such largesse he thoght noo charge.
The Soudoñ vsed coustomable
1524 Dailie in hall to kepe the table,
But his doghtre *Clarionas* — but Clarionas stays in her room.
She kept the chambre, as Reason was,

With hir ladies and gentilwomen also;
1528 Of hem ther was twenty and moo.
Generides in ful noble aray
Serued in the hal euery day;
His seruice he did ful Reuerently;

At the feast, the Sowdon tells Generides to take a dish of curlews to his daughter.

1532 The Soudon cast on him his eye, [Fol.110b, col.2.]
And then he seid, "*Generides*, come nere,
Take this dish of gold here
With thes curlews, right anoon̄
1536 Into the chambre loke that ye goon̄
There my doghtre at mete is,
And sey hir that I sent hir this."
Generides the chargeours hent,

He does this.

1540 And mekelie into the chambre went.
The ladie at hir mete fond he,
He set him doun̄ on his knee,
His message he did ful plesauntlie,
1544 And set doun the dish right honestlie;
"Ma dame," he seid, "*with* hertlie entent,
Mi lord youre fadre this hath you sent."

The damsel

"God thonk my fadre tho," seid she,
1548 "That he wil thus remembre me;
I thonk you hertlie for your message."
She fast beheld him in the visage

sees how handsome he is,

And *per*cyued his goodeli semblaunt,
1552 His bodie so personable and plesaunt,
So feir and so wel y-wroght.
She liked him so goodelie in hir thoght:
Of loue neuer erst she wist,
1556 Forto behold him sore she list,

cannot take her eyes off him,

Hir eyen neuer from him cam,
And a grete sighing she nam,

turns pale,

Her colour gan to pale in hast,
1560 For loue she sighed sore and fast

Somdele sore in hir feling:
To kisse him was hir grete longyng, — and wants to kiss him.
But she knew nat his will;
1564 Ashamed she was, and held hir still;
That she so ferd, woo she was,
But loue hir so bond in that case,
Til that she might him oones kysse,
1568 Of sorow shuld she neuer mysse.
Generides (:) thoo wist noo thing
Of this ladies grete longyng;
He tooke his leue, and wold haue gooñ;
1572 Than she called him anoon,
And asked him with goodelie chere, — She asks him his name,
"What is name, my swetè fere?"
Than he answerd that ladie bright,
1576 "Ma dame, *Generides* I hight."
A cup of gold befor hir stoode
Ful of clarre wyne ful goode;
The cup she toke him *with* hert entier, — gives him a cup of wine,
1580 And preid him *with* right goode cher
"Drink now, hertlie I you pray."
"Ma dame, god thonk you," can he say.
He drank anoon *with*outen let,
1584 The cupp dowñ softlie can he set;
A louelie loke than he hir sent, — for which he sends her a lovely look,
And beheld hir eyeñ *with* goode entent.
[Fol. 111, col. 1.] An other loke than she him kest — and she casts him another that
1588 That even thurgh the hert him threst — thrusts him right through the heart,
So sharp, that for sore longyng
Stil he stoode in studiyng;
His bright hew, his right wit, — and love turns his wits.
1592 Sodenlie loue turned it;
The hert was so sore ybound
Of *Generides* for that wound,

That al discoulored tho he was.
1596 Theñ to the hal he went a pase,
To hir he spake no more thañ;
Into the hal ful soone he wañ.

Clarionas is so stricken with love,

Clarionas tho *with* loues dart
1600 Was striken so sore, for hir part,
That from the bord she rose anooñ,

that she goes, full pale, to her room, and falls on her bed.

Into hir chambre can she gooñ
Al discoulored, ful pale of hew;
1604 Ouerthwart hir bed she ouer threw,
Loue bond hir so sore and fast.

One of her attendants,

So oon of hir women come at the last
That she most loued of any womañ,—
1608 What was hir name wel tel I cañ—

Mirabel,

Hir right name was Mirabel,
A gentil ladie, as I you tel,
And of gentil bloode samfayle,
1612 (Hir fadre was an Amyrayle),
She thoght hir hert clofe in twoo;
Vnto hir ladie yede she thoo,
Hir hond she leid vpon hir thoo,

asks her the cause of her woe. Clarionas just stirs,

1616 And seid, "ma dame, what causeth yo*ur* woo?"
Wel feyntlie she felt hir stere;
She meruelled whi, and drew hir nere,
And wondre so sore she begañ
1620 Hou that evel so sodeinlie had hir tane.
Mirabel sore abasshed thoo
Whan she saw her fare soo;

and Mirabel calls on her in God's name to tell her what is the matter.

She cried on hight, and seid, "Ma dame,
1624 Speke to me, in goddes name!"
And as she durst, *with* piteous speche,
Hir ladie she began to seche
That she wold tel hir cause whi
1628 That euel hir toke so sodeinlie.

Clarionas without lesing — Clarionas says
Answerd ageyñ with grete sighing,
"Mirabel, my swete hert,
1632 To tel you hou I caght this smert,
And al myn evel hou it began:
In this court ther is a gentilmañ — that it's all a gentleman's doing,
That al this euel hath me wroght; — and yet she never offended him.
1636 I offended him neuer in word ne thoght;
Thurgh him I haue my dethe, I wene,
He dooth me al this woo and tene."
Mirabel gan somdele glade — Mirabel takes heart at this, for
1640 Whan she wist who that evel had made; — she knows well what love is;
Of loue she knew wel that it was;
[Fol. 111, col. 2.] She seid to hir ladie(.)
"Ma dame, hou long, the soth to seyñ,
1644 Hath love doon you al this peyñ?"
"Til this day at mete, parde,
I saw him neuer erst, nor he me."
Mirabel seid, "hou is this?
1648 I meruel of this mater y-wis;
And if that ye wil wroken bene,
Right sone the sothe shal ye sene."
"To pleyne on him I ne may,
1652 But on myn eyeñ, so, welaway.
With him I must speke soone, — but Clarionas declares her happiness is all gone,
Or elles my goode dais be doone;
I kepe to haue nomore blis
1656 But that I may him hals and kis; — unless she can kiss him again.
Nov, dere hert, help therto
That it may right sone be doo."
Mirabel seid, "what is he?
1660 Goode madame, tel ye me."
"The same gentilman myn hert hath brent — She tells Mirabel that the gentleman is
Which my fadre to me sent

To day while I was at mete;
1664 I wot wel I shal him neuer forgete."
"What dooth he hight," she seid, "madame?"
Generides, "*Generides* (:) is his right name."
"Ay ma dame," seid Mirabel,
1668 I am right glad that ye me tel."
"He may not faile to haue goode tide
That can wel suffre and abide;
For sofferaunce causeth oft certeyñ
1672 A man his purpos to atteyñ;
Ne shal I neuer, my dere hert,
Rise from this bed in helth and quert
and entreats her to help that she may see him again. But ye wil me certeynlie
1676 Promyse youre help sekirlie
Forto speke with *Generides*."
Mirabel promises to help her; "Ma dame," she seith, "nov beth in pees;
Rise up nov and make goode chere,
1680 And I shal help, to my power,
So to counsel you in this dede
That of youre porpos ye shul spede."
and she rises hopefully. *Clarionas* from hir bed arose
1684 In hope to come to hir purpose.
Nov speke we of *Generides*,
Generides meantime cannot rest in peace. That loued, and might nat be in pes,
He loued so sore day and night
1688 *Clarionas* that ladie bright.
Careful therfore his maistre was,
And al his meigne cried "allas."
His men think he is ill, and put him to bed; That he were seke, thei him dred,
1692 And fast thei led him to his bed,
And ther had he rest but small,
So loue assaled him ouerall;
but he cannot sleep. In his eyen ther came noo slepe,
1696 Therof his maister toke kepe

[Fol. 111b, col. 1.]

He turned him oft to and froo,
He might nat lie stil for woo;
Oft he rose and fel ageyñ
1700 "Jhesu," "he seid, "what is my peyñ!
Wele I wrote who me it dooth,
[Clarionas], to say the sooth,
Hir loue werketh me al this woo
1704 As it hath doon to many moo:
Wele may I sey allas, allas,
That euer I knew [Clarionas!]
Why so (:) she mysdid me noght.
1708 Noo, treuly (:) but myn ovn thoght,
And myn eyeñ that did hir so behold,
This cause me thes sorows many fold;
For euer me thinketh that I hir see
1712 Stand here before me.
Min hert so high set haue I,
A fall I drede to haue therby!
Ay, god! hard was my destinygh
1716 To this contre so forto high!
Had I into my contre goo,
I had noo thing felt of this woo,
Had I doo by maistres counseil,
1720 It had beñ nov for myñ availe;
Nou it is to late to ouer-think,
As I haue brew, so most I drink."
Nathanael of al that long night
1724 For verrey sorow noght slepe might
To see his lord in this distres,
But to his lord tho gan him dres;
In his bed he fond him waking,
1728 Sighing, and grete sorow making.
Ful pitouslie seid he thañ
"Lefe Sir, tel me whañ,

So he laments his woful case,

and says it is all through Clarionas' love.

Why did he ever come to her country?

However, as he has brewed, so must he drink.

Nathanael is concerned at his distress,

and entreats him to tell him when

In what maner wise and how
the sickness first took him. 1732 This sekenes first greued you.
Somdele haue I herd
Al this night hou ye haue ferd;
Wondre I haue what it may be,
1736 But treulie nov I may wel see
That ye love me litel, I wene,
That wil not tel me youre tene.
Whi wil ye not to me declare
1740 What shuld you cause thus to fare?
Ye have noo cause to mistrust me
More nov than ye had, parde,
That ye might me the sothe seyñ;
1744 What causeth you to haue al this peyñ?"
Generides says [Generides] thoo answered still,
"I pray you take it not at yll,
For I might nat haue noo space
1748 To tel how me betid this case;
But yestirday it fortuned soo
The king on message did me goo
Vnto my ladie, his doghtre dere,
that the pain took him when he was before Clarionas. 1752 [Clarionas,] so bright of chere; [Fol. 111b, col. 2.]
Before hir this yvel me toke,
Oonlie for hir faire loke,
That my deth it wil bee;
1756 Help, maister, for charitie!"
Nathanael laughs. He knows the illness, Than Nathanael a litle logh;
That evel he knew wel ynogh;
"But, sir, now I know hou it is,
and tells Generides not to be dismayed, 1760 Dismay you noo thing of this
Thogh ye with loue be bound fast,
Be nothing therof agaste;
but live in hope; To liue in hope is for the best,
1764 And most for youre hertes rest;

And if ye wil, tomorov or noone
I hope so to speke and doone
That I shall doo you to sayñ
1768 Trew tithinges in certeyñ
Of loue that ye haue vndretake,
Whethre ye shal it forsake
Or els hold you therto.
1772 Wherfor I rede that ye thus doo,
Suffre a while, and your hert stere
Til betre tithinges ye may here;
I shal perceyve in som degre,
1776 Othir by countenaunce or chere, parde,
Whethir she you loue with hert and will."
[Generides] answerd him vntill,
"Gentil maister, god thonk you;
1780 Grete comfort ye doo me nov.
If ye me doo as ye me seid,
A grete part of my care is leid."
On the morov rose Nathanael
1784 And went streit vnto the Castel;
Nathanael into the chambre wañ,
And Mirabel him saw thañ;
Right wel she lete of his comyng,
1788 "Welcome," she seid, "by heuen king."
Mirabel him welcomed hertlie,
And he hir thanked curteslie.
"Wher is youre lord," seid she,
1792 "I pray you, goode Sir, tel ye me."
"Maistres," he seid, "he fareth not wele;
This night he slept neuer a dele
For hevines he hath, and care."
1796 "Syn whan," she said, "hath he so fare?"
"Sith yisterday, Maistres, a eve,
This sekenes first did him greve;

and he'll bring him tidings to-morrow

whether Clarionas loves him.

Next day

Nathanael goes to Clarionas's chamber,

and is welcomed by Mirabel, who

asks after Generides.

Nathanael says he is not well;

he caught a bad cold in that chamber yesterday.

In this chambre here, as he me told,
1800 Caght he this sekenes *with* a cold."
"Wherof toke he it, know ye hou?"
"Maistres," he seid, "I can not tel you."
"Yis, feir sir, I you prey:
1804 Treuly I shal you neuer bewrey;

Mirabel says that her lady has been bad too,

For right soo hath my ladie sped,
Sith yestirday she hath kept hir bed,
For love doth hir so constreyñ [Fol. 112, col. 1.]

and has had no rest since she saw Generides;

1808 For youre lord; whan she had him seeñ,
Neuer sith, rest had she nooñ."
"Maistres, in like wise by seint Jhoñ
Mi lord hath faren right soo;
1812 For he suffreth such peyn and woo
Sith he saw my ladie laste,
Of him I haue be sore agaste."
"Sir, she seid, I trov right well
1816 Loue is meruellous, I here tell;
Now wote I wele withouten les

she must be in love with him.

Mi ladie loueth [Generides]."
"Now maistres, blessed mot ye be!
1820 With thes tithinges ye comfort me;

"And Generides is in love with her," says Nathanael.

For wete ye well without feyntise
Mi lord hir loueth in like wise.
But he haue hir, he hath sworñ
1824 Gladnes for euer hath he lorñ."
Thus Mirabel and eke nathanael
Knew right wele of othres counsel;
Than Mirabel began to say,
1828 "Now, swete sir, hertlie I you pray

"Then go at once to Clarionas, and tell her this," answers Mirabel.

Ye wold you hast a grete pas
Vnto my ladie [Clarionas];
To speke *with* hir that ye not spare,
1832 And telle hir of youre lordes fare.

Goo your wey, tel hir his nede;
Wondre I haue but if ye wele spede."
Nathanael was ful wise and goode, — So Nathanael goes,
1836 His lesson he wel vndrestoode,
Wel taght he was in word and dede,
Anoon to [Clarionas] he yede;
He spake to the ladie [Clarionas]
1840 And told hir al the wooful case. — and tells his tale,
[Clarionas] on hir bed satt;
Of his wordes comfort she gate, — which comforts Clarionas.
And made him glad welcomyng;
1844 Ful wele she lete of his tithing,
Therof she was wondre glad.
Mirabel to call she bad, — She sends for Mirabel,
And told hir what Nathanael
1848 Had seid to hir euery dele,
"Ma dame(:)" Mirabel thoo gañ say, — who counsels her
"No lenger put ye in delay
His desire to Respite,
1852 But egallie ye him acquite,
And of youre grace with benigne chere
That ye wil *graunt* him his prayer." — to grant Generides his desire,
"I shal be glad him forto see,
1856 Mi worship to kepe with honestie."
"I shal, ma dame, if it you please,
Send for him, his hert to ease, — and send for him by Nathanel.
By his maister that here dooth stond."
1860 She tooke Nathanael by the hond,
"Nov sir," she seid, "my leef Frende, — Mirabel then tells Nathanael to bring
[Fol. 112, col. 2.] In al hast aftre youre lord ye wende, — Generides to speak to her lady.
And secretlie, for spiyng,
1864 By the gardine ye him bring
To my ladies chambre wyndow;
Ther he may speke ynogh, I trow;

She shal be there ful redilie."
1868 Nathanaels hert for ioye did flie;
To his lord he went a pase,
And broght him tithinges from hir goode grace:
"[Clarionas] my ladie dere
1872 Hath sent for you, be glad of chere."
Tho vp he rose with him to gooñ;
God knoweth, daunger made he nooñ.
To the chambre window sone
1876 Thei came, as thei were taght to doone.
[Clarionas], withouten les,
Whan she saw [Generides],
With simple voice and sighing chere
1880 He lowlie obeid in humble chere,
Drede his hert did so appalle,
Downward his chere lete he falle,
Specheles for fere stil he stoode.
1884 This ladie was curteys and goode,
With louyng chere and face benigne
Hir hert to him she did resigne;
Loue began hir to assaile
1888 That hir tong for fere gan faile;
So a-dred thei wer both twoo
That nouthir spake to othir thoo.
Than [Generides] told a-right
1892 What woo he had suffred that night;
With wooful hert and pale face
Mekelie besoght hir of hir grace
"That she wold, for goddes sake,
1896 Him to hir mercy oonly take,
Or elles I know wel I shal die."
Thoo answerd she ful graciouslie
With myld chere soft and still,
1900 "Looth I were you to spill;"

Nathanael tells Generides the good news,

and they go to Clarionas's chamber window.

But there Generides is speechless,

and so is Clarionas.

At last Generides asks her

to have mercy on him, or he shall die.

Ful goodelie to tel she begañ,
And seid, "swete loue, I ne cañ
No thing wete ne vndirstond
1904 Of that ye bere me on hond;
But certes, sith I you last say,
Had I neuer sith goode day;
To se you I haue had such desire
1908 Which al myn hert hath set on fire;
Wherfor I pray you with hert entier,
If I be to you so dere,
Demean you al-wey in such wise
1912 Min honour and worship I may supprise;
With you to speke, and oft to seeñ,
Is my desire, and euer shal beeñ,
To comfort vs with plesaunt talking,
1916 Without shame or euel thinking;
[Fol. 112b, col. 1.] Wherfore I pray you, swete fere,
That often we may mete here."
Mirabel seid, "I shal you tel
1920 If ye will doo by my counsel,
Beth trew to othre for euermore."
[Generides] listened to that lore,[1] [[1]MS. lord.]
A-down he kneled on his kne
1924 And seid, "ma dame, haue mercy on me,
And to god and you a voye I make,
I shal youre seruice neuer forsake,
But while my life may endure
1928 To serue you aboue ech creature."
His wordes thurgh hir hert gan perse
Whan he this mater did reherse.
Mirabel seid with milde chere
1932 "Conclude this mater both in fere,
In token of loue that ye kysse,
And so departe with ioye and blisse,

Clarionas calls Generides Sweet Love

and says she desires to see him often.

Mirabel advises them to pledge their troth to one another

and Generides

swears never to forsake Clarionas's service.

On Mirabel's suggestion

It is tyme hens to hie
1936 For drede lest folkes vs aspie."
This goode ladie of high emprise
Clarionas kisses Generides heartily.
Did him kisse in herti wise;
Hir loue encreased sore and strong,
1940 With stedfast hert it lasted long.
They change rings
[Generides] toke a ring anooñ
In which was set a riche stooñ,
He yave it his ladie [Clarionas],
1944 God wot ful glad therof she was,
She toke an othre from hir hond,
Ther was noon richer in that lond,
On his finger she it pitt,
1948 With ful glad hert he toke it;
Thus thei chaunged here ringes twoo,
and hearts,
So did thei hert for hert also.
and then part.
At [Clarionas] he tooke his leue
1952 Al thogh it sore his hert did greue;
At that tyme a-sondre thei yede,
Thei durst noo lenger abide for drede.
[Generides] his wey tooke,
1956 And oft behinde him gan he looke,
As long as she might him see
Eythir loked ageyn trewlie;
They often see one another afterwards
Long tyme vsed thei that play,
1960 Som tyme on night, som tyme on day;
and talk together,
At the window to speke to gedre
[Generides] oft went thidre;
and Generides becomes much loved at Court,
And euer grete loue he wan
1964 In al the court of euery mañ;
Al games he couth doo ful wele,
Of maistreys wanted him noo dele;
He was of grete strenght and might,
1968 Noon so bygg, ne half so wight;

Wel wold he iust himself to assay, — and jousts well.
That wold he vse day by day.
In the court a knight ther was, — But a knight of Libie, named Malachias,
[Fol. 112b, col. 2.] 1972 His name was called Malachias,
He was born and fed in Libie;
At [Generides] he had envie; — envies
For treason out of his contre
1976 He was so hated he must nedes fle;
So thurgh his fals flatering
With the Sodon was he dwelling.
This knight hated [Generides] — and hates Generides,
1980 In hert stillie, but neuer the les
So goode felaship he him bare
[Generides] therof was not ware
That he him any euel wold,
1984 Therfor he bare him bold;
He thoght to doo him som treasoñ
And to bring [Generides] douñ — and wants to bring him low.
To shameful ende, but god him spede;
1988 Theraboute ful fast he yede
If he might ought him aspie
To doo him shame or vilanie,
As here aftre ye shal here tell,
1992 For nov I must a while dwell,
And return to new mater
Of Aufreyus the king, as ye shal here.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the fals treasoñ the quene and Sir Amalek did to King Aufreus, and how he was put fro his lond.

HErkeñ nov to me a while,
1996 I shal you tell of a gyle
Which to king Aufreyus fell;
Hou he was betrayed, I shal you tell,
Thurgh counsel of his fals Quene
2000 And of him that his steward had bene,
Which yede out of the court for shame
Because he did [Generides] blame,
And smote him before the king in hall
2004 As I before told you all.
That Steward was rich ynogh,
Mikel folk to him he drogh
Him self to make riche thañ,
2008 And king Aufreyus a poer mañ;
Grete folk he had for the noones,
Doughty men and strong of boones,
Of the best that were in that lond.
2012 To the Quene he sent his sond
That she than forgate him noght,
For he so sotellie had wroght
That twoo thousand knightes he had
2016 Of doughtie men, and noon bad.

Of the betrayal of King Aufreyus

by his queen and his steward.

The steward gets together

many strong men,

and sends a message to the queen not to forget him.

This message come sone to the Quene;
Anoon she began ful besie bene — She begins to plot against the king,
Treson to shape for the king
2020 Forto gete him foul ending;
Thoo sent she aftre the riche barones, — and sends for all the rascally barons she knows.
Of al Ynde the most felones,
And thei that were most at her will
2024 Hir fals purpos to fulfill.
[Fol. 113, col. 1.] Thoo barounes were assented sone
Al hir will forto doone;
But Aufreyus the goode king
2028 Wist of hir treason noo thing:
And by al the barounes assent
Sir Amalek thei aftre sent, — They send for Sir Amalek,
And he come sone *with* al his oste — and he with his host lay in ambush for the king,
3032 Ful privelie, and made noo boste,
And slighlie busshed hem in a forest
There he knew to hide him best.
[Fol. 113, col. 2.] The barounes cam and desired the king — who is persuaded to go hunting
2036 That he shuld goo on huntyng;
Thei made him on huntyng forto ride;
He thoght noon evel in noo side,
To here counsel he was prest,
2040 For of al games huntyng loued he best,
And so rode furth *with* litle meigne. — with very few attendants.
With him went barounes thre,
With twoo squyers, and no mo meñ
2044 But here gromes that folowed theñ.

CHAPTER V.

Here the fals Steward sir Amalek aspied that the king was passed by his bushment forth into the forest; And so gate the Citie and the Castel and al the tresoure of king Aufreyus; And did shet the gates, and kept the Citie *with* strenght; And thurgh the fals consent of the Quene lete crovn him self king of that lond; And held the Quene, and put oute his souereyn lord Aufreyus from his lond and heritage, which was aftre avenged by the prowesse of the kinges sonñ *Generides*, and was restored Ageyn to the lond and to the crovñ, as ye may here more pleinlie here aftre.

[The above is the heading of the outline of an illustration in four divisions: 1, Of Amalek and his troops marching into the Castle; 2, of his taking possession of Aufreyus' treasure; 3, of his being crowned; 4, of Aufreyus, his dogs, and a bit of a deer; two barons with split heads, and the third baron falling off his horse.]

THe steward was warned bi spies
That it was tyme to make maistries;

Sir Amalek enters the city,

He went to the Citie & entred in.
2048 Erst wold the quene neu*er* blin,

is welcomed by the queen,

She seid, "myñ ovn loue, welcom to me;"

who gives up the castle to him,

Anoon she yeld him vp the Citie,
Castel, and toure, w*ith* al the tresoure,
2052 And hir bodie; what might she more?
She toke him in hir armes twoo,
And seid, "swete hert, welcom, thoo."
In the highest toure at iiij corners

and he raises his banners on it,

2056 He did display his brode baners;

[Fol. 113b, col. 1.]

The gates of the Citie in haste
He did hem shet strong and fast,
And sone aftre without tariyng
2060 He did him self crovn king. — and crowns himself king.
The contre, for drede of the Quene,
Thei durst not ther ageyns bene,
The lond therof despite had,
2064 And grete speeh therof was made,
And al the gretest of that lond — All the great of the land are on Amalek's side,
Because of mede were at his hond
Ageyns here lord Aufreus the king;
2068 The pouer wer sory of that dooyng. — though the poor are sorry to lose Aufreus,
The king of this was nothing war,
For in the forest he hunted far — who is hunting
For to chace the wilde dere,
2072 He loued wel hem to stere;
He knew nothing of this treasouñ — and knows nothing of the treason.
The steward had doon in the touñ.
Ther come a forster at the last — At last a forester
2076 Riding on an hors ful fast;
He soght the king al that he coude,
Blowing aftre him ful loude,
Til he him found he neuer blañ, — finds him,
2080 For him he was a sory mañ,
He coude in noo wise lengor for-bere,
But told the king in his ere, — and tells him that the three barons with him are traitors.
"Thes iij barouns that with you ride,
2084 I pray god, evel mot they betide,
For by hem falslie betrayed ar ye;
For both youre castel and Citie — and that his castle and city are lost.
Thurgh here assent ar y-take,
2088 As goode semblaunt as they you make
For to hide here fals tresoñ,
Thei ride with you vp and dovñ."

"Ay, lefe frende," seid the king thoo,
2092 "Hath my steward serued me soo?"
"Yea, sir, and thurgh the quenes reid
I drede that ye shul be deid."

Aufreus is full of wrath,

The king was so ful of ire,
2096 He quoke, his hert was so on fire;
Thoo he cleped his barouns,

and reproaches the three barons with him

And seid, "ye traitours and fals larouns,
Of my castel and my Citie
2100 [Ye have bireved me,]
And hem deliuered to my dedli foo,

for their treachery.

And faslie betrayed me therfroo."
Thes barons wer proude of hert
2104 And answerd the king ful ouertwert,

They tell him that they are not afraid of him.

And proudlie seid vnto the king
"Thi grete manace we drede no thing;
Wherto makest thou the so wrooth?
2108 Take the world nov as it gooth,
For of vs getest thou noo right,
We drede the not, by god almight."
The king was so egre of moode,

He splits one of them to the breast-bone;

2112 Oon of hem he smote so on the hoode,
Thurgh hed and face the sword cañ goo[ne] [Fol. 113b, col. 2]
Til it cam to the brest boone
So that he fel deid from his palfray,
2116 And streight to an othir he toke the way.

the others flee,

Toward the Citie fast thei yede,
Thei durst not turn ageyñ for drede;

but he overtakes one,

Wel soone he gan oon ouertake,
2120 His swerd in such wise did he shake,

cleaves his head to the breast,

His heid he cloue dovn to the breste,
He had noo leyser to ax a preste.
The third he ouertoke also,

and then slays the third.

2124 And gave him such woundes twoo

That sterk deid dovn he fell
From his hors, trewlie to tell.
Loo what falsnes may availe!
2128 Thus he hem quyt for here travaile,
And seid, "traitoures, to hel mot ye wende,
With Satan to dwel withouten ende."
Whan the king was thus a-wreke,
2132 To him self he gañ to speke,
"Allas," he seid, "what is me best?"
He turned ageyn into the forest — After which, Aufreus turns back to the forest,
Pitouslie making his moone;
2136 And as he rode mournyng aloone,
Ageyns him come his squyers — meets his squires,
Which herd thes tithinges by the forsters;
In their hertes thei liked yll,
2140 For these tithinges they morned still;
To the king thei spake soone,
"Sir," thei seid, "what shal we doone?"
"Sirres, I norished you and forth broght,
2144 And nov am I come to noght,
I may nat kepe you with mee — and advises them to
To mayntene you like youre degree,
New lordeship seke ye mote, — seek service elsewhere.
2148 For I am broght vndre foote.
What it is such tratoures to avaunce,
I hope to see hem haue mischaunce;
I not whedir I may draw
2152 To kepe me that I be nat slaw."
The squiers thoo wept for pitie, — They declare
And seid, "Sir, if youre wil be, — they will not leave him, but share his fortune, weal or woe.
Certes from you wil we not wende:
2156 Such fortune as god wil vs sende,
Be it evel aithir goode,
We wolle assay it by the roode:

What penaunce ye suffre, outhir woo,
2160 Such part we wil take also."
Whan he saw here goode wiłł
That thei wold abide *with* him stiłł,
Careful he was for hem twey;

So he leads them to Tharse, whose king

2164 To Tharse lond he toke the wey,
Here king was aged, *and* that was routh̄,
Ouer al thing he loued trouth;
He was a man of chast lyve,

was childless.

2168 He had nouthir childe ne wife. [Fol. 114, col. 1.]
Whan Aufreyus into Tharse came,
Into the kinges courte he name,
To serue than he had nede,
2172 Therto wold he fayne him spede;

The king gladly employs

Welcome he was to the king theñ,
And so he was to al men;
Al thogh he were at mischief,

Aufreyus and his squires,

2176 His seruice to the king was lef;
Grete wages and fees he yave him thoo,
And squyers that cam *with* him alsoo;
And what he was, no man wist,
2180 To tel any he had noo list.
Grete worship he gate in that lond,
Ther was noon like him, I vndrestond;
The king him loued, and the baronage,
2184 That was to him grete avauntage;

makes him steward of all Tharse,

For steward he was of al that lond
Vnder the king of Tharse, I vndrestond,
And was chosen bi the barons assent
2188 Right even in the pleyn p*ar*lement.

gives him a rich earldom,

The king him gafe a rich erle-dam
Which to him of Eshete late cam,
Forto encrese with his fee;
2192 A grete lord he waxed in that contre;

Bi his consel the lond was lad,
Al folkes him loued and drad;
The lond he governed at his wiłł,
2196 Ther was noon w*ith*seid, loud nor stiłł.
Nov wol I speke of Surry the Quene
That oones lay w*ith* Aufreus, I wene.

and all the lands he governs at will.

But now I will speak of Queen Sereyne.

CHAPTER VI.

[Of Queen Sereyne, and her adventures in search of Aufreus and Generides.]

As I haue told you beforñ,
2200 *Generides* of hir was borñ;

Queen Clarionas hears of Aufreyus's betrayal,

Of moch folk she herd tithing
Hov hir lord Aufreyus the king
Thurgh his Quene betraed was;
2204 She was ful sory for that case,
Sithñ Aufreyus was to sorow broght,

and is anxious about her son Generides.

For *Generides* was al hir thoght,
For of noo wight wete covde she
2208 Wher he was, in noo contre.
A Steward she had, a goode knight
That was a man of moch might,
He had wedded hir nigh kynrede,
2212 He was the more trew to hir in dede;

She tells one of her knights all about the birth of Generides,

Priuelie betwix hem twey
Al the soth she gan him sey
Of king Aufreyus in that case,
2216 And how *Generides* on hir begoten was,
At what tyme and the maner
How he was begoteñ, whan & wher,
Thurgh the wise mañ seyng
2220 That she neuer fond *with* lesing:
"Ma dame, youre counsel shal I kepe soo;
Therof weten shal noo moo."

[Fol. 114, col. 2.] "Nov, Sirr," she seid, "it is my wiłł
2224 Mi lond ye take you vntiłł
Forto haue in youre keping;
For trewlie, sir, without lesing,
Day nor night shal I not spare
2228 Til that I may finde whare
To know the soth of Aufreyus the king,
And of my sone here som tithing.
Ne be thei neuer in so fer lond,
2232 Of hem to here I shal fond;
And if I neuer come ageyñ,
Of Surre I make you heire certeyñ."
"Ma dame, it is bettir thus," seid he,
2236 "And bettre bestowed on you trewlie;
And sith that ye wil algate wende,
I promys you that to my liues ende
Trew to you shal I be
2240 Til god wil that I you eft see."
Thoo the steward that was so trew
Toke the chartre ensealed new,
And kept the lond as she him bad;
2244 Therof was he nothing glad.
And lightlie she did hir redie make,
And hir squiers, forto take
But with hir a few meigne,
2248 Wende she wold by lond and see;
She toke with hir but oon knight
Which was a wise man & a wight,
And twoo squiers with hir to goo,
2252 In Surre wer born both twoo;
And twoo gromes with hir yede,
And twoo gentilwomen also in dede.
To ynde first the wey she toke,
2256 There forto wete and loke

and desires him to take charge of her land

while she goes to seek for Aufreus and her son.

The knight agrees,

and promises to be faithful to her;

and she makes ready for her journey,

with one knight,

and two squires,

two grooms, and two gentlewomen.

They go to Ynde,

Where that they might Aufreyus finde
If that he wer within ynde.
As she logged in the ostrye,
2260 Ther dwelled the forster fast by
Which loued Aufreyus at the best,
And first told him of tresoñ in the forest;
This goode man, this trew forstere,
2264 Welcomed hir with herty chere;
Here soper was soone dight,
And serued in al hast that thei might.
After soper than seid here ost,
2268 "Ma dame, what sech ye in this cost?"
She answerd than vnto his speche,
And seid, "Sir, a king I seche;
Of my lond disheireted I am
2272 Thurgh fals men, and hider I caṁ;
I wold with king Aufreyus speke,
And besech him me to awreke."
The forster, whan he herd this,
2276 He sighed, and seid "madame, I-wis
Betrayed is that king so trew,
And that I may ful sore rew; [Fol. 114b, col. 1.]
Of treason first I gaf him warnyng,
2280 Therfor I haue lost my living,
A hundreth pound it was worth wele,
It is taken fro me euery dele;
Sir Amalek, that fals knight,—
2284 By the quenes counsel I you plight—
Hath take fro me my living;
God bring hem both to shamful ending!
Mi lord thé haue driven out of tovñ,
2288 And Amalek wereth his crovñ;
Yit slegh my lord in that forest
Whan he [was] most carefullest,

and go to an hostel close to the forester who first told Aufreus of his barons' treason.

The queen says she wants to see Aufreus,

and the forester tells her that the king has been betrayed,

and driven out of his land, and that Amalek wears his crown,

Thre bold Barounes killed he thoo
2292 Which wroght him al this treason *and* woo.
Nov, wold god," seid the forster,
"That *with* my lord Aufreyus I were!
If I may wete he be in Ynde,
2296 I shal neuer stint til I him finde."
Than seid the Quene, "I besech you nov
For charitie let me goo *with* you!
Right to morov as erly as day
2300 Let vs begyñ on oure iourney;
Abide noo purveaunce for yo*ur* viage,
For ye shal wende at my costage."
"Ma dame, I thank you hertlie;
2304 To wend *with* you am I redie."
On morow thei parted from that Citie,
Thei wist not toward what contre,
Thei knew not whedre to goo for the best,
2308 But forth thei riden by a forest,
By wild contreis and by wast,
So thei can here iournes cast;
And at the last, thurgh goddes sond,
2312 To Tharse thei cam, that riche lond
Ther wher Aufreyus was Steward,
Fast thei drew hem thiderward,
The Quene *with* hir smal meigne.
2316 And whan thei cam nigh to the Citie,
Besid a brigge made of stooñ
Here ynnes ther thei toke anooñ;
With hir harnes she did alight,
2320 And anoon she did hir redie dight.
She herd Aufreyus was in tovn that day,
She was the gladder hir to aray;
Aftre mete walk she wold
2324 That faire Citie to behold;

but he will never rest till he finds him.

The queen asks leave to go with him,

and next morning they start,

travelling through forests and wild countries,

till they come to Tharse, of which Aufreus is steward.

Queen Sereyne alights.

walks about the city,

And as she walked bi the riuere,
The brigge she gan draw nere;
As she on the brigge stoode,

and sees washer-women washing a shirt which she recognizes.

2328 The lauenders she saw in the floode
Ful besilie washing a shert;
Whan she it saw, it lighted hir hert,
She preid hem ful hertilie
2332 That she might that shert see
Which thei weshen so sore, [Fol. 114b, col. 2.]
For she wondred theroñ more and more
That thei al about that shert aloon
2336 Trauelled so sore euerichoon.

They tell her that

Than oon answerd and seid, "ma dame,
This shert dooth vs moch shame,
For we haue washen it right oft,

they cannot possibly get the spots out of it.

2340 But with noo washing, herd ne soft,
The spottes we may not out bring
Thogh we neuer so sore it wring."

She asks for it, and

Sereyne seid, "my sustre dere,
2344 Take me nov that shert here,
I shal it wash anoon certeyñ,
And in hast take it you ageyn."
Anoon the shert thei hir toke;

sees that the spots are those of her own tears which she wept

2348 As sone as she theron gan loke,
Ful wel therof had she knowing;
The spottes were of hir weping
That same night that *Generides*

when Generides was begotten.

2352 Begoten was, withouten les,
Betwix hir and Aufreyus, king of ynde,
As the wise man In hir destiny did finde;
At that tyme she it so bewept.

Aufreus had kept the shirt,

2356 King Aufreyus wel it kept,
As the wise man told him in that stede
That same night on Sereyns bed,

If euer he had tithinges in certeyn
2360 Of his ladie the quene Sereyne,
And if any washed it so clene
That the spottes wer nat sene,
Therby he might knowlege haue
2364 That she were in erthe ygraue,
As I haue told you here beforñ.
Aufreyus that shert hath *with* him borñ — and taken it into Tharse;
Into Tharse whan that he went;
2368 Oft to the lauenders he it sent,
And euer he thoght hem vnwise
That the weping spottes in no wise — but the laundresses had never been able to wash out the tear-spots.
Thei coude with noo craft gete a-way,
2372 While thei had wesh it so many a day.
Quene Sereyn thoo within a brayde — Sereyne
The shirt in the water she layde;
With swilling thries, and oones wrong,—
2376 Therabout stoode she not long,— — soon washes the spots out,
She gate awey the spottes in hast,
The lauenders theron wondred fast
Hou sone she made the shert clene
2380 Which had doon hem so moch tene;
She toke it hem, and thei lete dwell, — gives back the shirt to the laundresses,
And Sereyñ went to hir Ostell.
The lauenders, whan the clothes dri were,
2384 To the Castel thei hem bere,
And to Aufreyus the shert thei toke; — and they take it to Aufreyus,
And whan that he theron gan loke
And saw that the spottes wer oute, — who, when he sees the spots gone,
[Fol. 115, col. 1.] 2388 Of his ladie Sereyñ he had grete doute;
The lauenders told him nothing,
He gan to fal in grete mournyng,
Deid he wende Dame Sereyn bene; — thinks that Sereyne must be dead.
2392 Ther was noman about him there

So hardie forto speke him to,
In that tyme he dismaied him soo;
For rest might he haue nooñ,
2396 For to bed wold he not gooñ;
His inly sorov his face did fade,
So grete sorov for hir he made.

The forester

The forster that *with* Sereyn came
2400 Rose erlie, and to hir chambre name;
"I wil to the castel, and assay
To speke *with* my lord, if I may."
The forster went a goode pase

goes to the castle, and

2404 Til he to the Castel comen was;
His lord than ful wel he knew,
Hou-be-it he was ful pale of hew;
And tho the forster drogh him nere
2408 And did him Reu*e*rence *with* humble chere.

Aufreus recognizes him,

Sir Aufreyus knew the forster wele,
Whos comyng lightned his hert somdele,
"Sir," he seid, "what ayleth you?
2412 Me thinketh ye ar careful now."

and tells him

"Treuly," seid Aufreyus, "wel know I
Of my treason thou art sory;
For I haue found the trew and kinde,
2416 Therfor ther is noon in al ynde
That I long to spek *with* so gladlie,
I haue found the secret and priuey;
The sorov that I haue in myn hert

all about the shirt,

2420 Cam yestirday of a shert."
Aufreyus told vnto the forster

his meeting Sereyne,

Of Dame Sereyne his ladie dere,
Hou he *with* hir acqueynted was;
2424 Of the wiseman he told al the case
That cast his destynie beforñ;

begetting Generides,

Of *Generides*, hou he was born;

Of the shirt, and of the weping,
2428 Fro the begynnyng til the ending,
Al he told thoo to the forster;
And also of the lauender
That neuer might for noo washing
2432 For-doo the spottes of the weping
Til Sereyn in hir graue were;
Moch sorow he made there.
The forster answerd him ful soone,
2436 And seid, "goode lord, make not such moone,
For sith I come to towñ I wene
I saw that shirt washen clene;
That saw I in a litle while."
2440 "Ay," seid Aufreyus, "by seint Gile,
Whoo wash that shert, tel ye me,
That is now in this contre?"
[Fol. 115, col. 2.] "Whethir she be maid or wife
2444 I ne wot by my life;
Of whens she is, by seint Dionise,
I can not sey (:) she semeth wise;
I cam with hir yestirday
2448 From ynde, for in my hous she lay;
Euer for you she axed fast,
And I told hir at the last
That [you] wer not in that lond;
2452 And for she you ther not fond,
Come she is into this contree
To wete if ye shuld here bee.
What she is, can I not tell,
2456 Nor hou long she wil here dwell."
Aufreus hert began to wake;
He wist not whethir he might make
Joye or sorow, welth or woo.
2460 To the forster seid he thoo

and the laundress not being able to wash the spots out of the shirt.

The forester says that he saw the shirt washed, and that the lady who washed it was staying in his house, and has come from Ynde to seek for him.

Aufreus's heart stirs.

Aufreus asks to be taken to his lady,

"Swete frende, lete me hir see!
Mi ladie I suppose it be;
Bring me to hir, I you pray;
2464 I shal you quite, if I liue may."
The forster seid, "if your wil be,
Wil ye folow aftir me."

and the forester leads him to Sereyne's inn.

His palfray thoo he began to take,
2468 And rode out at the postern gate
To Sereyns yn w*ith*out letting,

At the sight of Aufreus she swoons,

Til she p*er*ceyued his comyng
She began to lese hir counten*au*nce,
2472 And sodeinlie fel in a traunce:
Flat on the ground she [fel] thoo,
Wherfor Aufreus was so woo,

and he swoons too,

On swonyng he fel right there;
2476 Grete pitie had the forster;
There lay Aufreus fast by Sereyñ.

but both at length recover,

But at the last w*ith* moch peyñ
Thei arose from here swonyng,
2480 Yet speke might thei no thing.
Sereyn about the midel him toke,

look, and kiss,

Ther was many a goodeli loke,
And many a kyss was hem among
2484 Or any word of othir sprong;

and talk.

And whan thei cam to here talking
They made chere with grete sighing,
Such ioye aithir of othre had
2488 That thei wer neuer erst so glad.
So without any maner strife

Then Aufreus weds her,

He hir wedded to his wife;
He led hir out from that citie

takes her to his castle, and

2492 To his Castel in al hast might be.

bids the king and lords to his bridal.

The king and his lordes grete and small
He praied hem to be at his bridall,

For to wed this ladie he wold,
2496 And litel letting ther be shold.
Curles, the kinges messenger,
[Fol. 115b, col. 1.] Was sent to goo to Aufreyus there;
But he was sent priuelie
2500 That he shuld come hastelie
Forto speke with the king
Which was nigh broght to his ending,
Thurgh sekenes he was nigh paste,
2504 For he most nedes die in haste.
Aufreus of this message was woo,
Of Dame Sereyñ he toke his leue thoo,
And highed him vnto the king,
2508 And fond him deid at his comyng.
Grete sorow he made sekirlie,
For he loued him hertlie;
Aufreus lete burie him sone,
2512 As to his estate shuld be doone,
In an abbey that nigh ther was.
Ther was noon but cried "allas."
The bodie to the erth did thei bring,
2516 Ther was many a sore weping;
And to the palace ageyñ thei went,
No lenger to tarie was here entent.
Aufreyus lete ordein a parlement
2520 Thurgh the grete lordes assent:
Here counsel to-gedre thei cañ take
Whom thei shuld her king make;
Sir Aufreus thei chosen king
2524 Of Tharse lond without lesing,
For he was a manli knight,
And therto trew he was, y plight.
He toke the crovn with grete noblay,
2528 And governed hem manlie night and day;

Aufreus is sent for to see the king before he dies,

but on going finds him dead.

He is buried;

and Aufreus summons a parliament

which elects him king,

Of Erle, baroun, and knight,
He toke homage, as was right.
Anon aftre Sereyn he sent
2532 While the lordes wer ther p*r*esent;
He wedded hir with grete solempnitie;
A royaler fest did neuer man see
In Tharse lond than it was thoo.
2536 Euery man aftre home can goo
Vnto here ovn contre,
Al but the kinges meigne
And the new quene Dame Sereyñ.
2540 Sone aftir betwix hem tweyñ
Begoten ther was in short space
A goodeli childe, and ful of grace.
By than he wax of any age,
2544 He was bold, wise, and sage;
And called he was in his contre
Ismael de Sauage, sekirlie;
And aftre he proved a noble knight,
2548 And was a man of grete might.
What fel of him, if ye wil lere,
In this boke aftir ye may here;
But alwey this was here vsage
2552 To cal him Ismael de Savage.

and he takes homage of them,

and soon weds Sereyn with great pomp and feasting.

A child is soon begotten,

who is called Ismael de Sauage,

and grows to be a noble knight.

CHAPTER VII.

[Fol. 115b, col. 2.]

Of the fals treasoñ that the tratoure Malachias enformed of malice his lord the Soudoñ of Perce ayeinst the good ladie *Clarionas* his doght*re*, and *Generides*, for which cause he had euel ending, as ye may se aft*re*.

NOu turn we ageyn to our tale,
And herk nov both grete and smale
Hou *Generides* and *Clarionas*
2556 Thurgh the traito*ur* Malachias
Thei wer broght in moch blame
Bi Malachias; god yeve him shame!
To *Generides* he bare grete hate,
2560 To awaite him shame, erlie and late
Forto aspie in some seasoñ
He did compas his fals treasoñ;
So long he spied day and night
2564 Til he hapened to haue a sight,
Ful erli in a mornyng
He perceiued *Generides* comyng
Thurgh the gardine to [Clarionas],
2568 As he ful oft went that pas
To the window wit*h* hir to talk,
As often he had vsed that walk,
Malachias folowed him ful oft,
2572 And aspied him faire and soft
Hou he yede and cam to *Clarionas*:
He aspied al the case.

Malachias hates Generides, and watches how to do him an ill turn.

One morning

he sees him going to Clarionas,

follows him up,

and sees the whole affair.

Whan he saw him, he turned ageyñ;
2576 More he thoght forto seyñ;
Again Malachias watches Generides, He went him erlie in a mornyng
In somer er the day did spring,
To *Clarionas* chambre he drogh,
2580 He knew the way wel ynogh,
climbs up a tree, He clymbed vp al on high
Into a tre that stoode fast therby;
Thoo aftre bi the window stoode
2584 Generides, which thoght but goode;
sees Generides and Clarionas meet, Vnto him cam *Clarionas* thoo
As she was oft wont to doo.
clip, kiss, There thei clipped fast, and kist,
2588 Of here espie no thing thei wist,
Thei waited al here pleasunce.
This Traitour saw here countenaunce,
and talk, But here talking was without vilanie.
2592 *Generides* saw the day gan hie,
and then Generides depart. And toke his leue of *Clarionas*,
And went to his est a grete pass,
Thurgh the gardin he went his wey.
Malachias 2596 Malachias was glad of that play,
Of that he saw and herd seyñ;
Douñ he cam fro the tre certeyñ,
hastens to Hastelie he him sped anooñ
2600 To make compleint to the Sodoñ.
the Sowdon, Malachias to the Sovdoñ cam,
And into counsel he him nam,
And said, "Sir, noght wel it gooth; [Fol. 116, col. 1.]
2604 Grete cause ye han to be wrooth.
Some, ye wene, were right trew,
and tells him that But I can tel you tithinges new
Of [Generides,] a wondre thing
2608 Which is trew and noo lesing:

Youre doughtre him loueth paramours ; — his daughter loves Generides
To hir he hath oft recours,
And that is grete vilany,
2612 Betwix hem is sin and foly ; — and commits sin with him.
The sothe of this I haue espied ;
I saw hem, it can not be denyed."
Tho Malachias perceiued wele
2616 The Sovdans countenaunce eueri dele.
The Sovdan oft his purpos withdrogh ;
Malachias knew that wel ynogh,
Woo he was the Sovdan did soo ;
2620 More he thoght to put therto,
"Sir, if ye the sothe wist well, — Malachias also says that the Sowdon may see it himself
I doute it not ye wold meruell ;
And it like you forto se,
2624 Ye may know the certayntie."
"Tel me hou," seid the Sovdañ,
And I wil preve it, by seint Ihoñ."
"Wil ye arise in the mornyng — if he will rise early enough
2628 Erly or the day can spring,
Ye may herken what thei sey,
And elles therfore lete me dye ;
If ye betymes wil awake,
2632 Erly we shul oure way take." — and come with him.
"Wel," quod the Sowdon, "I wil wel ; — The Sowdon agrees ;
I shal doo by youre coũnsel."
This traitour kept him close that night,
2636 And vp he rose or daies light, — Next morning Malachias calls him.
To cal the Sowdon furth he goos ;
The Sowdon herd him, and vp rose ;
To [Clarionas] chambre tho thei went, — and they go to Clarionas's window, and hide behind a tree.
2640 Streight to the window like as thei ment ;
Behind a tree thei hem hid.
But soon aftre, as it betid,

Soon Generides comes,

Thider come [Generides]
2644 That thoght no thing but pees;

and Clarionas meets him.

[Clarionas] hir tyme kept
That she her self not ouer-slept;
At the window she was prest
2648 To awaite on him she loued best,
As she was oft wont or than.
[Generides] with colour pale and wan

He feels trembly,

Trembled oft, and him bethoght
2652 His hert fared not so for noght;
"Al my bodie," he seid, "dooth quake;
I am aferd som harme to take.
This night I dremed sore and strong,

and dreads some coming mischance.

2656 So I me drede or oght long
To haue som grete encomberaunce;
God preserue me fro mischaunce! [Fol. 116, col. 2.]

He dreamt that Malachias took away his clothes,

I dremed I saw Malachias
2660 In a place ther as I was;
Of my clothes [he] robbed me,
I drogh my sword so egrelie

and as he was trying to get them again

Forto win my clothes ageyñ,
2664 But al, me thoght, was in veyñ,

the Sowdon stopt him

For my lord the Sowdon vpon me soght
In grete wrathe, as me thoght;
Both his hondes on me he sett,

and cast him into a pit;

2668 And cast me in a depe pitt.
As I fel into the pit from high,
Mi sword out of myn hond fligh,
A[nd] gafe Malachias a wound

but yet he clove Malachias's head in two,

2672 Euen in the heid that ilk stound,
And cleue his heid in peces twey
That for that stroke he must nedes dy;

though he could not get out of the pit.

But out of the pit coud I not wyñ,
2676 Nouthir for craft nor bi noo gyñ;

It was so depe, I had grete doute
I shuld rather die thañ gete oute.
If ther be treson, it cometh to rathe,
2680 And if we take any skathe, — And if harm does come, Malachias is the cause of it,
By my dreme I dar wel swere
That Malachias is chief maker
With som treason vs to betray,
2684 For al night I drempt, as I say,
That he wold me haue slaw,
But fro me he was to-draw,
To haue his wil he might nat spede;
2688 Mi dreme greueth me the lese in dede
That I was so holp him froo,
But euer I deme he shal doo vs woo." — as the dream said.
[Generides] seid, "I drede me,
2692 I quake as I speke, ye may see,
For drede of him, and I not whi."
"Ay," seid Clarionas, "even so fare I;
I tremble both foote and hond,
2696 I am agast here as I stond." — Clarionas, too, is all aghast;
While he and she in talking was,
The Sowdon and Malachias — and just then the Sowdon and Malachias spring out,
From behinde the tree thei come,
2700 And [Generides] there thei nome, — seize Generides and bind him till the blood starts,
And bond his hondes syne fast
That the bloode oute at the nales brast.
The Sovdon seid with angrie chere — and the Sowdon
2704 "Strong thef, what doost thou here?
Art thou come into this lond
Forto doo me shame and shond?
Take him now, Sir Malachias, — orders Malachias
2708 And lede him to prison a goode paas,
Vnto the toure, the grete dongeoñ,
Into the pitt cast him douñ; — to cast him into the prison-pit

Ther he shal in sorow dwell;
to cool his love, 2712 His hote loue I shal fell;
That he hath me greued," he swore, [Fol. 116b, col. 1.]
"He shal repent that he was bore;
That he ne shalt[1] it sore abie, [[1] so in MS.]
2716 Outhir hanged or elles in prison to die;
and fetter him heavily; On his legges thou doo fest
Strong fetures, at my request,
meantime Clarionas shall be kept more strictly. And *Clarionas* kepe shal I
2720 That she shal not be so redie
Forto loue as she hath doone,
I shal kepe hir therfro soone."
Malachias *Generides* hent,
2724 And streight to the prisoñ *with* him went:
The Sowdon The Sowdon toke his doghtre there
Bi the tresses of hir here,
Oute of the chaumbre he hir drogh̃,
calls his daughter a harlot, and shuts her up in a dark room. 2728 And called hir harlot oft ynogh̃,
And put hir in a chambre derk
Wel made of strong werk;
Thus for here loue thei were constreyned,
2732 And for ich othir sorowfull peyned.
Malachias Malachias to the toure cam,
takes Generides to prison, And *Generides* bi the here nam̃,
And called aftir the Castelleyñ
2736 That of the prison was wardeyñ.
Tho he cam at the first cleping,
Malachias without tariyng
Said in the Sowdanes name,
2740 "Take this prisoner, and doo him shame;
and orders him to be fettered and put in the pit. A pare of fetures on him fest,
And in the pit that he were kest."
The Castellan Anazaree The Castelleyne hight Anazaree,
2744 A gentil knight and a free;

Woo him was for *Generides*, — pities Generides,
But his office neuertheles
He must nedes doo in dede;
2748 So for the fetures than he yede. — but fetches the fetters.
Malachias hent the fetoures that stound, — Malachias
And threw *Generides* to the ground
Ful herd and right stoberlie,
2752 And fetured him ful egrelie, — fetters Generides,
And with a grete hamour of stele
The nales he reueted wele; — rivets the nails,
But for shrewdnes oft among,
2756 Som tyme with the hamour he smote wrong,
Right vpoñ *Generides* shinne, — and hammers his shin so often
And somtyme pitouslie brake the skynñe.
If he smot on the fetoures oones,
2760 He hit foure tymes on the shin boones:
For mercy of noo criyng
Left not he his foul smytyng;
Generides he smote so long — that the blood spirts through his stockings.
2764 That the bloode thurgh the hoseñ sprong.
Whañ Anazaree saw he bled soo,
Grete pitie of him had he thoo;
He praid Malachias forto blyñ
[Fol. 116b, col. 2.] 2768 "Sir," he seid, "ye doo grete syñ — Anazaree reproaches Malachias for his cruelty,
To smyte so sore that yong thing;
Sith he is come to my keping
Forto be here in prisoñ,
2772 Me thinketh ye doo him noo Reasoñ
So forto medle you bi maistrie."
Than seid Malachias egrelie, — on which he threatens to be crueller still.
"Sir, I shal smyte him sorer now
2776 Maugre outhir him or thow."
The tendre legges rouñ on bloode;
Generides waxed egre of moode,

Generides warns him to beware;

And praied him *with* speeh soft,
2780 "Loke ye smyte not ouer oft,
For elles I most yelde your mede
But if ye leve a goode spede."
Than wax Malachias nigh woode,

but Malachias smites the harder.

2784 And smote *Generides* *with* egre mode
That men might see the shin boone.
Generides waxed greued anoon,
And seid "I suffre al to long;
2788 Thogh I shuld on galoos hong,
The third stroke yeve shal I."
With his fist he was redie,
And Malachias thoo he smote;

Then Generides hits him in the neck, breaks it in two, his eyes drop out, and he falls down dead.

2792 In the middes nek his stroke bote
That his eyen fel out of his heid,
Vnto the erthe he fel doun deid;
Oute of his mouth his tong sprong
2796 Welnigh half a quarter long;
His nek was in peces tway;
Right so sterk deid he lay.

Generides is glad that he has taken such vengeance on his enemy,

Generides seid, "so god me spede,
2800 Nov haue I quit the thi mede!
Such as thou wel worthie were;
Goode mañ shal thou neuer dere;
Wel am I wroken on the,
2804 What som euer fal on me."
Whañ Anazaree saw that case,
Sory he wex, and woo him was;
Yet in hert he was full glad
2808 That the tratour such an end had.

and explains to Anazaree all Malachias's treachery.

Generides thoo he gañ reasoñ
Whi the Sowdoñ did him in prisoñ;
Thañ he told him al the case
2812 Of the falsnes of Malachias.

Anazaree of him routh hadd,
And into a feire chambre him ladd,
And lete him there goo vp and dovñ,
2816 And eased him as a fre prisovñ.
After that he him bethoght,
And in his hert counsel soght
Hou he might of Malachias
2820 Best wirk in that case
Generides best fortacquite,[1]
That he shuld bere therof noo wite.

Anazaree treats him kindly,

and schemes how to free him from blame for killing Malachias.

[1 for to acquit]

[Fol. 117, col. 1.] Anazaree was of gentil bloode,
2824 Of kinde it cam him to be goode;
His fadre was king of Arabie,
A mightie Prince and a hardie;
Thogh Anazaree were a bastard,
2828 Yet was he called noo coward;
He was a goode knight of his hond,
Oõn of the best of that lond;
Felows he had the toure to tent
2832 Which were redie at his comaundment,
Goode knightes bold and hardie.
Oon ther was of that companie,
Strong he was, and a bold knight,
2836 Right welbeloued, and Darel he hight.
Sir Anazaree spake to hem all,
And told hem hou it was befall;
Of Malachias the trouth thei fond,
2840 Hou he lay deid vpon the ground;
Thañ comyned thei al there
That [Generides] saued were;
Than seid Darel, "by my trouth
2844 In me shal be found no slouth;
Thogh this dede may not be vowed,
Yet wold I help [Generides] wer lowed,

Anazaree has knights to help him in the prison,

and tells them how Malachias's death happened.

They all agree to save Generides,

and one of them, Darel, proposes

And doo my deuore by som queyntise
2848 That he therfor haue noo Justise,
For the deth of this felowñ
That many oon hath doon treasouñ."

they shall tell the Sowdon that Malachias fell from the top step of the tower, and broke his neck.

Darel seid, "goo we to the Sowdouñ
2852 And tel him of this treason anoñ,
That from the highest steire of all
Of the toure Down can he fall
So that his nek brake on twoo,
2856 Right there he may finde him soo;
Draw we thidre his bodie,
[And leue it there to lie.]"
The knightes were of oon assent;

So they slue his body down the stairs, with the feet up and the head down.

2860 The bodie among hem was hent;
At the steres thei slough it douñ,
Vpward his fete, donward his crouñ.

Anazaree then

Sir Anazaree the goode Castelleyñ
2864 Anoon yede his erand to seyñ;
He told the Sowdoñ the aventure
How Malachias was fal of the toure.

goes to the Sowdon,

The Sowdon was in his chambre sitting,
2868 Ful wrooth, and moch sorow making;
Anazaree ful faire, as he wel cowde,

and tells him

Softli seid, and not lowde,
"Sir, if it pleas you to listen me,
2872 Of Auenture ye may see
That at the toure befallen is,
And that me forthinketh y-wis.

how Malachias brought a prisoner to the tower, and would fasten on the fetters himself,

Malachias with angry chere
2876 To the toure broght a prisoner;
Him self the fetours did on thañ,
He wold suffre noon othir mañ;
Vnto myn office me thoght it fell, [Fol. 117, col. 2.]
2880 But whi he did soo I can not tell;

Sore he hated the prisonere,
I can not tell for what maner.
While he did the fetoures oon̄,
2884 Right in the same place anoon̄
He smote him so vpon̄ the shyn̄,
That he brast both flesh and skyn̄,
And the hosen so to-roofe
2888 That the bloode doun droofe.
For that syn, I am a-drad
That he hath the wors spede,
For as he went furth in that moode,
2892 Fro the highest steire dovn he yoode;
There lith he in a shrewd plight;
He hath that many oon him behight."
The Sowdon than for angre and care
2896 As a woode man began to fare;
"It shal not be as thou wenest,
For nov I wote what thou menest;
The yong thef that hath doon me shame,
2900 Thou woldest put him out of blame;
To morov he shal on galows hong
If that I may life so long."
"Treuly," seid Sir Anazaree,
2904 "That wer to you grete vilanye
To deth any man to doo,
Ayenst youre law to doo soo;
Fro such wilfulnes ye you withdraw,
2908 And guyde you Justlie aftir your law,
To bring such a man to noght
That from childhode han̄ him broght
And from fer com to serue you here,
2912 Peraventure he is a man of more power
Than he wil sey (:) so deme I he is;
Therfor, my lord, Auyse you of this;

and beat the man's shins till the blood burst out;

then, as he went away in that savage mood, he fell from the top stair and was killed.

The Sowdon

declares that Generides shall be hung next day.

Anazaree

remonstrates with the Sowdon,

prays him to act justly,

to consider of it,

and not kill Generides so suddenly.

Remembre you, and it be your will,
2916 And let him not so sodenlie spill."

The Sowdon says he shall be hanged at once.

The Sowdon wrotlie answerd ageyñ,
"Goo hens," he seid, "Sir Castelleyñ,
He shall be hanged hastely,
2920 That al men shal be war him by."

Anazaree warns the Sowdon

Sir Anazaree seid ageyñ
"Mi lord, I may not you with-seyñ,
And ther the Juggement shal be yeve,
2924 I shal be there and I lyve;

that if he does injustice he must take the consequences.

And if ye shuld *with* wrong him spill,
All may not be at youre will;
Thogh ye wold put on him treasoñ,
2928 Ye most doo that is reasoñ,

Generides should be judged by the Common Law, and not by the Sowdon's own word.

And Juge him aftir the comon law,
And not oonlie aftir youre ovn saw;
To you we be sworn, I wene,
2932 Youre lawes treulie to mayntene;
And therfor crist be *with* him wroth—
I sey for me—that breketh his othe; [Fol. 117b, col. 1.]
Be therfor wroth who so will,
2936 The dome most goo by law and skill."

Anazaree returns in anger to the tower, and the Sowdon sends his chamberlain

Sir Anazaree with pale coloure
For wrath went ageyn to the toure;
The Soudañ cleped his chambirleyñ,
2940 "Goo to the toure, and hast you ageyñ;
Loke wher Malachias lieth deid,
That gentil knight of noble manhede;

to bring Malachias's corpse to the temple;

Doo dight him, and ley him on his bere,
2944 And at the Temple his bodie were."
The Chambirleyn made him redye,
And went *with* a grete companye
To help the bodie wer there;

but when they get there,

2948 And as thei thider comen were,

A hundred houndes on a throm
He saw that were thider com,
And al the bodie had to-rent,
2952 And ech of hem his pece hent;
Thei left not flesh, skyn, ne booñ,
That al to-gedre was agooñ.
The Chambirleyn to court gan fare,
2956 Grete costage he might spare;
Whan the Soudan herd of that chaunce,
In hert he had such greuaunce
That his wittes wer al myswent;
2960 Aftir his barounes fast he sent,
That on morov thei come to him
Peyñ of lesing lyfe and lym.
Whan thei wer gadred on a hepe,
2964 The Soudan bad Anazaree clepe,
And bad fecch forth [Generides;]
"I shul," he seid, withouteñ les.
Anazaree and Darel to-gedre
2968 *With* here feloship come thidre;
[Generides] before hem was broght,
Weping for shame and for thoght:
Was noman that ther him sigh
2972 That he ne was weping nigh.
Than seid the Soudon *with* angri chere
"Sirres (:) this felow that is called [Generides] here,
As I wene the soth to sayñ,
2976 By my doghtre he hath layñ;
Therfor I wil he dampned be,
And hanged high on galow tree;
I my self saw hem serkirlie
2980 Speke to-gedre priuelie."
[Generides] answerd tho ful still
And seid, "my lord, if it be *your* will

they see a hundred dogs tear the body all to pieces.

When the Sowdon hears this, he nearly goes out of his wits,

and summons all his barons at once.

Generides is brought before them,

and the Sowdon accuses him

of having lain with his daughter, for which he should be hanged.

Generides answers

To licence me to tel my tale;

that if any man accuses him of such a deed, he will fight him and prove it false,

2984 And ayeinst al meñ grete and smale
That such thing bereth me on hond
That I did you shame or shond,
I wil defend me *with* right,
2988 Be he baroñ, be he knight,
Or any othir, what so he be [Fol. 117*b*, col. 2.]
That ony such thing putteth on mee,

man to man.

With my bodie to prove ageyns his
2992 That he hath seid on me a-mys;
And but if I hastelie acquite me soo,
Anoon to the deth ye me doo.
I besech you, of youre grace,

"Do me justice."

2996 Do me right in this case."

The Sowdon

The Sowdañ for wrath his lip did bite
That [Generides] wold so him acquite,

declares that he will not give him this chance,

"Ay! ar ye become a championñ?
3000 Not for the valour of al this tovñ
Wold I lenght thi life soo;
The thar neuer trust therto;
That I haue seid, for trouth shal stond;
3004 I wold not elles, for al my lond.

but will have him hanged forthwith.

Trust me, verily without delay
Thou shalt be honged this same day."

Generides protests

"Thañ grete wrong ye doo to me
3008 Whan I cañ not accused be
By noo man (:) but by *your* selfwil,

that this is murder against all reason.

And Ayeinst al reason and skill
Ye wold murdre me by might:
3012 In this is nouthir law nor right."
The barones setten al in pees,
Thei herkened wel [Generides.]

The Sowdon demands vengeance.

The Soudon began on high to speke,
3016 "Sirres, yeue him Jugement, and me a-wreke."

Anazaree tho began vprise,
Holden he was for oon of the wise,
And of spech most goodeliest,
3020 Best taght and hardiest;
He saw the Soudon greued in hert,
Therfor the soner vp he stert,
And seid, "my lordes and barouns,
3024 Here ye thes vnlawful reasouns
Mi lord the Soudon seith vs among;
Me semeth he profereth vs al wrong
To yeve such Jugement at his will
3028 Ayeinst law any man to spill;
Me thinketh this child hath wel answered
Both before lewd and lered;
But if lawfullie that it were,
3032 For certanlie I dar wel swere
If we suffre nov this shame
We might fal in the same blame,
For euer men shuld vpbraid vs
3036 That we had amonges vs thus
A gentilman murthird wilfullie
Ayeinst the law vnskilfullie;
This were to vs noo litle sore,
3040 But an vttir shame for euermore;
For euer we shuld our hono*ur* lese.
Nou, my lordes, ye mov chese;
Of this Juggement sey your will,
[Fol. 118, col. 1.] 3044 For I wil neuer assent thertil,
The Sovdones dome so to queme,
Ayeinst the law any man to deme."
Forth stert Darel and vp stoode,
3048 He was for wrath egre of mode,
"To sley this man wer vilanye,
As nov is wel preued sekirlye."

But Anazaree

says the Sowdon's reasons are unlawful,

and he asks them to give judgment against law.

It will be an eternal reproach

if they murder a gentleman against the law,

and he (Anazaree) will never consent to it.

Darel says it would be villainy.

The Sowdon calls Generides a felon.

The Soudon to Anazaree seid,
3052 "Wherto makest thou such abreid?
Me thinkes thou spekest without resoñ
Forto hold with such a feloñ."

Darel denounces this,

Darel vpstert, and seid thoo,
3056 "Whoo calleth him felon? it is not soo;
He seith but as a knight shold;
To die for it with him wol I hold."
Darel was a hardie knight
3060 And come of goode kinred aright,
His fadre was Prince of Sesar,
A grete lord, I make you war;
To speke to the Soudon in this case
3064 [He no whit afered wase.]

and tells the Sowdon that if any other than he had so abused Anazaree he (Darel) would have avenged it,

"Sir," he seid, "if othir than you
So violently had seid now,
I shuld for Anazaree be awreke,
3068 And elles brede mot I neuer breke;

for Anazaree has served the Sowdon well

Anazaree hath serued you bettir yet
Than me thinketh ye han him quit;
He is redi in word and dede
3072 At youre comaundment whan ye han nede,
And euer hath be to you ful trew,
But now may he his seruice rew;
For, serue we you neuer so long,

and had a poor reward for it;

3076 At the last we shal vndirfong
For oure reward grete maugre.
I wil not let to tel you pleinlie,

but whoever hangs him must hang Darel too.

Who hangeth him shal hong me;
3080 While I may life, siker ye be,
Or I shal die in this place
But I may gete of you his grace."
An othir knight was ther now
3084 Of grete wisdom, I promys you,

Sir Lucas, I wot he hight, — Sir Lucas,
He was a man of mich might,
And of noble bloode ycome,
3088 He was called lord of ydome,— — lord of Ydome,
Saue the Soudon of Perse ther nas
So grete a lord of forest and chase,—
Than mekelie he spake to the Soudoñ
3092 Among hem al euerichooñ,
And seid, "Sir, if it be youre will, — also entreats the Sowdon
Al youre knightes say but skil;
For if ye ayeinst law and right
3096 Shuld spil any man in such a plight
Without dome, ye did grete syn;
Therfor, my lord, I rede ye blyñ. — to forbear
And, sir, ye may me wele beleue,
[Fol. 118, col. 2.] 3100 More worship ye might Acheve
To respite youre wilfulnes, — and give up his wilfulness.
And by youre counsel you redres."
[Clarionas] asked aftir [Generides] — (Clarionas hears, and is glad, that Generides still lives.)
3104 And hou that he did doutles:
Ooñ told hir he was yet on liue,
And she was therof ful bliue.
And as thes knightes here tale told, — While thus at council, a messenger
3108 A proude messanger and a bold
Among hem all cam riding,
And seid to the Soudon there sitting, — comes to the Sowdon
Without obeisaunce thus he begañ
3112 Seyng his message to the Sowdañ,
"From the highest crovned king, — from the King of Kings,
And the richest in al thing
That vndir heuen living is,
3116 And of most power I-wis,—
In Egipt he is lord and Sire, — even the Lord of Egypt,
He wil pay the thi hire—

demanding

Wondre he hath, and skorn also,
3120 That thou ne wilt come him to
And doo him seruice and homage,
And the grettest of thi linage."

homage and service from the Sowdon.

The Sowdan sat a while still,
3124 Of this message he liked yll;
So than of [Generides] dome
To speke had thei nomore tome
Because of that proude messanger;

This stops all talk of Generides,

Tho the castellion he cleped ner,
3128 And bad haue him to the tour ageyñ;
[Generides] therof was fayñ.
The castelioñ put him vp anooñ,
And com ageyn as fast as he might gooñ.

and the castellan takes him back to the tower.

The messenger

Tho spake the proude messanger,
"Sir Sowdan, to long I dwel here;
Twoo monthes respit thou haste
3136 This mater to studie, and al is waste;
Leiser ynogh thou hast parde.
Thi doghter which is here with the,
Deliuer hir me nov, I rede,
3140 And to my lord I shal hir lede;
And within dais twelf
I shal hir bring ageyñ my self,
For bi than, I dar wel say,
His appetite he shal delay,
For long he loueth not forto wow
Sith that he may find ynow;
Therfor send him hir without respit,
3148 Thou shalt it finde for thi profit."

then demands the Sowdon's daughter for his master,

promising to return her in twelve days, when he has done with her.

The Sowdon indignantly refuses,

The Soudan in his hert was wrothe,
"Felow," he seid, "that wer me lothe,
Outhir for king or Emperour,
3152 To do my self such dishonour

Nouthir of doghtir, nece, ne cosyñ,
Nor noon othir frende of myñ.
[Fol. 118b, col. 1.] Goo, tel thi lord without let,
3156 That his day which he hath set
I shal him mete, my lond to saue, — and says he will fight for his land.
And elles my life to plegge shal he haue."
Than seid to him this messenger, — The messenger answers that the king of Egypt is by Tigris water;
3160 "He is in this contre here
Vpon the watre of Tigris,
With his ost ther logged he is
Til he here of the tithing
3164 What thou wilt doo of this asking;
And in londes ouer al aboute
Men called him Belvynes the stoute — his name was Beluynes the Stout,
Befor or he was knight or king;
3168 Nou hath he chaunged that cleping, — but now it is
And called he is with grete poustee
"King of kinges" in ech contree: — "King of Kings."
The messanger aftir this talking
3172 Went his wey without lesing.
Darel stert vp in hast, — Darel at once
To speke he wold not be the last,
"Were it not nov grete wrong
3176 That ye wold [Generides] hong?
Neuer had ye more mistere
Nouthir of knight nor of squier;
Anazaree ye rebuked ayeinst the law
3180 For he wold not [Generides] were slaw;
And if he life, ye shal it see, — intercedes again for Generides,
A noble knight he shal be;
And therfor, sir, let him live, — and asks for his pardon.
3184 And al youre angre him for-yeve."
Than stert vp Anazare thoo — Anazaree also again
Before the Soudan, his hert was woo,

"Sir," seid than Anazaree,
3188 "Darel seith right wel p*ar*dee,
asks that Generides may be forgiven, And ye wil youre wrath forbere;
As for [Generides], I dar swere
and excuses him. That of that blame he hath noo gylt
3192 For which we wold thus him haue spilt,
Nor neuer he thoght in word nor dede
To do you vilanye in noo stede."
The Sowdon The Soudon sat a while stiłł,
3196 And at the last he seid his wiłł;
proposes To his barounes he seid, "lordinges
I haue wel herd thes new tithinges;
that they shall collect an army at once against the King of Kings. Lete vs ordein an ost priuelie,
3200 In al hast that it be redie;
And hou we may vs mayntene
Ageyñ this mightie king to bene."
Sir Lucas At that worde Lucas vpstert,
tells the Sowdon to summon 3204 "Sir," he seid, "your counsell is goode:
In short space make your somowns
all his barons To Erles, Princes, and Barouñs,
And al tho that ow you seruice,
3208 That thei you faile not in noo wise
to meet there within two months, To be here in here best aray
Within twoo moneths fro this day; [Fol. 118b, col. 2.]
For neuer sith Perse was set
that Perse may never do homage; 3212 I wist it yeve homage yet,
And if your counsel be wel herd,
Nor noon shal (:) but with dint of swerd,
W*ith* sharp spere, quarel, and dart,
3216 I shal assay forto defend my part.
and meantime But, goode sir, w*ith*out more delay
Or we vs ordein to this iourney
let Generides be pardoned, I beseche you g[*ra*]unt nov youre pees
3220 Vnto oure felow [Generides],

And deliuer him to vs anoon̄
That he may furth *with* vs goon̄;
For whi he did you neuer shame
3224 Wherfor ye shuld put him in blame;
That he hath euer be trew and goode — for he has ever been true,
I dar swere *with* him by the roode;
And therfor, goode lord, that ye doo so;
3228 And we al besech you hertlie therto,
And lightlie him out of prison take;
Graunt him armes, and knight him make, — and should be knighted, and fight with them.
For of goode knightes ye haue nede;
3232 Nou, goode lord, doo as we you rede."
Al the barouns euerichoon — The rest of the barons ask for his pardon, too,
Besoght the Sowdon so to doon̄,
"And but if ye wil *gra*unt hertoo,
3236 Elles we wot what [we] will doo."
The Soudon̄ saw thei praied all, — and the Sowdon grants it.
And his angre somdele lete he fall,
And he pardoned [Generides] thoo
3240 Of al the wrathe betwix hem twoo.
Anazaree and Darel anoon̄ — Anazaree and Darel thank the Sowdon,
Fel on knees before the Soudon̄,
And thanked him, and kissed his hondes
3244 For ioye he shuld out of bondes,
And seid, "lord, we thonk you hertlie;
For els oure seruice ye had lost trewlie."
Anazaree wold noo lenger abide,
3248 But toke Sir Darel bi his side,
And to the toure gan thei goo — go to Generides,
[Generides] to make glad thoo.
Thei called furth [Generides]
3252 And seid, "Sir, made is youre pees." — and tell him that his peace is made.
Thoo Anazaree vpon him lough̄,
That liked [Generides] wel ynogh̄,

He seid to him, "come forth anoon;
3256 Youre pees is made with the Soudon,
And that ye shal finde right soon."

Generides's fetters are struck off,

Anoon his fetures wer of doon,
And to the Soudon he was led,
3260 But yet he was somdele a-dred;
Til he herd the Soudon speke
He wend he wold haue ben a-wreke;
On knees he set him curteslie,

he swears to the Sowdon that he never thought to deceive Clarionas,

3264 And his othe he waged redilie
"To doo you shame neuer I thoght, [Fol. 119, col. 1.]
Nor never ayeinst you I wroght
To deceyve my ladie *Clarionas*,
3268 As to you falslie accused I was.
So wysslie god shild me fro shame
As I am gyltles of that blame!
Therfor, my lord, I besech yov

and prays for forgiveness,

3272 Youre displeasure forgyve me nov;

and for arms,

And therto armes ye wil me gyve,
For trewly, Sir, if I may live,
I trust to yelde it you so wele
3276 That lose theron ye shal noo dele;
For treulie, if youre wil bee,
For youre sake I wil aventure mee

that he may fight the King of Kings,

To fight ayeinst the king of kinges
3280 That sent to you so proude tithinges;
The whiles that I afor you stoode,
His message meved sore my bloode;
As woo as my hert was thoo,
3284 With him I wold fayne had a doo;
And treulie, Sir, me thinketh long

maintain the Sowdon's right,

Forto defende youre grete wrong;
Wel I hope, thurgh goddes might,

and avenge

3288 I shal som tyme avenge youre right

That of his purpos he shal faile,
His boste shal him litle availe
Youre doghtre to haue without mariage, — the insult to his daughter.
3292 Nor yet of your lond to have trevage."
The Soudon beheld him wiselie — The Sowdon
And saw him speke so hardelie;
Than he bad him rise anoon̄,
3296 And ther among hem eurichoon̄,
In token ther shuld be loue and pees,
Goodelie he kissed *Generides*, — kisses Generides,
And seid, "to morow in al menes sight
3300 I my self shal dubbe you knight, — promises to dub him knight, and
And aftre you an hundredth moo — one hundred others, too, for his sake.
For youre sake, or that I goo."
Whan the Soudon thus had said,
3304 Ioye was vp, and care dovn laid — At this, great joy fills all the court,
Among the lordes old and yeng
For gladnes of thes new tithing;
For ioye of that solempnitie
3308 Many oon̄ wept for verray pitie,
So did the Soudon him self alsoo,
Fro weping he might not kepe him [thoo];
Sir Anazaree cleped he,
3312 "Goo fast, I pray you hertlie, — and the Sowdon sends for his daughter,
Vnto my doghtre *Clarionas*,
And bring hir hidir to this place:
Al wrathe I wil p*ar*don̄ hir here." — promising to forgive her.
3316 Anazaree went w*ith* goode chere,
And fecched furth that feire ladie — Anazaree fetches her;
That for peyne and woo was hevie,
And long had ben in careful life.
[Fol. 119, col. 2.] 3320 With Anazaree she went blife;
Ful seke and pale she cam anoon̄
Before hir fadre the Soudon̄.

The Soudon rose vp to yeve hir grace,
3324 And in his armes he can hir brace,
And kissed hir ther weping stiłł,
"Doghtre," he seid, "I haue doon yłł
Ayeinst you, wel I wote;
3328 But aftre bale euer cometh bote;
Goo to youre chambre nov ageyñ,
Ye shal be at youre large certeyñ."
She kneled, and thanked hir fadre thoo,
3332 And to hir chambre gan she goo;
Or she parted, neuer the les,
Betwix hir and *Generides*
Was stole many a privey loke,
3336 For in here hertes noon othir forsoke.
Clarionas to hir chambre yede,
The Castellion thoo gan hir lede;
To mirth she gan hir take ageyñ,
3340 More mery neuer man had hir seyñ.
On morov, afor al the peoples sight,
The Soudon made *Generides* knight;
And for his loue A hundreth were
3344 Made knightes furth-with there.
Whan this was doo, siker ye be
Ech man departed to his contre
To make hem redie in plate *and* male,
3348 Boldlie hem purveid for the batale,
And cam ageyn to the Soudoñ
To help avenge him on his fooñ.

the Sowdon embraces and kisses Clarionas, says he has done her wrong,

but that now she shall be at large.

She steals many a privy look at Generides,

and takes again to mirth.

Next day Generides and one hundred men are made knights,

and every one goes home to make ready for battle.

CHAPTER VIII.

Here the Soudon writeth for al the kinges and Princes that wer vndre his obeissaunce to help him in his werre Ayeinst the king of kinges.

[Fol. 119b, col. 1.]

The sowdoñ tho lete writes make,
3352 And messengers *and* horses doo take;
To many sondri lond and contre
His mesengers tho sent he,
To come to Mountanar that feir Citie,
3356 And eche a Prince bring his semble.
First come the king of Arabye
With twoo M[l] knightes hardie
Without Archers, A grete route
3360 Of bold fotemen strong and stoute;
For Anazaree was his soñ,
The soner thider was he come,
Sircus was his right name,
3364 A noble man of grete fame.
Aftir him come the king of Turkye
With a ful noble companye,
With a thousand helmes bright;
3368 King Nayme him self hight,
A yong mañ and a lustie also;
With him he broght his sonnes twoo,
And both thei wer knightes hardie,
3372 And to al knightlie dedes redie;

The Sowdon sends messengers to summon his vassals

to Mountanar:—

Sircus, king of Arabye, and 2000 knights;

Nayme, king of Turkey, with 1000 helms,

and his two sons,

Sir Davy
The eldre son Sir Davy hight,
A goodelie man, a curtes knight;
and Sir Abell.
The yonger hight Sir Abell,
3376 A proude knight, Dogged and fel,
For he was doughty, war, and strong,
Many men him fond so oft among.
(The Turkish king loved Clarionas.)
The king of Turkye loued [Clarionas,]
3380 For hir sake thider he come was. [Fol. 119b, col. 2.]
Next, Sir Geridon, Prince of Sesare,
After that come the Prince of Sesare,
With him he broght a feire meigne,
with 7000 steel-clad men
Seven thousand araied passing wele
3384 Both in Iren and in stele,
And with him he had a grete route
and 4000 archers;
Of archers iiij M^t stoute;
That Prince hight Sir Geridoñ,
3388 A strong man of flesh and boone;
And moch of him self he lete,
he was Darel's father.
Darel of him was begete,
His soñ and heire shuld he be,
3392 The rather he cam into that contre.
Then, King Thessehale,
Aftir him cam Thessehale the king,
A feir man of goode liking;
The Soudon was his cosin Germayn;
3396 Many knightes he broght in certayñ,
Ful doughtie men thei wer hold,
with 500 knights
Five hundreth of knightes bold,
and 2000 archers.
And twoo thousand of goode archers,
3400 Stoute men, bold and fers.
Next, King Nichomede, with
Thañ come the king Nichomede,
A yong man, and a doughti of dede;
2000 men,
Of his lond twoo thousand he broght
3404 Of blak men ful foul y-wroght,
black as coal from top to toe,
And fro the crown to the tooñ
Blak as cole thei wer echooñ.

Esonas, I wene, hight here king; — whose king was Esonas.
3408 I dar wel say without gabbing
[Fol. 120, col. 1.] A gentiller knight than he was oon̄
In al the ost come there noon̄.
After him come king Accusaunt — Then King Accusaunt, of Ethiope,
3412 With many strong knightes & galaunt;
With him he broght A M^l and moo, — with 1000 knights
Oute of Ethiope cam thei thoo;
Fyve thousand fotemen cam with him — and 5000 footmen;
3416 Of bold men stout and grym;
Chosen thei were al of the best,
Yet was the king the doughtiest.
And after that cam Sir Samadoyn̄, — Sir Samadoyn, king of Macedoyn,
3420 Lord and king of Macedoyn̄,
And the king of Archadye, — and the king of Archadye,
Both cam in oon companye;
Brethren thei wern̄ in dwellinges,
3424 For thei both wer mightie kinges.
Of men of armes thei broght x thousand, — with 10,000 men-at-arms,
Bold men and doughtie of here hond;
And of othir men of fote also
3428 Thre thousand, without moo. — and 3000 footmen;
Moak, of Capadose king, — Moak (or Moab, *l.* 3599), king of Capadose,
He come aftir without lesing;—
In werre somtyme a wound had he,
3432 A mayme in the han̄ behind the kne,—
He broght men of armes twoo thousand, — with 2000 men-at-arms;
Of goode men that wel wold stand;
Of his hurt it was grete routh,
3436 For he was a doughti knight in trouth.
The king of Damask, Balaam, — Balaam, king of Damask;
Vnto the Soudon thider cam;
And the king of Ermonye, — Zelapus, king of Ermonye,
3440 Zelapus, with grete companye,

with 1000 knights — A thousand knightes thei thre
Broght *with* hem of here meigne,
Without Archers and footemen
and above 900 archers; — 3444 Hundrethes mo than ix or x.
the kings of Arbany — Than come king of Arbany,
A doughtie man, bold and hardie,
and Batrise, — And with him the king of Batrise
with knights — 3448 With many a bold knight and wise;
and hundreds of footmen. — Of fotemen he broght manyoñ,
Hundrethes that on fote did gooñ.
Last, the kings of Irre — Aftir him cam the king of Irre
(with a host) — 3452 With many knightes and a feire meigne;
and of Musse, Flentice, and Sellice, — The king of Musse, the king of Flentice,
And the third king also of Sellice,
Doughti men thei were of dede,
3456 And so was al [here] felowrede.
Thes thre kinges on a route
with 3000 men-at-arms. — Broght thre M^t men of armes stoute.
Nou haue I told you, as I wene,
In all, 15 kings, — 3460 Of kinges ther come fiftene
Al vnto the Soudones somowns—
besides dukes, etc. — Without Dukes, Erles, and barowns—
Out of the contrees that wer nere,
3464 To help the Soudoñ in his werre; [Fol. 120, col. 2.]
So many, that halfendele in the Citie
Might in noo wise harbored be,
But vndre a wod vndre the tovñ
3468 Was pight many A pavilown,
And riche tentes for the noones
Garnyshed *with* gold and *pre*cious stoones;
Since Alexander's time, no such host had been seen in Perse that — Such a semble in Perse lond
3472 Sith Alexander, I vnderstond,
Was ther neuer that lond to wyñ
man can recollect. — That any man can of myñ.

It was in the plesaunt somer tide — In the pleasant summer time
3476 Whan leues sprong and spred wide,
The Soudon into a mydow went, — the Sowdon
And aftir his ost holi he sent.
Whañ thei wer come euerichoon,
3480 His purpos he began anon,
"Lordes," he seid, "what is youre reede? — consults his lords as to what he is to do against the King of Kings.
Of your counsel now haue I nede;
The king of kinges is come here
3484 Vs to bring in grete daungere,
And to destroy my lond and me,
Wherfor I had leuer deid be;
But king of kinges I not whoo is,
3488 Saue onlie the king of blis."
Abel, the kinges son of Turky, — Abel, of Turkey,
Stert vp and spake wordes on hy,—
Lenger abide might he noght
3492 To tel that was in his thoght,—
"Mi lordes, I besech you with hert entier, — says
Take it not in euel that I say here;
If I tel you my thoght,
3496 I besech you al blame me noght.
In al this world is not that baronage
That hider wold come to assk trewage, — no truage must be paid,
But we shal youre londes defende;
3500 The wors thei shul haue at the ende;
And therfor to morow I rede — but to morrow they must attack the enemy,
Right vnto hem ride we in dede,
And if we avise vs wel
3504 Oure bodies dere shul we sell.
And the vsage of Perse is, — and, as of old right,
And euer hath be hiderto I-wis,
Whan the ost of Perse was most plener,
3508 Euer the chief banerer

the king of Turkey should bear the chief banner,

Longeth vnto the king of Turkye
It forto bere and forto guy,

be constable of the host,

And to be constable of youre ost
3512 He ought to be without boost,

and lead the vanward.

And youre vaward forto stere,
Before youre ost to be rewler.
Youre chief baner, I besech you,
3516 To morow deliuer me for your prow:

Abel will do this.

As for my fadir I wil it bere,
Youre enmys therwith to dere
As ferforth As I may or cañ." [Fol. 120b, col. 1.]

The Sowdon

3520 To him answerd the Soudañ

assents,

And seid, "Sir Abel, soth it is,
The chief baner nov I-wis
Of Perse to youre fadre doth long;
3524 I thank him he wil it vndrefong."

and the king of Turkey says

The king of Turky in certeyñ
Seid, "of youre baner I am ful feyñ,
And also, Sir, I graunt wel

his son Abel shall bear the banner.

3528 That my yongest son Sir Abel,
Sith he wil, youre baner bere,
And elles wold I, if he ne were;
The knight is yong, and of corage,
3532 And gladlie wold he doo outrage."

All agree to make ready,

Than gan thei echoon forto crie
"Goo we hens, and make vs redie
That we mow, on goddes blissing,
3536 Begyñ erly in the mornyng."

Anoon out of that medow grene
To here Innes thei went bi-dene:
Ther men might see hawberks bright,
3540 And of helmes a grete sight.

and in the morning

On morov rose vp Soudan and king
And al othir lordes, whan day gan spring,

Both Prince and Duke, baroñ & knight,
3544 And many of bodie that wer ful wight,
And al without that feir Citie
To-gedre thei made here assemble, — assemble 40,000 strong.
Fourty thousand without moo
3548 Of knightes that wer to-gedre thoo.
Nayme, that was king of Turkye, — King Nayme
As it fel to his partie,
That ost he ordeined faire and clene — marshals the host in 15 battalions:
3552 Bi his advise in batelles fiftene;
Abel, his son bold and hard, — 1. Abel led the vanward
Bare the baner in the vaward;
With him ther wer ij thousand knightes — with 2000 knights.
3556 Wel araied at al rightes;
Than come in the second reught
King Sirous with his strenght, — 2. Sirous, with 200 Arab knights.
With twoo thousand knightes of Araby,
3560 Of armed men that wer doughtie;
In the third batel Sir Anazaree — 3. Sir Anazaree
The good Castelioñ, wise and free,
And the yong knight *Generides* — and Generides,
3564 That neuer departed in that pres,
With al the knightes which wer dubbed new, — with the newly dubbed knights,
To-gedre thei loued feithful and trew.
Whan *Generides* dubbed was
3568 He led hem with him in eueri place,
A noumbre of yong sowdiers,
Men that wer in here maners
Iolie, stout, fresh and gay,
3572 Seven hundred in ful noble aray. — 700 in number.
Ther come the Prince Cheridoñ — 4. Prince Cheridon,
[Fol. 120b, col. 2.] With noble knightes many ooñ
Of his contre of Sesaree,
3576 Seven hundred without moo treulie; — with 700 knights of Sesaree.

Darel fader he was, saunfaile,
A doghtie knight of good entaile.

5. King Orbetes, — The king Orbetes of Thessale,
3580 In the fift ward com he
with 1000 knights in green. — With a thousand knightes clene,
And al wer armed in grene.

6. King Cufas, — In the sixt batel than
3584 Cam Cufas the noble mañ,
of Colkos and Nichomede, — King of Colkos and Nichomede,
With him he had a grete felowrede,
with 1000 knights, — A M^l knightes sterk and stoute,
black as coal. — 3588 Blak as cole the skyn without.

7. King Ethiopes, — In the .vii. batel thañ
King Ethiopes the noble mañ;
He was grete, strong, and hardie,
with 1000 knights. — 3592 A M^l knightes folowed him nye.

8. The three kings — Thañ cam in the viij. warde
Thre kinges that wer not coward,
of Archadie, Ansedoyne, and Macedoyne, — Of Archadie, and Ansedoyne,
3596 And the king of Macedoyne,
with 10000 knights and 10000 men. — With ten M^l of goode knightes
And as fele of othir wightes.

9. King Moab, of Capadocie, — Moab, of Capadocie king,
3600 Of the ix. batel (without lesing)
Lodesman and cheftan was thoo,
with 1000 knights. — Of a thousand knightes and moo.

10. King Balaam, — In the ten batel than cam
3604 A goode man, the king Balaam,
with 500 knights. — With .v. hundreth knightes of price
That wer both war and wise,

11. Zelapus, with 900 knights. — Zelapus king in the xi. bataile
3608 With ix hundreth knightes of good entaile,

12. King Phares, — The .xii. batel without les,
Therin cam king Phares

With an hundred knightes stoute — with 100 knights.
3612 To awaite on him al aboute.
In the xiii cam king Jurdañ — 13. King Jurdan. with 1000 men.
That was a meruellous strong mañ;
He broght *with* him at the lest
3616 A thousand armed at his request.
Lauran king of lentyce, — Also three kings, Lawran, Chaynam, Mathan,
And Chaynam, king of Selice,
And Mathan the king of Mafy,
3620 Al thre com in oon company
With thre M^l knightes goode, — with 3000 knights.
Wel arayed, of noble bloode.
In the xiiii ward ther cam anooñ — 14. A band of knights and squires of Perse.
3624 Of the contre many oon
Of knightes and squiers of that lond,
Thei kept hem self in a bond.
In xv. ward ther cam thoo — 15. The Sowdon
3628 The Soudon him self, *with* many moo,
[Fol. 121, col. 1.] With twelf thousand noble knightes, — with 12,000 knights,
Bold men and stout in al men sightes;
And of werre thei were ful wise,
3632 Redie to doo the Soudon seruice.
Darel bare the Soudanes baner — Darel bearing his banner;
With hertli corage and manful chere;
Thus he went with noble aray,
3636 Thurgh holth and heth he toke the way — and they march straight towards the foe.
Euen streight toward his Enmyes,
With al thes folk of mych price
In feire armes, and helmes shene,
3640 With rich sheldes pourtrayed clene,
And feire launces *with* wynd shakand,
With feire stedes walopand,
With trompes, pipes, and taboures,
3644 And grete hornes of straunge coloures:

Vndre hem dynned the way,
A fairer sight was never seen, It was a sight of great noblay,
Feirer, I trow, was neuer nooñ
except 3648 To-gedre seen, but it wer aoñ
That right sone tel I may:—
Alexander's host of 30 miles long. It was Alexaunder, *with* noble aray,
Which lad of .xxx.ti myle an ost;—
3652 He come into Perse with grete bost,—
Which was an ost stern and stoute,
For al the world did him doute.
The army of the King of Kings advances to meet the Sowdon's, in 30 battalions. That othir ost com hem ageyñ
3656 *With* many a doughti man certeyñ
Enbatelled *with* mighti purveaunce
Thurgh the grete kinges ordinaunce,
With many a stede wel fairing
3660 Ayeinst the Soudon ther come riding,
With xxxti batels in goode aray;
I shal you tel hou *with*out delay.

CHAPTER IX.

Of the grete manhod of the king of kinges, how he enbatelled his wardes in the felde.

The king of kinges com formest,
3664 For he held him self euer best;
And so he was of his bodie,
Ther was no man more hardie,
Nor noon so bold as was he,
3668 As ye may after here and se;
Therfor the vaward haue he wold.
With him he toke kinges bold
In his warde forto ride,
3672 And iii. M^l. knightes bi his side,
With as many assigned to ich bataile
Of the othir xxx^ti saunzfaile.
Of goode knightes he gañ ordeyñ
3676 Forto be here chevetayñ,
In euery warde kinges thre
He assigned forto be.
The kinges ovn son Gwynan,
3680 A yonge knight, A doughti mañ,
The king of kinges banerer he was,
[Fol. 121, col. 2.] His fadre him assigned in that case.
The king of Inde cam aftirward,
3684 That sum tyme was Aufreyus steward,

1. The King of Kings led the vanward,

with 3000 knights; and 3000 were in each of the 30 battalions (or 10 divisions).

The king's son, Gwynan, bare his banner.

2. Then came Sir Amalek,

Sir Amalek, that fals traitour,
That did him so grete dishonour
So to betray him of his lond,
3688 As ye haue herd tofore hond;

with two kings and 30,000 men.

Twoo kinges had he in his companye,
And thirti thousand men hardie.

3. King Samyke

Next aftir him come king Samyke,
3692 Lord and Sire of al Affrik,
He com in the third ward trewlie;

(the father of Aufreyus's false first wife),

The Quenes fadre of ynde was he
That hir lord Aufreyus forsoke
3696 And the fals steward toke;

with 3000 knights.

He come *with* iii M[t] knightes goode,
And many moo of gentil bloode.

4. Sir Madan,

In the fourth ward ther com thañ
3700 The king of Grece, Sir Madañ,
A moch man, and right yong,—
Of berd had he noon sprong,—
A reed man he was, and amerous,
3704 And therto hardi and corageous;

with two kings and 3000 knights.

With him ther com kinges twoo,
And iii M[t]. knightes also.

5. Sir Barachias,

In the fift ward ther was
3708 A Prince called Sir Barachias,

King of Europe, with 3000 knights, two kings, and 30,000 men.

King of Europe, and in his route
He broght .iii. M[t] knightes stoute;
And twoo kinges com *with* him thoo,
3712 *With* thirti thousand men also.

6. Sir Hermonyes,

In the sixt batel come than
Sir hermonyes the hardie mañ,
Yong he was, and moch of growyng,
3716 And of les Ynde he was king,
A doughti man and an hidous,

a gigantic man,

And of making he was mervellous:

Of his stature wer his knightes, — with knights
3720 Huge men, and mych of mightes,
Grete hedes *with* visage blak, — black-faced, having
Boistous bodies, as it wer a sak,
Her bakkes large, twoo yerdes brode; — backs two yards broad,
3724 To hevie thei wer for any hors lode,
Therfor thei rode on camelles; — riding on camels,
And hou thei fought in batelles,
Of sword ne spere coude thei noght,
3728 Like mattokes wer here wepens wroght, — with weapons like spades
With long helmes of yren stoute
That heng by her nekkes aboute. — hanging round their necks.
In seuent ward, god it wote, — 7. Sir Galeot,
3732 Come the king of Assirie, Sir Galaot,
With othir twoo kinges curteys, — with two kings
And xii M[l] men to preys. — and 12,000 men.
And in the viii ward Manasseñ, — 8. Manassen and Ruben,
3736 A noble knight, and his soñ Rubeñ,
[Fol. 121b, col. 1.] Faire knightes thei were, and doughtie,
Few betre in al the companye;
With hem come knightes grete and smale,
3740 Wele thre thousand told by tale; — with 3000 knights;
Twoo othir kinges come *with* him then, — and two kings,
But the price of al bare Ruben
With xx[ti] .M[l]. and wel moo — with 20,000 men.
3744 Cam *with* the thre kinges thoo.
In the ix batel anooñ — 9. King Leomedon
Come the king of Libie, Leomedoñ,
With othir twoo kinges that com *with* him thañ:
3748 Leomedon was a doghtie man;
But few betre, I dar wel say,
In al the ost of more noblay;
Thre thousand knightes he had to stere, — with 3000 knights.
3752 And al thei come at his banere.

10. King Aufreus,

In the x ward, althir last,
As it was ordeined so and cast, [Fol. 121b, col. 2.]
Ther come a goode king without faile,
3756 Aufreus of Tharse, with his bataile;

who led the rear-guard,

The rereward he kept ful wiselie,
And reuled it ful worshipfullie.
Whi he was so far behinde;
3760 For Sir Amalek, the king of Ynde,
Which had som tyme his steward bene,
That so betraied him of his quene,
The king of kinges in this wise
3764 Sondred hem after his devise.

and with him

Aufreus led with him, fair and free,

two kings and 10,003 men.

Twoo othir kinges with x thousand & thre;
Of *Generides* was he war noo thing,
3768 His soñ that was so nigh comyng:
But, for goddes sake, or ye hens wende,
Here this tale vnto the ende.

CHAPTER X.

How the Soudon and the King of Kinges encountren with both here oostes; And how *Generides* discomfited Amalek the traitour; And how than aftre *Generides* and the King of Kinges faght to gedre, hand to hand, forto determyn the bateli.

[Fol. 122, col. 1.]

The host of the King of Kings

Now wendeth this ost in wardes ten,
3772 Ful wel araied with noble men;
The dust a-rose, the contre had wonder,
The erthe doned like the thonder;
Forth thei ride with po[m]pe & pride,
3776 That neuer stil thei wold abide
Til thei to the Soudanes ost came.

marches close to the Sowdon's,

The Soudon wel perceiued hem;
Tho no lenger he abode,
3780 But among his ost ful fast he rode,
And chered his knightes, the soth to tel,
And preid hem al to bere hem wel.
His ost he made holie to abide,
3784 And made thre knightes out to ride
That ost without forto aspie;

who sends three knights to spy it out.

Right as thei were al redie
They highed hem ageyn hastilie,
3788 For eche ost might othir see.

When each host sees the other,

Than was ther noon abide abide, [*sic.*]
But who that might goo or ride,

Here Palfreys tho thei forsoke,
3792 And to here stedes thei hem toke;
all prepare, Here sheldes thei gan redi dight,
And here launces, for to fight;
The trompettes gan to blow lowde,
3796 Euery man to doo what he cowde.
and attack. Whan the batelles to-gedre toke,
It semed that the erth quoke;
the King of Kings first jousts The king of kinges cam formest of at,
3800 He thoght to Just first, what so befal.
At the first cours that he ther rañ,
and breaks his spear. He brake his spere, that both hors and mañ
Ouer threw, and cried "com on my feres,
3804 And spareth not in noo maneres."
Abel, the Persian banner-bearer, Of that braide Abel was war,
That the baner of Perse bare;
He ran to a knight with sheld and spere,
3808 And from his hors can him bere,
spears a knight, Thurgh the bodie the spere rañ,
The life there he lost than,
His spirit from his bodie can hie;
3812 Abel began loude to crie,
and taunts the King of Kings, And seid vnto the king of kinges,
"Hou liketh thou thes tithinges?
Nou to turn ageyñ is myn advise;
3816 Here haue ye won litle price."
Than was the king woode for woo
That Abel had scorned him soo;
who thereupon With his launce grete and square
3820 To Sir Abel grymlie he bare,
cuts him backward on to his horse's crupper, That he made him low stoupe
Bakward ouer his hors croupe.
Abel a-shamed began to be,
3824 And recouered his sadil hastilie;

But thurgh that stroke, vnd*er* his fete — making him drop the banner of Perse,
[Fol. 122, col. 2.] The banere of Perse fall he lete.
King Nayme his fadre saw that,
3828 The baner of Perse ageyn he gat:
Tho begañ the batel strong and hard
With the king of kinges in the vaward;
He com frushing, and leid oñ,
3832 And sleugh ther many a worthie moñ — and then slays many men.
On both sides in that case.
But the Soudanes side, hou so it was, — The Sowdon's men grow weary
Of here fighting were wery
3836 That thei might no lenger dry;
Ageyñ thei gan hem to withdraw. — and begin to draw back,
When Anazare and his felows that saw,
And [Generides] in that grete nede, — when Generides rides up,
3840 Thei went to hem a goode spede.
[Generides] than on al wise
To Just had grete couetise;
Justed had he neuer to thañ,
3844 But, blessed be god, wel he begañ;
That craft lerned he right soone,
Of kind it com him so to doone.
[Generides] went out thoo treulie,
3848 The king of kinges soñe gan he spie, — and seeing Gwynan, the King of Kings' son, ready,
Gwynam, al redie to Justing.
[Generides] without letting
Fewtred his spere, and to him rañ; — charges at him.
3852 Ageyns him ther com Gwynañ,— — Gwynan
Of Justing he coud wel the craft,—
Thurgh [Generides] shelde w*ith* the shaft — drives right through Generides's shield to
He smote it in to the sokett,
3856 That the Ireñ w*ith* the hawberk met
Right ageyn the self brest; — his breast;
Wel nigh it had ben his prest.

but Generides — But [Generides] ageyñ ward,
3860 As a yong knight and noo coward,
Gwynãnes shelde perced with his spere,
unhorses Gwynan, — And out of his sadle gan him bere
That ouer the crop he fel in that moode;
3864 He saw the stede was goode,—
In al the ost noon such, doutles,
His fadre gaf it him for goodnes,—
takes away his splendid steed, (Blanchard) — [Generides] the stede hent
3868 By the bridel, and forth went;
To his felows he gan to rape,
Vnethes he might a-way scape
For folowing of his enmyes
3872 To gete ageyñ the stede of price.
and gets — Ther was a felow hight Segryñe,—
Al langages he couth wel and fyne,—
Whan [Generides] of him had a sight,
3876 He called him to him anoon right,
"Swete Segryne, leef fere,
his own saddle put — Take this sadil fro this hors here,
And sett it oñ that fare stede;
3880 Take you my courser to your mede."
Segryne was curtes and wel taght, [Fol. 122b, col. 1.]
And sone he hath the sadil caght,
on Gwynan's steed, — And on his bak the sadel set,
3884 And gird him fast without let;
mounts it, — The stirop in his hond he kept
The while [Generides] vpoñ him lept;
And so he had for his mede
3888 [Generides] own stede.
From that tyme Segryne began
To loue [Generides] afor any mañ.
[Generides] than gan him pray
and asks where — 3892 That he wold wete, and doo him say,

Wher Amalek were, that fals traitoure — Amalek is.
That doo him such dishonoure.
"Ay, Sir," he seid, "by seint Jame, — Segryne says
3896 Such con ther is that bereth that name;
But not whoo youre fadre is,
But Amalek I knov wel I-wis; — that Amalek is
But in the kinges ost of kinges
3900 He is; I can tel you thoo tithinges;
In the first batel saue coñ — in the second battalion.
I saw him not long agoñ."
"Ay, swete Sir," seid [Generides] — Generides tells Segryne
3904 "Whoo is my fadre, without les
Ther is no man that I wold tell,
But to you wil I discouer my counsel;
Aufreus, som tyme of ynde king, — that Aufreus is his father,
3908 Was my fadre *with*out lesing,
And nov, as I vndrestond,
He is king of Tharse lond;
Mi fadre he is, I dar wel say;
3912 I pray you ye me noght bewray."
"King Aufreus, as I you tel, — and Segryne says that Aufreus is in the host of the King of Kings.
I saw him late, I know him wel;
To the king of kinges now
3916 He cometh in ost ageyns you."
Tho gan [Generides] him beseche
To Amalek he wold him teche,
"Segryne, tel me as ye trow — Segryne tells Generides how to recognise Amalek.
3920 Hou I may best Amalek know."
Segryne seid, "by this day
He rideth on a stede gray;
Armes he bereth riche and clene
3924 *With* bendes of gold wel besene;
The champe, of goules red and bright,
With riche stoones bordred a-right;

A proude knight he is of his atire,
3928 And therto as fers as any fire."

Segryne sees Amalek

Segryne went forth that tide
And saw wher Amalek gan ride,
Oute of his ost wit*h* a page alloõñ

retire alone to a valley;

3932 From al his knightes euerichooñ,
Forto rest him in a valey:
Segryne had euer on him his eye.
To [Generides] Segryne went thoo,

he tells Generides,

3936 "Sir," he seid, "se yonder youre foo. [Fol. 122*b*, col. 2.]
Sir Amalek, youre fadres traitoure,
Is there aloon from al socoure."

who at once spurs towards Amalek,

[Generides] spored tho his stede,
3940 And toward him fast he yede;
Amalek closed him wit*h* his shelde,
His spere in his hond fast he helde,

and they charge.

And ageyn [Generides] fast he rañ,
3944 For he was a doghti mañ;

Amalek pierces Generides' shield,

He perced [Generides] shelde,
And brake his harneys in the felde.

and he beats Amalek's out of his hold.

[Generides] was in hert thral;
3948 His shelde he made from him to fall
With that strok he gaf him ageyñ;
Ther was strong fight betwix hem tweyñ;
Amalek wex agreued sore
3952 For his shelde, and for shame more,
His cowardise he al withdrogh̃,
He waxed hardie and bold ynogh̃.
[Generides] hated him vttirlie,

They draw their swords,

3956 His sword he drogh out egrelie,
And Sir Amalek drogh his alsoo;

and deal full parlous strokes;

Many strokes thei yaue to-gedre thoo,
And ful parlous that day wer delt;
3960 Neuer til than Amalek felt

His strenght so moch as he than wist,
Hardier to smyte he theñ list;
Out of here helmes the fire sprong
3964 Of strokes that wer delt heñ among.
Amalek was strong and hardie,
His sword was kerving and hevie;
[Generides] in his turnyng
3968 He smote so without lesing
That many nales of his hauberk
Al to-brast, with othir werk;
Ageyñs his brest the stroke cañ.
3972 That stroke [Generides] to yuel nañ,—
Therfor he was som del affrayed,
Such oon had he neuer assayed,—
His bane that stroke was ful nigh;
3976 Than spake Amalek on high,
And seid, "knight, who so thou art,
Nou thou haddest almost thi part,
For such a stroke I gaf the now
3980 That al astoned therof art thow;
Light, and bring me my sheld, I rede,
And peace I graunt the to thi mede."
Than wex [Generides] right wrooth,
3984 To goo a-wey he was ful looth;
To Amalek he seid this reasoñ,
"Thou fals traitour and thou feloñ,
Thou betraied my fadre from his lond,
3988 And me thou smotest with thin hond
Eueñ befor my faders sight;
To quite it, than I the behight.
[Fol. 123, col. 1.] My step moder thou hast to wive;
3992 With wrong she did with me strive;
She seid of loue I hir besoght;
God knoweth it come neuer in my thoght.

Amalek smites Generides so hard

that his hauberk breaks.

Amalek offers him peace if he will dismount and give him his shield.

Generides gets angry,

calls him traitor, and says he will take vengeance for all Amalek's wrongs to his father and himself.

But vilanye it is to me to say,
3996 Treulie of loue she gan me pray;
And for I wold not, she wroth was;
Thou shuldest haue sleyñ me for that case.
Therfor me nov awreke I shal."

Generides then cuts off half Amalek's helm,

4000 Without more wordes therwithal
Amalek he smote on the crovñ
That twoo quarters he feld a-douñ
Of his helme *with* his bright brond;
4004 That stroke come from a ful goode hond;
To the face the swerd douñ gloode
That it neuer stynt ne aboode

and his nose and lip to the bare teeth.

Til nose and lip it had of shorñ
4008 Vnto the bare tethe at beforñ.
Amalek fel a swoune to ground,
For he had a grislie wound;

Generides taunts him,

Than seid [Generides,] "thef, felouñ!
4012 Right now thou bad me light a-douñ
And bring the thi sheld to hond;
Nov is noo nede, I vndrestond,
To bring sheld, swerd, ne spere,
4016 That shuld nov thi bodie were."

and on his trying to rise,

That word made Amalek to stert,
And as a woode man *with* grete hert;
But [Generides] *with* his hors fete

rides him down.

4020 Hurteled him douñ, I you behete;
Ther he had him sleyn or nome,

Then his people come to the rescue,

But his folkes of ynde come
Amalek her lord to reskew.

and Generides retreats, carrying off Amalek's steed and shield.

4024 Than gan [Generides] to remew,
The goode stede and the sheld also
That Amalek*es* wer, he toke him froo,
And, for any drede, hem *with* him led,
4028 And to his felows his wey he sped.

Whan the lordes of ynde him found,
Here king so hurt liyng on ground,
Thei set him on an ambling palfray,
4032 And so led him fro the feld away — Amalek is taken back to Ynde,
Ageyn to ynde ther he cam fro:
Of that chaunce he was ful woo.
Whan [Generides] was come to his feres, — and Generides
4036 Aftir Segryne he fast enqueres
Til that he found him at the last;
To doo his erand he praied him fast;
"Segryne," he seid, "take this stede, — sends Amalek's steed to his father Aufreus,
4040 And to my fadre ye him lede,
And sey him it was Amalekes
That hath doõn him so foule chekkes;
Sey him, the booldre that he bee,
4044 To day shal he not Amalek see,
Nor bere armes in this ost,
[Fol. 123, col. 2.] For I haue so felled his boost. — with news how he has felled Amalek's pride
And if he aske oght of you
4048 'Who sent him this stede nov;'
Sey him without les
It was his soñ [Generides;]
He smote me before him at his mete; — because of the blow he gave him at supper.
4052 Yet haue I noght that forgete,
And hou my fadre for that harme
Smote Amalek thurgh the arme
With a knife that he to him threw;
4056 This tokeñ, he knoweth it is trew."
"Nov treuly, Sir," seid Segryne, — Segryne
"This erand shal I doo wel and fyne."
He toke the stede, and furth he went, — takes the steed to Aufreus, and tells him all about the fight.
4060 King Aufreus therwith he gan present,
And al the batel euery dele
To king Aufreus gan he tel.

Aufreus is glad of the present,

Aufreus was glad of that present
4064 That his soñ had to him sent;
It was to him grete gladnes
That he might here of [Generides]:

and asks how he may know Generides again.

"Segryne," he seid, "bi what maner
4068 May I know my sone dere,
His armes, his stede, in al thing
That I of him may haue knowing."

"By his gray steed, and arms, field or in a border, with bends of gules,

"His stede is gray, without fable,
4072 He is both goode and profitable;
Armes he bereth ful wel besene,
With bendes of goules bright and clene;
The champe of gold, I you ensure,
4076 With riche stoones in the bourdure;

won from Sir Amalek."

He wañ thes armes—I him behelde—
From Sir Amalek in the felde."
Aufreus al this vndrestoode;
4080 He rewarded Segryne with mede ful goode.
Segryne departed, his wey he yede,
To the Soudanes he gan him spede.
Of [Generides] nov speke we

Generides's men are nearly discomfited,

4084 That wex a knight of grete bountie:
His felows wer nigh discomfite,
And in that wer thei not to wite,
For al day had thei foght hard,
4088 And thei wer les folk in here ward
Than in heres that ageyns hem were
Be .ii. M^{l}, I dar wel swere.

but he cheers them on,

But [Generides] was of goode wiłł,
4092 And his felows al(:) lowde and stiłł
He comforted as he might;
Thañ began thei fast to fiġht.
Ther meñ might se hard medle,

and the mellay is fierce,

4096 Many feire knightes at grete pitie

Slayne vndre here hors fete,
The ground of bloode was al wete. — the ground all wet with blood.
[Generides] bestered him egrelie, — Generides deals blows right and left,
4100 Grete strokes he dalt ther by and by;
[Fol. 123b, col. 1.] Many he felled, and many he slogh̃
That wold haue doon him sorov ynogh̃;
That day he preued wel his might,
4104 And shewed ther was noon such a knight;
For of whom he might ley hond, — unhorsing all he lays hold of.
Wightlie out of the sadil he wond.
That saw the king of kinges wele, — The King of Kings sees this,
4108 Dismayed he held him som dele;
He saw Segryne, and called him anoon̄,
Out of the ost thei gan goon̄;
"Segryne, frend," seid the king, — and asks Segryne
4112 "I prey the tel me oon thing;
Wottest thou euer what knight is yon̄ — who that is on his son Gwynan's steed.
That rideth of Gwynanes stede, my son̄?
That stede I gaf him for grete deyntie;
4116 Me reweth that I him yonder see;
For treulie, hou so that man him wan̄,
He is a right doghti man̄,
And a wel faring king,
4120 And wel he bereth him in fight;
God *graunt* it he wold dwel with me,
I wold gyve him lond and fee."
"A," seid Segryne, "wote ye what; — Segryne says it is one
4124 Speke no mo wordes of that,
For he is come of high linage
And loketh aftre grete heritage;
For lond nor fee, treulie to tel,
4128 I wot wel he wil not *with* you dwel;
[Clarionas[1]] and he be so lef, — dear to Clarionas.

[1] This and many following *Clarionas*-es and *Generides*-es are written in a later hand, which I have disregarded because *Generides* is generally spelt *Gerenedes*.

To part from hir it wold him gref."

The king says that Clarionas is his,

"Doo way," quod the king to Segryne,
4132 "For [Clarionas,] I tel hir myne;
That knight of hir shal haue noo part
And I may him mete with spere or dart."
And forth he yede without letting
4136 For loue of this new tithing;

and spurs to seek Generides;

Anoon he spored his goode stede,
Seching [Generides[1]] fast he yede,
But Segryne hasted him beforñ,—
4140 He wer looth Clarionas shuld be lorñ,—
And to [Generides[2]] tithinges broght
Hou the king of kinges him soght.

soon sees him,

Then the grete king [Generides[1]] sey,
4144 And streight to him he toke the wey,
And seid, "Sir knight, turñ hiderward;
Thou ridest on my stede Blaunchard."
Here speres both in hond thei hent,

and they charge one another

4148 And either ageyñ other went;
Strokes thei gaf hard and felł,—
Here stedes wer goode, the soth to telł,—

so hard that both slip out of their saddles;

So hard thei smote than to-gedre,
4152 Out of here sadils thei gan to slidre,—
Both the king and [Generides,]—
Here speres wer hole neuer the les;
Both thei wer sterñ and light,

but they catch their steeds,

4156 Thei caght here stedes as thei best might. [Fol. 123b, col. 2.]
To tell the trouth without lesing,
Ashamed was Bellyns the king;
Generides also him with-drowe,
4160 To Justen eftsones wold he now.

fight again,

An othir cours to-gedre thei met,
And herd strokes there thei set,

[1] *Geromedes*, [2] *Gerinodes*, in the later hand.

So that broken both here launces; — and break their lances.
4164 Than must thei nede for al chaunces
Swerdes draw; and so thei did. — Then they draw their swords, and
[?]
Thoo no lenger thei abide,
4168 Egrelie to-gedre thei ride;
Aftre noo loue daies thei ne soghteñ, — fight fiercely
[But as bitir enmyes foghten.]
The sparkes and the light fire
4172 Out of here helmes sprong for ire;
Helmes and hauberkes began to faile — till their armour gives way,
In many stedes, both plate and male,
Of strokes that wer vndrefong,—
4176 For eithir hated othir strong;—
Yuel hurtes both thei caght, — and both are wounded.
It was ful hard to make hem saght;
Thei wer not sondred til at the last
4180 The ostes nighed to-gedre fast, — At length the two hosts separate them,
Tho went thei twoo in sondre;
If thei wer wroth, it was no wondre;
Ther was many a pitous sight, — and then
4184 For therto put thei al here might;
Many a knight ther lost his life — was many a knight slain,
That neuer aftir spak with child ne wife;
Many a feir and riche pensel
4188 With horses wer trode in the grauel;
Many a feir helme and shelde
Lay al to-frushed in the felde;
Many a feire stede went a-stray — many a steed made masterless,
4192 Mastirles that same day;
Men might see, and grete crie here
Of knightes that hirt and wounded were; — and many men wounded; the ground was all be-gone with blood.
The ground was al begoon with bloode,
4196 In som place like as a floode.

Sir Lucas

Than come the good knight Sir Lucas
That lord of al ynde was;
He made a noble Justing
4200 Ageyñ Manassen the goode king,
That thurgh shelde, hauberk, and doublet,

drives his lance right through Manassen,

The launce perced ouer the soket,
Euen thurghout the bodie
4204 That the ende shewed al bloodie;
Right befor the king of kinges

who falls down dead,

Manassen fel deid douñ sidelinges.
Than seid Lucas to the king bliue,

and then he taunts the King of Kings.

4208 "Take this present: yuel mot thou thriue!
I shal assay, or I goo,
Right soone to send the such moo."
The king of kinges herd that scorñ;
4212 He closed with his shelde beforñ;

The king rides at him, and unhorses him,

He rode to Sir Lucas; with his spere [Fol. 124, col. 1.]
Out of his sadel he gan him bere;
Right ther he had ful nigh his pees.

but Generides

4216 That gan aspie *Generides*,
That Lucas fal to the ground;

rescues Sir Lucas,

He reskewed him son in that stound,

and smites the king on his helm,

He smote the king of kinges thoo
4220 On high vpon his helme soo

cuts off a corner of it,

With his swerd that the oon corner
Fel nigh a-douñ bi his coler;
Laces and stringes he kerue on twoo,

the fastening of the shield,

4224 And the girding of the shelde also
So that the shelde to fal he lett;
Dovnermore the stroke went yet

opens the king's chest armour,

To the brest before the hauberk,
4228 That mych failed of that strong werk,—
But to the bare come it noght,—
It was harme it wanted oght:

The sword glaced ferther doun̄,
4232 And clove a twoo the stedes crovn̄. — and splits his steed's skull in two.
The king was astooned thoo; — The king
His goode stede he did forgoo,
And him self to ground fel,— — falls to the ground,
4236 What day it was he wist not wel,—
And ouer him rode Sir [Generides] — and Generides rides over him,
Twies or thries or he wold cese:
His life had he lost almost,
4240 Ne had socour be of his ost. — but his host rescue him,
Generides than forth he shoke,
Vnto his felows the wey he toke.
The kinges knightes a feir stede broght,—
4244 Here lord to worship was here thoght,—
He toke the stede with fel hert, — remount him,
And in grete ire vp he stert;
His horne he blew ful hidouslie — and he blows his horn
4248 That al the ost might here the crye,
That he was wroth that did it know.
Ageyn him A M[1] on a row — for his 1000 best men,
To-gedre riden tho hastilie,
4252 Ech man to prove his maistrie.
Than come the folk of high ynde, — of High Ynde,
Strong men, And of wonder kynde,
With here maces of ireñ and of stele, — with maces like mattocks,
4256 Mattokes hem semed to be ful wele.
Whan thei cam to the route
Thei leiden fast on aboute;
The grete pres thei parted on sondre,—
4260 Of here strokes men thoght wondre,—
Many a goode knight thei ouerthrew.
Whan thei of Perse here strokes knew, — who soon terrify the men of Perse.
Thei durst hem noght abide,
4264 Thei shonned hem on eche a side.

The Sowdon

That saw the Soudan, and was woo
That his folk wer scomfited soo,
He seid to hem *with* mild speche

appeals to his lords for help,

4268 "Lordes al, I you beseche, [Fol. 134, col. 2.]
Oure honour fond we forto saue
As euer hiderward yet we haue,
For oft ye haue goteñ me loos
4272 And grete worship ageyñ my foos;
And if I youre help not had,
Certanly my state were bad;
So grete nede had I neuer nooñ
4276 As I haue to day, ye see echooñ."

but Sir Geridon says that

Than Answered Sir Geridoñ,
Darel fadre, to the Soudoñ,

they cannot fight

"Suffre we may vs noght to stere
4280 Ageyns this boistous ost here;

against devils;

Thei be develles, and noo meñ,
Ooñ of hem is worth othir teñ;

they must retreat slowly,

But neuer the les we may not flee
4284 To hasteli that thei may it see,
For than thei shuld vs confound,
And hastelie bring vs to the ground;
But softlie we shal withdraw,
4288 And defend vs that we be not slaw,

keeping close, so that the mattock-men may not break through them.

And kepe vs to-gedre on a throñ,
Within vs that thei ne coñ."
Whan the Soudoñ herd that skil,
4292 Nedes he must consent thertil;
He blew a mote stern and stoute,

This they do,

His folkes gadred him round aboute,
And gan to flee softlie,

turning oft on their pursuers,

4296 And oft turned ageyñ boldlie,
And defended heñ egrelie
As thei with-drew hem wittilie;

Thei nighed nigh at the last
4300 Toward the Citie in al hast; — and get to the city,
The Soudanes folk entred in,—
Wel was him might gete within,—
Many a bold knight and hardie — though many are slain,
4304 Were slayn on the Soudanes partie,
And an hundreth or moo wer nome — and 100 captured,
Or thei to the Citie might come;
Or thei might gete within the palace
4308 A thousand stedes won ther was. — also 1000 steeds;
Whan the Soudon wist of this — at which the Sowdon and his men
That thei lost such añ entrepris, — are discouraged.
Than wer thei all sore dismayed
4312 Of that shoure thei had assayed.
The Soudon did the gates shet,
Here enmyes without to let;
The brigge he drogh hastelie;
4316 Of his lose he was sorie.
Generides and Sir Anazaree — Generides and Anazaree, and their men, know nothing of this retreat,
Wist not of here fleeyng trewlie,
Nor of the Soudanes awey-fleyng
4320 Into the tovn wist thei nothing,
For with here men grete and smale
Thei were benethe in a dale — but are fighting in a dale.
[Fol. 124b, col. 1.] Where was strong and hard fighting;
4324 And thider cometh the stoute king — The King of Assirie attacks them,
Of Assirie and al his route,
Bold men withouten doute.
Moo than twoo M[l] were feld and slaw;
4328 Here folk gan fast to withdraw — and the Persians begin to lose.
And lese in that strong batel,
For of an hundred saunz faile
Ther were but few in al here route.
4332 Therof Anazaree had grete doute, — Anazaree

advises a retreat to the host;

And seid, "[Generides,] I you rede,
Draw we vs to oure felourede,
For oure men begyñ to lese;
4336 Toward oure ost I rede we drese."

Generides agrees;

[Generides] seid, "nov graunt I me."
To-gedre thei gedred here meigne;

but on beginning it

Thei trowed to here ost to haue went,
4340 But thei had almost be shent;

they find that the host has fled to the city,

Tho perceiued thei redilie
Here ost was fled into the Citie;
Thei gan to ride thider-ward,
4344 Wel sone thei had encountre herd,
For thei wened to haue passed clene

and that it is now surrounded by their enemies' tents.

Thurgh the medo feire and grene.
A M[l] pavilons ther by and by
4348 [Generides[1]] told ful redilie
Of his enmyes, ful bold barouns,
With riche pensels and gonfanons,
And al aboute that grete Citie
4352 Tentes in making thei might see,
Passing thik in medow and felde.

Anazaree advises that

Whan Anazaree al this behelde,
And saw at euery gate thoo
4356 A M[l] paviloñs and moo,
Anazaree was wrooth on his maner,
And seid, "[Generides] my leef fere,

they make for a postern in the tower

Nou me thinketh best rede in this:
4360 Ayenst the toure A posterñ ther is,—
This ost perceiueth it noght yet—
There is right A privey wiket;
Draw we thidre or we blyñ,
4364 That our frendes may se vs within,

[1] *Anazaree* seems to suit *l.* 4354 better than *Generides*, which is written in a later hand.

To let vs yñ without letting — at which they can be let in.
Whan they perceiue oure comyng;
Suffre vs must nede oure chaunce."
4368 [Generides] seid, "Sir, without greuaunce — Generides agrees,
Boldly I rede wende we;
But first send we before oure meygne,
And kepe vs behinde hem we twey — so that they two go last.
4372 To guyde hem al that we may,
And defende hem at oure power
Til we may come the posterñ nere."
The Soudan made sorow certeyñ — The Sowdon sorrows for his lost knights.
4376 For his knightes that wer sleyñ.

[Fol. 124b, col. 2.] SIr Darel wept for grete pitie — Darel
Whan he [Generides] might nat see,
And Anazaree in certeyñ;
4380 He dred thei had both ben sleyñ,
And seid weping to the Soudoñ, — weeps for
"Certes I wene we haue forgooñ
Twoo the best knightes of all oure side,
4384 Such twoo shal neuer vs betide.
Ay, [Generides,] my felow! allas! — Generides,
Such a noble knight thou was."
Darel anoon armed him well,
4388 And went out of that Castell — and goes out
Priuelie with a page aloone,
For [Generides] making grete moone;
Quik or deid, he wold him haue, — to find him, dead or alive.
4392 Or die for his sake, so god him saue.
Ouer al the Citie, the folk among, — The news spreads
Of [Generides] the word sprõng
That he was sleyñ or elles take; — that he is slain or captured,
4396 Grete sorow for him thei all gan make.
That tithinges so aboute ferd
That [Clarionas] therof herd; — and Clarionas hears it.

Such sorow hir hert about did cast,
Clarionas is nearly killed by it, 4400 Hir liue daies wer wel nigh past.
but Mirabel Mirabel with hert entier
Euer comforted hir ladie dere,
And seid, "[Generides] ye shal sene,
4404 I may noon othir wise beleuen;
advises her Wherfor I counsell you, madame,
to go up to a corner of the tower, Goo we vp in goddes name
Vnto a corner of the toure,
4408 Ther while god may send socoure."
which she does, Vp to the toure she yede at last,
All day she had wept fast;
Weping she loked ouer the [wal,[1]]
4412 And loked about ouer all.
By that tyme come was Darel
To [Generides] out of the Castell;
and at last sees Anazaree. Than at last [Clarionas]
4416 Of Anazaree perceiued was,
Hou he toward the toure drogh;
His armes she knew wel y-nogh;
Of [Generides] was she not ware,
4420 For Amalekes sheld that he bare.
He and Generides Anazaree and Sir [Generides]
Thurghout thei russhed a-mong the pres
are getting towards the tower, Toward the toure a wel goode pas;
and are seen by the hostile king's marshal, Anfris. 4424 Here gooing wel perceiued was
Of the kinges marshal Anfris,
A doughti man of mich price.
He rides to Aufreus, who To king Aufreus in the ost
4428 He prikked fast with grete bost,—
And than was Aufreus pavilouñ
is nearest the tower, Next to that side of the tovñ,—
And his knightes Aboute him euerichooñ
and his knights rush to the attack. 4432 Here stedes lete bring forth anooñ, [Fol. 125, col. 1.]

[1] *wal* is in the later hand, like *Generides* and *Clarionas*.

Riding thañ who so ride might—
Ismael was the formast knight,— Ismael
Vnto the companye of his enmies;
4436 He was son to king Aufrys,
And *Generides* own brodre; (Generides's own brother)
But ooñ of hem knew not an othre.
Ismael saw *Generides* come,
4440 And redilie a shaft he hath y-nome;
Egrelie to-gedre thei met; charges him
Ismael so *Generides* smet
Euen in the middes of his shelde
4444 That *Generides* began to helde;
Welnigh he had gooñ to ground, and nearly throws him.
It fortuned he kept him saue and sound;
Blaunchard, his stede, fel oñ knees;
4448 He was ashamed; neuerthe-les
Generides his stroke lost noght,— Generides
Welnigh it had him ouer-thoght,—
For, with his spere strong and herd,
4452 Ismaels shelde in the midward splits Ismael's shield
He to-rofe and al to-brast;
Ismael was som del agast.
As god wold, I trow wel, thañ
4456 The havberk to riue tho begañ, and hauberk,
The helm went of also, and knocks off his helm,
The laces brast even a twoo;
Ful litle wanted the soket
4460 That with the throte it had y-met;
The tronchoñ yede al fro the bodie;
As god wold, it passed for by,
And bare his helme into the felde; so that he stands all bare in the field.
4464 Al bare Ismael he behelde.
God be thanked, wound had he nooñ;
Saued was skyñ, flesh, and booñ.

Generides seeing that he is young and handsome,

Whan *Generides* saw his visage,
4468 And saw he was yong of age,
And perceiued his grete beautie,
And of his bodie also the bountie,
And the strenght he bare thañ,
4472 He thoght he shuld be a noble mañ.
Generides than gan him pray
The sothe that he wold him say
Of what contre and kyñ he were.

asks him who he is.

4476 Than Ismael gafe him answere,
"Mi fadre neuer his name forsoke,
Nomore wol I for noo mannes loke;
Borñ I am of kinges bloode,

"Son of Aufreus, King of Tharse;

4480 Mi fadre is called Aufreus the goode,
Lord and king of Tharse he is,
And ther was I borñ I-wis,

and my name is Ismael de Savage."

Mi name is Ismael de Savage."

Generides

4484 *Generides* loked in his visage;
For ioye he noo word spake,
But cast his sheld at his bak;
With his armes spred on brode [Fol. 125, col. 2.]

embraces his brother

4488 To Ismael his brodre he rode,
And in his armes gañ him enbrace,
And his helme began vnlace,

and kisses him.

And kyssed his brothre swetelie.
4492 Ismael beheld him wiselie;
He thoght thei were of oon bloode,
But how, he yet not vndrestoode;
Til *Generides* aftre his kyssing

Ismael says they are both one man's sons,

4496 He seid, "Sir, without lesing
Bothe we be oon mannes begete,
Treulie therof I right wel lete;
Sir, brethre we ar, both ye and I;
4500 I am right glad of youre company."

Grete chere thei made aithir to othre; — and they make much of one another.
Generides seid, "nov, swete brothre,
I trust we shal at more leysere
4504 Speke to-gedre without daungere."
At here departing was grete routhe;
Bothe thei wept, to say trouthe.
Than thei of the ost without come,
4508 And grete hede of *Generides* thei nome,
And goñ to draw hem right nere;
Generides spored his hors with glad chere — Generides rides away to his companions,
And drogh him to his felourede,
4512 For than he saw he had nede;
For oon man as he ne might
Stand ageyns an hundred to fight.
Toward the wal of the Citie
4516 The ost gan draw grete plentie, — whose entry into the city the host of the enemy are opposing.
Generides and his feres to lete,
And here entre to withsett.
Generides was sory among,
4520 And saw the ost doo hem such wrong;
He spored his stede to a knight, — He charges a knight,
That othre cam with grete might;
Generides smote him than soo — and runs him right through shield and body.
4524 That his shelde cleef on twoo;
Thurgh hauberk and thurgh Actoñ
The spere with the gonffanooñ
Rañ thurgh the bodie a large spañ;
4528 The knight of his stede fel thañ
From his sadle, deid as a stooñ.
Generides wold noo ferthir gooñ,
But his spere ageyñ to him toke.
4532 *Clarionas* that iusting gañ on loke, — Clarionas sees this,
And vnto Mirabel she seid,
"Yondre is a knight to ground y-leid;

Sawe ye it as wel as did I?"

and Mirabel too,

4536 "Yea, ma dame," she seid, "sekirlie
I saw the Justing, and it beheld,
Hou he *with* the bended sheld
Smote the othre thurgh the bodie;
4540 Swete ma dame, that saw I:

who says she never saw men joust so well.

Nou saw I neuer, to say the sothe,
Mañ iust so wel as he dooth; [Fol. 125*b*, col. 1.]
He loueth *par*amoures som wight
4544 That he to-day preueth so his might."

Clarionas thinks the knight is like her darling.

Clarionas seid, "by his making
He is ful like to my derling."

Mirabel thinks that his red favour is Clarionas's.

"Ma dame," seid tho Mirabell,
4548 Euer me semeth by the reid pensell
That he bereth on his heid aboue,
Oones ye made it for his loue,
And sent him it in certeyñ
4552 By Gwynet your ovn chambreleyñ."

Clarionas is anxious about him,

Clarionas seid, "I fele grete smert,
I care for him sore in myn hert;
For sore assailed thei al ben,
4556 As we may *with* oure eȳen seeñ."

but he does not perceive her,

Clarionas had grete drede
Of *Generides* hou he shuld spede,
But he *per*ceiued hir noo thing
4560 From the toure of hir wayting;

though he turns often on his enemies.

Thogh she were gretelie in his thoght,
So besie he was that he ne roght;
Many tymes he turned his face
4564 Vpoñ his enmyes forto chace;
What *with* swerd and *with* launce
Many oon he gafe myschaunce;
Neuer knight, the soth to say,
4568 Bare him bettre than he did that day;

Clarionas therof bare witnes,
She saw his dedes both more and les.
She ost gañ folow on him fast;
4572 Ismael gan his eye wel cast — Ismael attacks Darel,
Toward Darel, and to him rode,
And he to him *with*out any aboode;
Mirabel seid to *Clarionas*,
4576 "Ma dame, loo yondre Darel, allas,
Among his foos al alooñ,
And oure men scatereñ euerichooñ."
At the same Justing, Darel
4580 On the sheld smote Ismael, — who smites off half his shield,
That al the oon side of the shelde
The spere bare into the felde;
With that stroke welnigh he fell; — and nearly throws him,
4584 But he was yong, wight, and snell, — but he recovers himself,
In his sadle he held him still,
And smote Darel *with* so goode will — and hits Darel so hard
In middes of the sheld ful butt
4588 That Darel fell douñ *with* that putt; — that Darel falls down,
Ne had his shelde holpeñ thore,
He had be lost for euermore.
Whan Ismael saw Darel douñ, — and Ismael rides over him.
4592 Ouer him he rode his stede brouñ
And wounded him ful wikkedlie,
And bad him yeld him hastelie.
Generides right than befell, — Generides comes to near where Darel lies,
4596 Cam and saw wher lay Darell,
[Fol. 125b, col. 2.] And saw abouto him pres grete;
Into the thikkest anõn he shet
Ful redilie *with* his sword draw
4600 To make wey for his felow;
Aboute him fast he gañ lay — clears a road to him,
Til he made so large a way

That twoo cartes ther might mete,—
(killing many men) 4604 Many oon̄ therfore his life gan lete,—
Ne fond he noon armure so goode
That the dint of his sverd withstoode;
For Darel loue he shewed his stenght,
4608 Noon durst abide bi his sverd lenght.
finds Darel all befouled, And at the last he fond Darel
Al befouled in the grauel;
and a knight trying to take away his armour. A knight his armure from him wold take,
4612 But *Generides* such shift gan̄ make,
The same knight so sore he smet
That the sverd *with* the bare met,
Generides cuts the knight down, And bare doun̄ chek & chyn̄ *with* all;
4616 From his hors doun gan̄ he fall
Al flat in swonyng to the ground;
That hors was ful feire and round,
and Darel leaps on his horse. *Generides* bad Darel lepe oon̄,
4620 Magre his enmyes euerichoon̄.
Clarionas sees this rescue, All his auenture saw *Clarionas*,
And to Mirabel told al the case,
"Saw ye not this *mer*vellous chaunce?
4624 Treulie betwix this and Fraunce,
Nor in the world, I trow I-wis
Is such a knight as the yondre is
That Darel so wel hath rescued,
4628 Ouer al he oweth to be allowed;
and thinks the rescuer is her love. Mi loue it is al wey me thinkes,
Of al his felows most he drinkes."
Mirabel seid, "treuli, ma dame,
4632 *Generides* is that knightes name."
Darel, ashamed at his fall, Darel was shamed of his falling,
Be wroke he wold of sum thing;
charges Aufreus, King Aufreus he saw ther houe,
4636 His maistries on him wold he proue;

Darel *with* his sword ran him too,
And on the helme smote him soo — and knocks him on to his horse's mane.
That he stouped on his hors mayne;
4640 That stroke had almost be his bayne.
King Aufreus beheld Darel — Aufreus
With egre chere and hert fel,
And smote him *with* his goode brond
4644 That he bare drawen in his hond,
And seid, "felow," al a-lowde,
"Wenest thou that art so proude — asks him if he thinks old men cannot smite.
That old men can not smyte?
4648 Yet *per*chaunce here strokes may bite
Thogh thou and such felows yong
That to knightes be late sprong."
Generides herd al this Reasoñ, — Hearing this, Generides knows his father's voice,
[Fol. 126, col. 1.] 4652 He knew his fadre by the souñ,
And bi that feire stede Grisel
That he rode oñ, he knew him wel,—
Him self of Amalek it wañ,
4656 And sent it to his fadre or thañ,—
By his speche and by his stede;
To his fadre streight he yede, — rides to him,
And seid, "Sir, ne smyte me noght
4660 Til I haue told you al my thoght."
Aufreus meruelled of his speche,
And seid, "Sir, I you beseche,
Wher were ye boroñ, and in what contre?"
4664 "In Surre, Sir," tho answerd he, — tells him that his name is Generides,
"And [Generides] my name is."
Awey he rode *with* that I-wis — and rushes back to the fight.
In to the pres there he was beforñ;
4668 Thus sone his fadre had him loroñ;
Therfor he taried not in that case,
For wel he wist his soñ he was.

For this letted thei not the bateli,
4672 But euerich begañ othre tassaile;
Darel charges — Darel roode wel wrothe and yli,
For he had not wrokeñ his fili;
Aptisma, — With A knight that Aptisma hight
4676 He met, and gañ with him to fight,
And smote him on the helme on hight
ThAt it rofe And al to-fligh;
The swerd was of egge kerving,
4680 And glaced to the hede falling,
cleaves him to the brain, — Into the brayne it cleef the crovñ,
That of his hors deid fel he dovñ,
Ne shal he neuer ride wele:
and takes his horse. — 4684 The same hors thoo toke Dareli,
And ledeth him forth for his pray.
Right as he turned than, he say
Seeing Clarionas, — [Clarionas] in a toure stand,
4688 Outward lenyng with hir hand,
And Mirabel stoode fast by.
Thañ wax he som dele angri,
he thinks that Generides is delaying there so long to show off his prowess before her, — And wend [Generides] it wist,
4692 And for hir loue the bettir list
His grete doghtynes before hir sight
Forto preve with strenght of might;
That so long he wold ther dweli,
4696 Darel thoght it yuel counsel,
and therefore rides to him, — And come to him in grete haste
And seid, "Sir, grete tyme we waste;
Goo we nov hens, my lefe fere;
4700 Youre maistries that ye make here
and reproaches him with — Is for loue of youre ladie
That ye[1] yondre in the toure oñ hie. [[1] ? for *ys*.]
Al to loñg here we dwell;
4704 Therfor, frend, as I you teli,

Oure lives we be in point to spill — risking their lives
If we folow lenger youre will.
[Fol. 126, col. 2.] Wene ye that hir louely looking — for his lady's lovely looking.
4708 Pleaseth vs any maner thing
As it dooth you (:) nay, bi seint Gile,
I pray you leue such loking a while,
And to the gates draw we,
4712 And fond to gete sum̃ entre
If we mow; but I me drede
To long we dwel well to spede."
[Generides] him held yuel apaied, — Generides cannot understand him,
4716 Of Darel spech he was dismaied,
And seid, "dere felow, mercy,
What haue I greued you, and whi?
Me thinketh I doo al that I may — says he has done all he can to bear him well,
4720 Forto bere me wel this day;
Ye se me feyne neu*er* a dele,
No more doo ye, I se it wele;
But, felow, ye may say as ye list,
4724 Put me in noo blame, as I you trist;
For there as ye speke of looking,—
Bi Ih*es*u that is heuen king,
Toward the ost of the yendre kinges — and has cast no lovely lookings on his foes.
4728 Ne made I neu*er* louely lookinges."
"So meane I not," seid Darel, — Darel explains
"I mene vpward to yondre tourell.
There standeth [Clarionas[1]] yo*ur* ladie dere, — that Clarionas is in the tower;
4732 And beholdeth what we doo here;
I speke of loking vp to hir."
[Generides[1]] beheld, and seid, "Sir, — Generides looks, sees her,
Bi the feith I ow to god and you,
4736 This is the first tyme I saw hir now;
But, leue frend, now I hir see,

[1] *Clariones* and *Gerenedes* in the later hand.

and asks for one more joust.

Oones to Just, *gra*unt ye me,
Elles shal I neuer be glad nor mery."

4740 "I am redy," quod Darel, "doo on hardely."

Nathanael hands him a strong spear;

Nathanael this vndrestoode;
A strong spere he toke him, and a goode;
[Generides[1]] this goode spere hent,

4744 Out of the ost waloping he went;

Ruben attacks him,

Agayñ him come riding Ruben,
The noble kinges soñ Manasseñ,
On a goode stede of Arragoñ

4748 With armes of Rial fasceoñ;
A moch man he was, and long,
And therto right hardie and strong;
He smote [Generides[1]] stronglie thoo

splits his shield in two,

4752 That he clafe his shelde in twoo;
Ny the bokels, vnto the sokett,
The spere passed bi, that was so grete,

and just misses his right side.

A fadom bi [Generides[1]] right side;

4756 As good wold, he had no wound that tide,
But that stroke was so harde,
His sheld it turned bakward
Al fer behind his bak booñ;

4760 Welnigh his sheld he had forgooñ.

Generides drives through Ruben's shield,

[Generides[1]] smote Ruben thoo,
Thurgh his shelde the stroke did goo— [Fol. 126b, col. 1.]
The pensel al hole with the spere,—

4764 That stroke passed yet forther,

hauberk, doublet, and shoulder,

Thurgh hauberk and doublet,
And thurgh the shuldre, It shet,

throwing him to the ground.

So that Ruben and his stede

4768 Both at oones to ground yede.

Generides sends Ruben's steed

[Generides[1]] toke the stede thoo
To Nathanael, and bad him goo—

[1] *Gerenedes* in the later hand, here and elsewhere.

Because it was so feire and wight—
4772 "Lede it to [Clarionas], my ladie bright;
Fro me take hir this present, — as a present to Clarionas,
And sey that I it to hir sent."
So he did without letting,
4776 No man him let of his gooing
That he ne entred feire and well
Into the Citie and eke the Castell.
He toke to [Clarionas] his present;
4780 She it receued with glad entent; — and she receives it gladly.
Nathanael toke his leue thoo,
And went thidre as he cam fro;
The sight of [Clarionas] so comforted — Comforted by the sight of her,
4784 [Generides] hert that he resorted — Generides
In to the oste euer in grete auenture
That no man might his strokes endure;
His sword he bare drawñ on hight,[1]— [[1] for *high*.]
4786 Euen vp to the hiltes it was blodi—
That, whethir so thei wold or nooñ,
From the gates he made hem gooñ. — drives his enemies from the gate.
In his tent was Bellyns the king, — Bellyns, King of Kings,
4792 Of al this werk he wist noo thing
Til at the last outward he drogh, — at last hears the noise of this fight,
He herd cry and noyse ynogh;
His hors he ashed, to him he cam,
4796 Vp he stert, his wey he nam — and rouses his host to go and cut off Generides.
Vnto his ost, and bad hem hie,
And sone thei gan to blow and crye;
Thei found the king of kinges
4800 Criyng and making thretinges
To the Soudañ and his forto mate.
Darel houed before the gate:
Whan thei of the Citie that noyse herd, — The people of the city
4804 Vnto [Generides] anoon thei ferd,

pray Generides to come in,

And praied him for Charitie
That he wold entre into the Citie;
"See, the hole ost cometh on vs here."

but he says, "Let them come on;

4808 [Generides] seid, "let hem come nere!
Oure trauel hath to-day be grete,
But al to smal is oure begete;
Moche tyme wasted we haue;
4812 Oure self if we wil saue,

we will skirmish with them,

With hem we scarmysh, and we shal sene;
Right sone I hope to se hem fleeñ,
And than oure honour shal arise;
4816 And if we see in al wise
That al the grete ost cometh hollie, [Fol. 126b, col. 2.]

and withdraw into the town if the whole host does come."

We may withdraw vs lightlie
Til that we be within the tovñ."

Darel agrees,

4820 "Yea," seid Darel, "if that we movñ;
But I ne wot if it may be soo;
But and ye wil, I graunt therto."
[Generides] his horñ thoo gan blow,

Generides gathers his companions,

4824 His felous gadred on a row;
Blaunchard he spored, his goode stede,
That as the winde vndre him yede;

and runs a knight right through.

The first knight that he there mete,
4828 Thurghout *with* his spere he him smet.

Darel kills a second,

Darel went to an othre knight,
That thurgh the bodie he smote him right;

Anazaree a third,

Anazaree rode vnto the third,[1] [[1] ? for *thrid*.]
4832 And so to smyte him he betid,
From the throte vnto the crovñ
The spere glode, and he fel dovñ;

and the rest fight well,

Al the knightes of [Generides] companye,
4836 So thei bare hem by and by

so that the enemy flee.

That the host without began to fleeñ;
Al thei in the Citie might it seeñ.

Than thei armed here meñ ful stoute,
4840 Fourti men thei sent out — Forty issue from the city to help Generides,
Forto help goode [Generides];
Thei russhed furth̃ in the pres.
Whan [Generides] saw here comyng,
4844 Without any more tariyng
Ful loud tho he blew his horñ,
And gadred his felous him beforñ — who gathers his men together,
That wide were in sondri sprad;
4848 Whan he hem al to-gedre had,
To the gates he turned his company,
And entred al into the Citie; — and withdraws into the city,
Thei broght of stedes moo than a hundred[1],— [[1] MS. .C.]
4852 Therof the Soudon was al a-wondred,—
In the Citie al lordes and kinges
Made grete ioye of here comynges, — where great joy is made over him,
Al spoken of [Generides] hardines,
4856 Thei made songes of him, both more *and* les;
The Soudon made mery chere; — especially by the Sowdon.
[Generides] he called him nere,
And thanked him of his grete trauaile,
4860 And swore he wold him neuer faile.
Than seid Darel somdele on yll, — Darel tells the Sowdon he must not hang Generides this year,
"Sir, had ye som tyme had youre wiłł,
And haue hanged him as ye wold,
4864 To haue thanked him ye ne shold;
If ye bi counsel wil ought lere,
Ye shal not hang him of al this yere."
The Soudon gan a litle to smyle, — at which the Sowdon smiles,
4868 "Darel, ye say trouth, bi seint Gile;
For now I wot ye sey me soth̃;
Oft avisement mich̃ goode dooth̃."
In both ostes was ther nooñ — and Generides is held the doughtiest man of all,
[Fol. 127, col. 1.] 4872 Holden so doughtie so *Generides* was ooñ—

ThAt wittnesseth the king of kinges
Amonges al his grete lordinges,—
As was *Generides*, ne noon so stoute,
4876 Saue him self, that euer he toke oute;
For so doughtie of flesh and booñ
As him self was, him thoght was noñ.

though the King of Kings excepts himself.

CHAPTER XI.

[Fol. 127, col. 2.]

Here *Generides* fighteth with the King of Kinges, And discomfiteth him, and maketh him to yelde him to the Soudañ, And he and al his people to avoide the contre for euer; And so he dieth of his hurtes that he had, in his gooing home.

THe king of kinges seid al oñ hie — The King of Kings proposes to
4880 On the morow to his lordes sekirlie,
"I wil vnto the Soudon send
Of these werres to make an end,
If he might finde a knight so hardie — challenge the Sowdon to find a knight to fight him,
4884 That ageyñ me, bodie for bodie,
Fight with me; but I me drede
He hath nooñ of his felourede — though he fears none will.
That dar that now take oñ hond,
4888 Nor noon so hardie, I vndrestond."
A king of his oste anoon vp rose,—
A doughtie mañ, and of grete lose,
Armonius I-called was he, — But King Armonius
4892 Of higher Inde, that riche couñtre,—
He stert vp and spake aloude,
For he was both feers and proude;
To the king of kinges he spake,
4896 "Sirre, I know in you noo lak — says, though the King of Kings is strong,
Of chiualrie, nouthir fer nor nere,
And wel I wote thurgh youre power
Ye might apaire wel this Citie,
4900 Both the Soudon and his meigne;

yet there are some of the Sowdon's men who do not fear him,

But som within drede vs noght
For al the woo we hañ hem wroght,
Som of hem to day I sigh̃
4904 In batel ther I was hem nigh̃,
So passing doughtlie take oñ, [Fol. 127b, col. 1.]
That yet ne saw I neuer nooñ
Bettre doo (:) ne bettre endure,

and who have done all that a knight dare do.

4908 Ne ferthir put him in aventure
To doo that longeth to any knight,
So strong I hold him, and so wight."
Whañ king Armonius had al seid,
4912 And such preyse oñ [Generides] leid,

At this the king grows savage,

The king of kinges quooke woode
That any shuld be hold soo goode
Authir bettre thañ him self were;

and swears that if

4916 He grenned his teth̃, and gañ to swere,
"If this batel that is nov begoñ,
Whedre it be lost or woñ,

the Sowdon will send a man,

And the Soudoñ wil̃ oon out[1] send [[1] may be *one*.]
4920 Ageyñ me his right to defend,
This batel for any erthlie mañ

he will fight

Shal I end, if that I cañ,
Mi self alooñ with spere and shelde;

and beat him, or die.

4924 Outhir shal I die or win the felde."

However, King Madan

Madan, that king of Tharse was,
Thañ stert he vp in that place,
For he was yonge, lustie, and wight,
4928 And of his bodie a doughtie knight,

says this talk isn't worth a farthing,

"Lordes," he seid, "al this talking,
I hold it not worth a ferthing;

all of them must fight,

Be we al come hidre for noght?
4932 Litle worship we haue hir soght.
What availeth oure travel hidre?
For shame vs must gadre vs to-gedre,

And goo we, gif hem new bataile,
4936 We shal destroye hem without faile."
Al the oste begañ to crie — and the rest agree.
"Arme we us, and make vs redie."
Therof was king Bellins woo,
4940 But he might not let heñ thoo:
Loude he blew his horñ on high,
Al the oste drew him ful nigh. — So the host assembles.
Thei of the Citie that were within,
4944 That noyse thei herd, and wold not blyñ
Til thei wer armed, and that anooñ,
Oute come thei to-gedre euerechooñ; — The Sowdon's men ride out of the city,
Whañ thei withoute saw hem come so fast,
4948 Thei went toward hem in as grete haste,
And gañ to fight sore and harde. — and a hard fight begins.
[Generides] was in the vawarde, — Generides is in the van,
On a ful feire stede he rode,
4952 His peñsel ther he sprad on brode
That of rede silk was made; — (with a new pennon from Clarionas),
Neuer erst in batel he it hade,
For [Clarionas] of grete plesaunce
4956 Sent it him for a Remembraunce.
With him rode Anazaree and Darel, — and Anazaree and Darel.
To-gedre thei thre loued ful wel.
Darel met with king Samyke, — Darel unhorses King Samyke;
[Fol. 127b, col. 2. 4960 Lord and chieftañ of Aufrike;
He smote him so that ilk stound
That oute of his sadil he fel to ground;
In the falling he brake his arme,
4964 [And that to him was ful gret harme.]
Anazare rode vnto Barachias, — Anazaree throws King Barachias;
That king of Europe for soth he was,
He smote him in the middes of his sheld
4968 That he ouerthrew him in the felde;

And as he douñ to the erthe fel,
He brake his legg in the grauel.
and Generides kills King Madan. [Generides] rode to king Madañ,
4972 And such a stroke he gave him thañ
That sheld he pereed, and hauberk,
And frushed al that othir werk;
The spere with the bare met,
4976 Thurgh the bodie a fadom it shet
With the peñsel ther al blodie;
To ground fel that deid bodie.
The King of Kings, Bellyns, King Bellins saw that, and wex woode,
4980 Thidre-ward he rode with egre moode,
He beheld him as he died was,
And begañ to crie "allas, allas,
grieves over this, Allas that thou hast lost thi life;
4984 Treulie thou were a litle to hastife;
For in the king Armonyus and the,
Most in this world I affied mee;
and vows to avenge him. Nov shal I neuer glad word speke
4988 Til I see thi dethe be a-wreke."
He prepares to joust: Anoon to Juste he him bede:
That saw Abel, and did him spede
Abel charges him, Vnto Bellins, and with him met,
4992 And with his spere he him smet
That it cam thurgh twoo foote long;
The king was bigg and right strong,
And with his shelde, wiselie and ware,
4996 The stroke from his bodie he bare
That it greued him noo dele,
Bellyns runs him right through, And so he smote thoo Ageyñ Abel
With his spere sharp and strong
5000 That thurgh the bodie he him stoong;
Abel fel deid from his stede,
and the banner of Persia falls down. The baner of Perse fel doũn in dede.

Whan the Soudon his dethe wist, — The Sowdon
5004 To sorow thoo he had grete list;
His sorow might not be forborñ,
So goode a knight as he had lorñ;
Not oon of the Soudones ost was — and all his host mourn for Abel,
5008 But loude he cried oft "allas"
For Abel that þore lay slaw.
His felous fast to him goñ draw,
And reskewed the deid bodie — rescue his body,
5012 Fromñ his enmyes that wer ny;
Al armed vp the bodie thei hent,
And in to the Citie with it thei went — and carry it off for honourable burial.
For to berie that goode knight
[Fol. 128, col. 1.] 5016 Witħ grete worship, as it was right.
Thañ wex the batel hard and strong, — The battle grows fierce,
Many a feire knight died among,
His life to wedde that same day lete,
5020 And ley trodeñ vndre the hors fete;
Lordes, Dukes, Princes, and Kinges, — many lose their lives,
Many oon there had here endinges.
But thei within wexed werie, — and the Sowdon's men begin
5024 And thei without waxed hardie,
Thei drow heñ to the Citie ward;
The batel gan [be] sore and hard
That thei withiñ might it nat drie,
5028 The gates thei gonñ draw nye, — to retreat to the city.
Into the Citie to haue fled;
There thei lost and left to wed
Of here knightes grete plentie,
5032 That it was pitie forto see;
Sore discomfite thei goñ beñ.
Whan the Soudon that gañ señ,
Sore he wept, and hondes wrong, — The Sowdon weeps
5036 And gan to sorow wondre strong;

He dismaied him hevilie,
and thinks that all is lost, He wende haue be lost hastelie,
And his worship for euermoo.
5040 [Generides] cam riding thoo,
And drogh him to the Soudon nere,
And saugh him make so careful chere;
He spake to him som what felli,
but Generides reproves him, 5044 And seid to him right sharplie,
"It helpeth not such soro to make
Al thogh we haue harme take;
Som of hem[1] oure care might seeñ, [1 the enemy.]
5048 That moch the bettre wold thei beeñ,
And cause vs to haue more shame;
says his sorrow may soon turn to joy; Al this may turn vs to game
Thurgh goddes help, in a litle while;
let us turn again and fight, 5052 Turn we ageyñ, for loue of seint Gile,
And let vs gyve heñ batel new,
keeping wel together; And kepe we vs to-godre trew
That we skater not a-sondre;
5056 But we doo wel, me thinketh wondre;
and may all cowards die. And who so flee fro me, I sey,
An euel dethe mot he die."
Generides blows his horn, [Generides] his horñ gan blow
5060 That his felous might him know;
Anazaree and Darel herd that crie,
And drogh hem to him hastelie
collects 200 knights With twoo hundreth on a route
5064 Of goode knightes bold and stoute.
[Generides] seid vnto hem all,
"Feire lordes, harme is vs befall;
That we shal win, me thinketh treulie;
tells them all to keep together, 5068 For my loue, holdeth you fast bi me,
And I shal hold me fast bi you,
Softlie to-gedre goo we now,

[Fol. 128, col. 2.] Loke we smyte hard and soré, — and smite hard.
5072 In heuẽn elles come I neuer more;
But I doo as I best cañ,
Count me neuer elles for gentilmañ."
[Generides] turned him egrelie — Generides attacks the foe,
5076 Vpoñ his enmies lustilie;
Whom so [Generides] gan hitt,
Out of his sadle he made him flit;
Many a mañ he felled and slogh, — and kills many.
5080 That day he bare him wel y-nogh,
God made neuer a bettre knight
Of flesh and booñ forto fight.
But thañ cam encountre strong,
5084 Folk of higher Inde among; — The men of Higher Inde,
Ther cam of hem a grete frape,
Ful like Giauntez thei wer y-shape, — like giants,
With here wepons like mattokkes
5088 Thei gafe many boistous knokkes; — deal terrible blows.
Strong thei were out of mesure,
Ther might noo mañ here strokes endure.
Here king, Sir Armonyus hight, — Their king, Armonius,
5092 Of Anazaree he had a sight,
And with his ireñ mattok — hits Anazaree a tremendous blow
His shelde he gaue such a knok — with his mattock,
That Anazaree gan to stoupe
5096 Bakward ouer his hors croupe;
Had he no might to hold his shelde,
The arme that it with-al he helde
Was with the stroke astoyned soo sore
5100 He wende haue be lost for euermore,
Had he not stouped he had be deid;
The mace was hevie as any leid
That it the stedes nek to-brast; — kills his horse,
5104 Tho was Anazaree sore agast,

His stede fel deid vndre him thoo,
and leaves him swooning. Anazaree swoned in that woo;
Whan he stil in swonyng lay,
5108 He lete him lie, and went his wey.
Then Armonius attacks Darel, Thañ gañ he Darel draw nigh,
And lift vp his mace on high,
And therwith Darel he smote soo
5112 Amiddes betwix his shuldres twoo
and nearly fells him to the ground, That Darel fel nigh to ground;
But as he stouped in that stound,
but he clings to his horse's neck, Aboute the nek his stede he hent
5116 That he not douñ fullie went;
So he lay in swonyng a while,
That theef almost did him begyle;
Sone he rose, and lay not long,
and then goes to the men who are carrying Anazaree from the field. 5120 He drogh him his felous among,
For thei Anazaree *with* hem had,
Him thei reskewed, *from* the yndes lad;
Set he was on a goode stede,—
5124 The shame to his hert yede,—
But Anazaree recovers, Anazaree lift vp his hond,
And smote a knight of ynde lond [Fol. 128b, col. 1.]
On high on the helme ayeinst the crowñ
5128 That the grete stroke fled a-dowñ
Thurgh the helme in to the brayne;
and kills a knight of Ynde. For al his might, there was he slayne,
Euen before Armonius sight
5132 Deid from his stede fel that knight.
Armonius grieves for the loss of the knight, Thereof made Armonius the king
Grete sorow and weymenting,
For that knight he loued wele,
5136 Of his kyñ he was somdele;
For wrath he gañ loud crie,
collects his mattock-men, And his folkes to-gedre gañ hie

With here mattokkes long and grete; — who kill many of the Sowdon's party,
5140 Many thei made here liues to lete.
Armonyus saw [Generides],
And to him he made ful grete pres; — and he himself attacks Generides,
As an hound that wold bite,
5144 Semblaunce he made forto smite;
[Generides] was of him ware,
His naked swerd in hond he bare,
The egge was mich wered a-wey — whose sword-edge is much injured with hacking helms.
5148 On helmes, with his large pay,
That wroght were of yren and stele,
With strokes that he had set wele.
King Armonius first smet — Armonius hits Generides,
5152 On [Generides], such a stroke he sett
On his shelde *with* his grete mace,
That had it not ben thurgh goddes grace
His deth he had caght tho, — and nearly kills him,
5156 His sheld to-sheuered euen in twoo
From ende to ende ouertwhert.
Generides was egre of hert, — and Generides in turn
The sheld he put vnto that dint,
5160 And in the sheld the stroke stint;
He gafe Armonius ageynward
A ful stroke, and an hard, — cleaves Armonius
On the helme aboue the crovñ,
5164 That twoo q*uar*ters therof fel dovñ,
The barres of gold in sondre yede,
The brond to the brãyn gan spede,
And euen clofe the heid in twoo, — in two, right to the breast-bone.
5168 The nek to the breste boone also
Euen right douñ to the girdle stede;
The king from his stede fel doun deid.
Than wax his folk dismaied sore, — This dismays the mattock-men,
5172 Batel to hold list thei no more;

and their captain, Outran, tells them to go,

Outran, that was here Captein most,
He seid, "felous, goo we from this ost,
For erthlie man neuer I sigh
5176 Gif such a stroke, fer ne nigh,
As did he this that oure lord slogh,

as Generides must be a devil to strike such a stroke as that.

For a deuel it was a stroke ynogh,
And to mich for any mañ,
5180 I trow he is a fende," seid Outrañ,
"There is noo counsel with vs but ooñ; [Fol. 128b, col. 2.]
Goo we hens euerichooñ;
It is not worth lenger to dwell,
5184 Yondir devel shal vs all quell."

King Bellyns exhorts the flying Indians;

The king of kinges com riding,
And met the yndianes fast fleyng,
And saw the sorow that thei made;
5188 His hert begañ sore to fade
For wondir of here cowardise,
He trusted hem most in al wise,
He wend to fight thei had bene best,
5192 For of his oste thei wer strongest;
Toward Outrãn he rode his stede,
And seid, "felow, help at this nede
To destroie here oure enmyes,
5196 Or elles we lese here oure prise."

but Outran says it is no good: Generides goes on like a devil.

Outrañ seid, "it may not be;
May not ye youre self see
That yondre knight on the white stede
5200 Taketh oñ as a deuel in dede?
In this world I saw neuer such ooñ;
Thurgh him we hãn our lord forgooñ
That was so strong and so hardie,
5204 With oon stroke he clofe his bodie."

Bellyns is very wroth,

Whan king Bellins herd that saw,
That king Armonius was slaw,

He wex nigh woode for wrath, I wene;
5208 But furth he rode in grete tene,
On the helme he smote Lauran the king — and hits King Lauran so that he swoons.
That he stouped and fel in swonyng,
Of that stroke so astoned he was;
5212 Yet was he holpen in that case.
Generides ful fast thoo cam, — Generides tries to get at Bellyns,
And of king Bellins hede he nam;
He presed fast to him ward,
5216 But the pres was so thik and hard — but is prevented by the press.
That sone thei were parted in sonndre,
Elles had thei made grete wondre
And proued here strenght that same day,
5220 Gladlie thei wold haue made assay,
But than ne might it be noght.
The king Bellins had grete thoght — Bellyns is distressed at his men's
That his folk begoñ to scater;
5224 Him self among, neuer the later,
He bare him as a doughti knight,
Many oon that day to dethe he dight;
His meñ were vnhorsed and takeñ,
5228 His folkes deid, on sondre shakeñ, — giving way,
Therof was he woo ynogh
Whan he saw thei hem withdrogh,
For he ne might not aloone
5232 Fight ayeinst heñ euerichooñ.
Generides was hardie and sligh, — and Generides
And saw hem flee, and drogh him nigh,
Chasing and euer layng oñ, — chases and kills them.
[Fol. 129, col. 1.] 5236 With his sword he slogh many oñ,
And many from here horse he kest;
His felows also at the best
Bare heñ wele that ilk tide,
5240 Many oñ thei slogh oñ ech a side.

That ost without begañ to flee,
He and his companions turn back to the city, [Generides] he turned ageyñ trewlie,
With his felows to the Citie thei went,
5244 The gates thei shet bi here althers consent,
And thei withoute than euerechooñ
To here pavilouñs gañ to gooñ,
Wele sore ashamed and dismaied
5248 That thei that day were so affraied.
Moche ioye and solempnitie
and those within give Generides great praise. Thei made tho within the Citie;
Thei gave [Generides] the victorie,
5252 Of knighthod al did him magnifie;
No man herd him neuer boost,
Yet was he best of all the oost.
Mooñ laude gave him the Soudoñ,
5256 So did his lordes euerichoñ,
And thanked him of here wynnyng,
And worshipped him of his begynnyng.
Bellyns hears of it, and vows he will fight Generides. Bellins herd of his loos now;
5260 Than to god he mad a vow
"Die he wold vpon a day
But he [Generides] wold assay;
Allooñ he wold *with* him fight,
5264 That al men may see here might,
Which of hem shal haue maistrie;"—
To him he had so grete envie.
The victuals in the city are nearly gone, Here vitailes in the Citie were spent,
5268 In point thei were to be shent
And lese here lond and here honoure,
But god send hem bettre socoure.
but Bellyns wishes to win it by fighting himself, The king of kinges knew here mischief,
5272 But him were moch bettre and lefe
With his own bodie allooñ to wyñ
Al that were the Citie within.

CHAPTER XII.

How the King of Kinges desireth to darreyñ the batel [with] his ovñ hondes.

King Bellyns assembles his host.

Vpõn a day in the morow tide
5276 He called his lordes on euery side,
Of his oost he made assemble
A litle beside that feire Citie
In a middow faire and brode,
5280 Him self in the midward stode,
Of hert he was passing proude,
To hem he spake al oñ loude
Forto shew his hertes will,

and tells them

5284 "Lordes," he seid, "standeth still,
And listeneth wele to my purpose
Of that I shal to you disclose;

that if they stop there longer they will be dishonoured,

If we lenger here dwell,
5288 Vnworship men wil of us mell;
[Fol. 120, col. 2.] Of oure folk, ye wete wele all,
Grete losse is vs befall,
And that of the best most sonest
5292 I warñe you, I sey in ernest,
The deuel him hang bi the throte
That will suffre this Rote;

and therefore he will bring the war to an end

As for me, nov I may,
5296 I will make a short assay
To bring to end this batell
Or six das without faile;

For, bi god I on bileue,
5300 Who it pleas, or who it greue,
Vpõn me Bellins, youre grete king,
Shal fałł the lose or the wynnyng;
by a single combat with some knight
With my bodie alloone I shal
5304 Fight with som knight grete or smal,
And ther be oõn so hardie on here side
Me in bateł forto abide;
My werre ende now wiłł I
5308 With strenght of myñ own bodie;
And therfore, bi youre counsel and reide,
Send I wil without drede
of the Sowdon's
To the Soudoñ into his toure,
5312 As he wil saue his high̃ honoure,
That he a knight purvey and finde,
So he be of gentil kynde,
That bodie for bodie, and hond for hond,
5316 Wil fight with me to saue his lond
within four days.
Within thes foure daies at the lest,
Or out of his lond I shal him threst:
Shal he noon othir mercy wyñ,
5320 He nor noon of all his kyñ."
King Lamedon
The king of libie, lamedoñ,
He stert vp and answerd anoon̄,
He seid, "lordes, Princes, and barouñs,
5324 Hou liketh you bi the kinges resoũns?
thinks that Bellyns's proposal is a good one,
Euer me thinketh, bi seint Michel,
The king of kinges hath seid wel;
But I trow ther is noon so hardie,
5328 Duke, Erle, ne noon of his baronye,
Ayeinst him that will fight,
So wele thei knew al his might,
But that he profereth̃ so large a way
5332 To put the bataile betwix twey,

Him self that oon wold bene,
That chalenge is wele sene."
The barouñes thoght that it was soo, — and the other barons agree.
5336 And al thei assented wel thertoo.
Lamedoñ was wise and sligh, — Lamedon
Of the Soudanes kyñ he was nigh,
That the batel shuld oñ that manere
5340 As king Bellins ordeined there,
But he had grete couetise — desires to reconcile Bellyns and the Sowdon.
To accord hem in som wise ;—
Litle respite at mych nede
[Fol. 128b, col. 1.] 5344 Falleth som tyme wele to spede ;—
For aythers worship, never the les,
Leamedoñ coveteth pees.
Thañ was the king of kinges glad — But the King of Kings
5348 That no mañ his will forbad ;
He thanked king Leamedoñ
And al his lordes euerechoñ,
And chese his barouns wise and hende — gives his barons
5352 On his message forto wende,
"Goo and sey vnto the Saudañ, — his challenge to the Sowdon's knights
That if he may finde a mañ
That were so strong and so hardie
5356 That durst bodie for bodie
Ayeinst the king of kinges fight, — to fight
Were he at the degre of knight,
That within the xv day — him within fifteen days
5360 He shuld send him without delay
Into the middow the Citie by, — in the city meadows alone.
There shal he finde redily
Ayeinst him the king of kinges ;
5364 Al his meignye and lordinges,
He shal remeve heñ that tide,
And him self there batel abide."

The messengers were Sampson,

That oon messanger hight Sampsoñ,
5368 A wise man of grete Renouñ;
Of Corinthie, that riche contree,
Lord and chieftañ was he;

Loridas,

That othre hight Loridas,
5372 A noble man, lord of Damas,
Wise he was of londes law;

and Jonathas.

Jonathas, hight the third felaw,
Of Egipt a noble barouñ,
5376 A wittie mañ of grete renouñ,
Doghtie of his bodie also;
To him and to his felows twoo
The king of kinges told his wit,
5380 And bad his message thei shuld fulfit,
To the Soudon tel in al thing
His message pleiñ without letting.
Al thre thei were wise ynogh,

They take an olive-branch,

5384 And toke in here hand a bough
Of Olive, in tokene of pees,

go to the city,

And went here wey without les:
At the gate lete yñ thei were
5388 For the tokeñs that thei bere.

and are led to the Sowdon,

To the Soudoñ meñ broght hem soñe
Here message here forto dooñ;

whom Sampson tells

Sampson spake, for he was theldest,
5392 To doo that message he was best;
"We be sent from the king of kinges
For to bring you new tithinges;

that he must give up his land

Aftre this day, ye yelde youre lond
5396 Al hollie vp in to his hond,

unless he finds a knight

But if ye may finde a knight
That dar be so hardye and wight
Ayeinst him in any wise [Fol. 129b, col. 2.]

to fight body for body

5400 Fight bodie for bodie; nov you avise,

For hard it were such oon to finde,
So bold, and comeñ of gentil kinde,
That ageyñ him fight wold,
5404 A grete fule I shuld him hold,
For so hardie a mañ in any lond,
Ne so bold, I take on hond,
As is Bellins, the king of kinges, — against the King of Kings,
5408 That such añ oost with him bringes.
Also, Sir, of an othre thing
He sendeth you word, that riche king;
That ye send him youre doghtre dere — and unless he sends the king his daughter as a paramour.
5412 A while to be his pleing fere;
For as I deme, but she it make,
Shul ye neuer haue pes, I vndretake;
For oure king as amerous is
5416 As any man in erthe I-wis;
Therfor I know no bettre reasouñ
To bring al this werre a-douñ
Than youre doghtre him to send;
5420 Best she shal youre right defend, — She will be the best means to stop the war.
That al this werre betwix you twoo
May be peased for euermoo
Without spilling of more bloode;
5424 Bethink you if my reasoñ be goode."
The Saudoñ sat as stil as stooñ, — The Sowdon
And al his baronnes euerichooñ;
He saw wele he was at mischief,
5428 To saue his londes he was lefe, — wishes to save his lands,
And knight had he nooñ, as he wende,
That his londes wold defende;
Welnigh it was in his thoght — and is thinking of doing what Sampson requires,
5432 Sampsones counsel to haue wroght;
What he might doo he ne wist,
Whãn he saw no man list

To speke a word, but satten stil.

when Generides, disgusted at the others' silence,

5436 [Generides] than liked ful yll
Such cowardes thei shuld he hold,
That noon of hem speke wold;
Than he saw bi the Soudones chere,
5440 And knew a parte of his manere,
That he easy to chaunge was,

and seeing the Sowdon about to give up his daughter,

And that he shuld his ladie
To the king of kinges graunt,
5444 In vnclennes hir life to haunt.
[Generides] that suffre ne might,
But stert vp ful egre and light,
And spake on high vnto the Soudoñ
5448 Before his lordes euerichooñ,

says he must not do so,

"Sir," he seid, "if youre wil be,
Ye shal not bi the counsel of me
Doo as thes messangers say to you;

it would be great villainy

5452 For it were youre grete vilany nov
Mi ladie, youre doghtre, any man to take,

to make his daughter a bad woman,

An evel womañ of hir to make; [Fol. 130, col. 1.]
If he wold speke of mariage,
5456 That were worship and avauntage;
That othre were grete shame and lore,
I shal tel you wel wherfore:

his enemies would hold him cheap for it,

Than might wel youre enmyes
5460 Hold you of ful litle price,
And al youre lordes and euery mañ
Wold set ful litle bi you thañ,
And sey that it were yuel beset,

and his knights would be dishonoured if they suffered it.

5464 The dishonour we al therbi might gete,
And the grete nurtoure and goodnes
That ye haue dooñ vs more and les,
If we shuld thurgh cowardise
5468 Suffre such vilanie in this wise;

For drede my ladie thus to lese,
Rather I my self wold chese
To take on hond this batel for you
5472 To saue youre lond for youre prou;
For wele I wote and vndrestond
Youre quarel is trew ye haue on hond,
And therfor who shal for you fight,
5476 He shal wirch al with the right;
And god, that neuer loued wrong,
In youre right shal make me strong;
If his help be my guyde,
5480 Neuer shal I mis-betid;
And therfor if the king of kinges
Wold haue youre doghtre without wedinges,
He shal hir wyñ in pleyn bataile,
5484 And elles he shal now on hir faile."
Whan he had thus seid to the Soudoñ,
To the messangers he seid anoon̄,
He seid to Sampsoñ there he stoode,
5488 "Ye ar a messanger, noble and goode
To doo youre lordes message a-right;
But he is vncurtes, I you plight,
And his counsel is bad therto,
5492 Therfor it shal nothing be soo;
Sey youre lord, If I lyve may,
He shal me finde the third day
(Bi the might of goddes grace)
5496 Redie armed in the place
There he assigneth the batel to be;
Treuly I cast me not to flee;
Mi gloue here to plegge I lay
5500 To kepe my promys the same day;
To fight with me, him is noo shame,
Wel I know, bi goddes name!

Rather than that, Generides will fight for the Sowdon,

and God shall make him strong.

Generides

then charges Sampson

to tell the King of Kings he will fight him on the third day,

whereof he lays his glove as a pledge.

A kinges soñ, I am certeyñ,
5504 Neuer til nov I did it seyñ;
A king is my fadre, my modre a quene,
Som tyme I hope it shal be seeñ."

The Sowdon repents of having imprisoned Generides.

Whañ the Soudoñ herd of that,
5508 Wel stil he sighed ther he sat,
And ful sore gan him Repent [Fol. 130, col. 2.]
That he him prisoned for such an entent
Touching his doughtre [Clarionas];
5512 Therof ful sore dismayed he was.

Sampson, seeing his boldness

Sampsoñ beheld [Generides],
And saw that he noo colour lese,
Nor noo maner abasshaunce,
5516 But bare him bold of countyn*aun*ce;

and fair stature,

And therto he saw his feir stature,
Large of brede and of goode mesure,
And seid (:) "Sir, for youre goode

advises him to withdraw,

5520 I rede ye withdraw youre moode;
Many oon bereth him bold at home,
Dar doo ful simplie if he out come;
Mi feire Sir, I rede you
5524 That ye so bold bere not yoũ

and not fight the best of all the knights of the world.

To profre you to fight in such fightes
With him that bereth the price of al knightes
That is in this world, yong or olde;
5528 If ye did (:) ful simple I wold you hold."

Generides says

[Generides] answerd him thoo,
"Sir," he seid, "it may wele be soo
That he hath noo pere of prowes;
5532 As therfor, neithre the more ne les,

he has the right on his side,

I haue the right and he the wrong,
Right maketh a feble man strong;
And here to god I make a vow,
5536 Were he as strong as Sampsoñ now,

Taxe geteth he noon of Perse lond; — and will die sooner than Perse shall be taxed;
I shal die rather thañ see it so bond.
Out of this Citie alooñ shal I
5540 Come (:) and he wil voide his company
I shal him mete my self allooñ,
Thañ may he his [wil] to me dooñ; — he will fight the king, Bellyns, on the third day.
The third day at prime it shal be seeñ,
5544 He shal me finde on yondre greñe;
Take here my wedd, and say him thus,
I shal not faile bi crist Ihesus."
Sampson receyved ther the wed, — Sampson returns,
5548 And ageyñ his wey he sped
With his felows to the king,
And told, as he bad him, in al thing — and gives the king Generides's message.
His pleyñ answer in ech degree,
5552 And of thes tithinges right glad was he;
And his pavilouñs from that stede,
With al his oost, remeve he did
From the towñ twoo long myle,
5556 He logged heñ there for a while;
Vpoñ here liues he hath forbede
"That [when] so euer he there spede,
That noon of hem shul remew,
5560 Him to help or reskew."
Of this bataile the tithinges sprong
In al the Citie the folk among;
For [Generides] thei made dole and weping, — All mourn for Generides,
[Fol. 130b, col. 1.] 5564 Bothe yong and old in grete mournyng,
And for him thei preid ful hertilie.
[Clarionas] sorowed for him gretelie — and Clarionas sorrows for him,
That such a bataile shuld bene
5568 King Bellins and [Generides] betwene,
Or than she herd ful wele sey — because she has heard
"That knight liued noght at that day

that Bellyns lays all who fight him low.

That to Bellins wold be felow,
5572 But sone he broght him right low,
So strong and so doughtie he was;"
Grete sorow therfor made [Clarionas,]
"Allas," she seid, "for verray pitie
5576 This dooth [Generides] for loue of me;
If any thing hap him amys,
I am cause therof I-wis;
I can noon othre boote therto,

If Generides dies, she will die too;

5580 If he die, so shal I alsoo;
Outhir if he wold forsake
The batel he hath vndretake,
Whider-som-euer wend he wold,
5584 Goo with him for sothe I shold—
If he wold me with him lede—
To forsake al my kinrede;

but she would rather send and tell him to give up the fight, and she will go with him anywhere.

And Mirabel, if ye wold assent,
5588 I wold my chambirleyñ to him went,
And pray him the batel to withdraw;
I had leuer goo with him thogh I shuld be slaw."

Mirabel will not hear of this,

"Doo wey, ma dame," seid Mirabell,
5592 It were not youre worship, treulie to tell,
For ye were shent for euermore,

as all his honour would be lost by it,

And al his worship therbi were lore,
Whan he to fight hath take on hond
5596 Forto saue al Perse lond;
Bi his withdrawing his foos might avaunt,
He shuld be holden as Recreaunt,
And my lorde youre fadres worship therto
5600 Shuld be vttirlie lost for euermoo;

but tells Clarionas she must ask him

But send him word on this manere—
Sith ye ar his ladie dere—
That he wil undretake this fight

to fight for her love

5604 For youre loue and for your fadres right;

Behote him euer to be trew, — and be ever true to her.
And neuer to chaunge him for noo new.
Anoon Gwynet hir chambirleyñ— — This message Gwynet
5608 Which was euer trew, the sothe to seyñ—
The message did from [Clarionas]:
To [Generides] sent he was,
And curteslie did him present — takes to Generides,
5612 With the message his ladie to him sent,
And told him the ende of al hir sonde,
As ferforth as he couth vndrestond?
[Generides] thanked hir hertilie wel — who thanks his lady for it.
5616 Both for hir message and hir pensel,
And he besoght hir to be trew and kinde,
For so shuld she him euer finde.
[Fol. 130b, col. 2.] Gwynet made noo tariyng
5620 But bare the report *with* glad tithing.
On the third morow Bellins the king — On the third day Bellyns
Rose erlie or the day gañ spring;
He lete sadle his sted Morell,
5624 And armed him richelie and well, — arms and rides forth on his steed Morell.
And stert vp, and furth he rode
That neuer he stint ne aboode
Into the medow til that he cañ
5628 Where he to fight on hond nam.
His stede that he sat vpoñ — His steed was coal-black,
Was colle blake, and ther-to he shooñ
As any gete ayeinst the light;
5632 A feire stede he was, and therto wight,
Therfor he him sonest chese
To ride ageyñ [Generides];
His shelde was blak and blew, sanz fable, — his shield blue and sable,
5636 Barred of asure and of sable,
With floures thik poudred wele,
Stif, and sharplie heded *with* stele,

Long ynogh, and grete to see;
5640 His helme was worth̃ a riche countre;
His swerd heng bi his right side,
The hilt was sett *with* riche Rubie
That bright shoon̄ as any sterre,
5644 A bettre swerd come neuer in werre.
There in the midow he houed allon̄,—
With him no man of flesh and bon̄,—
Euer leynyng on̄ his launce;
5648 With irous hert and grete countyn*a*unce
He demed noon so hardie were
To come fight *with* him there.
Vnto [Generides[1]] come the tithinges,
5652 That comẽn was the king of kinges,
And armed in the middow rode,
And the batel there abode.
Whan [Generides] of that wist,
5656 To arme him he had grete list;
Whan that he was armed wele
He lept vpon̄ his stede Grisel,
The Soudon gaf it [Generides[2]],
5660 For him to fight he it chese.
[Generides] set him on his stede,
And forth̃ he rode a goode spede
Into the midow to the king,
5664 Wel y-armed in al thing;
Of hors and armes at his pay
The Soudon̄ yave him the same day,
A feire swerd he yave him than̄
5668 That was the Emp*e*rours Julian̄,
That thurgh treason̄ was sleyn̄ in Rome
Of his comonns without dome;

his sword-hilt set with rubies,

and he thinks no one will be bold enough to fight him.

Generides hears of it,

arms at once,

mounts Grisel,

and rides to the meadow where Bellyns awaits him,

the Sowdon having given him Julian's sword,

[1] This and the other *Generides*-es in the few next folios are in the later hand, and sometimes written *Germides*.

[2] *to his* in the later hand.

Twoo of tho traitoures stole that brond,
5672 And broght it into Perse lond;
The Soudoñ smote of here heides bothe,
[Fol. 131, col. 1.] For traitoures was him euer loothe;
The same sword was goode and bright,
5676 This goode sword Claret hight; — named Claret.
Aboute his nek heng his shelde,
Bright it shoone ouer all the felde;
The champe of the feld was goules — His shield red,
5680 Thik y-poudred with smale foules — with gold birds,
Of riche gold, with a broode bourdure — and bordered,
Purtraied with sable and with asure;
Therto he bare a ful grete launce, — and on his lance
5684 And heng theron his conyssaunce — hangs Clarionas's cognizance.
That [Clarionas] him last sent.
Whan he was redie, furth he went;
At the Soudoñ his leue taketh he,
5688 And yede out at gates of the Citie; — The citizens go out
To the walles yede many without faile — of the gates to see
Forto behold that strong bataile; — the combat,
The grete went vp into the toure
5692 To behold that sharp shoure
That thañ toward [Generides] was:
In grete drede was [Clarionas]. — and Clarionas is in great dread.
[Generides] rode furth waloping
5696 Into the middow ther fast nighyng;
The king of kinges saw him come thañ, — King Bellyns gallops up to him,
Waloping fast to him he rañ,
And proudlie with a stern chere
5700 He seid, "art thou come, messangere? — and asks if he has
What wondre did the hidre come?" — come as a messenger.
Whañ [Generides] had vndre-nome
How wrothe he was for his comyng,
5704 Agreued he was, and seid, "sir king,

"Yes, to tell you to go back to your own country;

On message I am come to the,
The soudon me sent as thou may see;
Out of his lond he biddeth the goo
5708 To thi contre there thou come froo,
For vpoñ him thou warrest wit̃h wrong,
And that may he not suffre long,
And, Sir, now I haue the seid
5712 The message that was on me leid,

No, to fight you, for the Sowdon and his land."

Nou come I not as a messanger,
But I come as A bachiller
Ageinst the in the place anooñ
5716 For defend my lord the Soudoñ;
His lond, and his men, from trewage
Or from ony othir maner seruage,
Ageyns thi wrong in oure right
5720 I wil defend with al my might."

The King of Kings bellows for rage;

The king of kinges this vndrestoode,
And begañ to below for verray moode;
Of visage he wex pale ynogh̃,

both prepare,

5724 And a litle he him with-drogh,
[Generides] also oñ his side
Dressed him redie forto ride,
He couerd him thoo wit̃h his shelde,
5728 For to Iust his spere he helde;
[Bellins[1]] Also in his wise [[1] *Bellinus* in a later hand.]
Purveid him in the same gyse. [Fol. 131, col. 2.]
The king lete his hors gooñ,

and charge,

5732 And [Generides] vnto him rañ anooñ;
The first strokes that thei yeueñ,

smash one another's shields,

Booth here sheldes al to-riveñ,
Here launces passed furth fast bie

but do no hurt.

5736 That noon touched othirs bodie,
Here speres beleft hole booth,
And therfor thei were ful wrooth̃;

The king in hert was neuer so woo,
5740 His stede he russhed to and froo;
An othre course thei riden with hate, — They charge again.
[Generides] come not to late,
His spere he bare vpon high,
5744 The kinges helm it come ful nigh
That al the plate ayeinst his vise — Generides drives in the king's helm,
The stroke it withstoode in noo wise;
Thurgh the helme the spere yode,
5748 And euen forbi the visage glode,
Yet it hurt not the king
Vnethes but a litle ripling;
Bi the hauberk the bloode douñ rañ, — and draws blood.
5752 Welnigh he had his mede thañ;
The king in the same chaunce — The king
Smote [Generides] with his launce
In his sheld, that it to-rofe;
5756 Thurgh a rift the launce drofe
Forth bi [Generides] side, — makes a hole in Generides's side
On his armure it made an hole wide — armour,
That [Generides] was armed in;
5760 Som dele it touched of his skyñ,
But it made no depe wound,
The reid bloode douñ ran to ground. — draws blood too,
The king supposed at that stirt
5764 [Generides] he had thurgh girt,
And cried on high, "maistre, thou bledes, — and tells Generides
A while thou must rest the nedes;
I rede that thou goo home ageyñ, — he had better go home again.
5768 To saue thi life thou oughtest be fayñ."
"Sir king," seid [Generides], — Generides
"I blede fast, it is noo les;
On liue thou woldest lete me gooñ,
5772 And so I wil, wilt thou or nooñ;

Of that thou hast lete me bloode
It dooth me yet no thing but goode;
taunts him with the wound in his face. But think on the wound in thi face,
5776 That remembraunce shal be euer in that place."
Out of witt he was for wode,
Yet was his spere hole and goode,
And so was [Generides] also;
5780 Ful egrelie thei loked both twoo,
Here stedes thoo to withdraw thei goñ,
They run the third course, The third course to-gedre thei roñ;
In mid sheld aithre othir met
5784 With stoute strokes, and wele I-sett; [Fol. 131b, col. 1.]
The sheldes crased thoo somdele,
But both thei kept hem ful wele
That hem self noon hurt thei toke;
5788 Both here speres in peces thei broke,
And eithir hors hurtled othir soo
and are both upset, That al four fete men might se thoo,
horse and man, Both ouerthrew hors and mañ.
and the citizens 5792 Grete crie was in the Citie than,
Of [Generides] thei were agast
That he was so to greund cast,
and Clarionas fear for Generides. [Clarionas [1]] also saw that [[1] *Clarionas ther* in the later hand.]
5796 Out of the toure there she sat;
Of [Generides] she was in were,
She wept and made ful heuy chere.
But he and Bellyns Both [Generides] and the king
5800 Thei were ashamed of here falling;
spring up, Vp thei rose, thei lay not long,
and by mistake take one another's horses. For hast thei toke here horses wrong,
Ich of hem in that hastie nede
5804 Stert vpon othirs stede;
The king was sore dismaied,
Such a turñ had he neuer assaied;

Swerdes draw thei must thoo, — They draw their swords
5808 For speres had thei nomoo;
There begañ bataile strong,
For litle loue was hem among,
Helmes, sheldes, thei bete and cloueñ
5812 With grete strokes that thei youeñ, — and fight fiercely.
That the middow vndre hem rebound
Of strokes thei yaue on the ground;
The king for wroth was nigh woode
5816 That oon man so long him withstoode,
His bridel thoo he gan restreyñ,
And to [Generides] gan he seyñ — Then the king proposes to Generides
"Wikked mañ, art thou yete on liue
5820 In this maner with me to striue?
Whi doost thou fight so felly with me
Whañ I neuer erst mys-did the,
And for thing that toucheth the noght?
5824 Therfor I rede thou chaunge thi thoght,
And my mãn become right now, — to become his man,
That shal be mych more for thi prow;
To medes I wil gyve the thi life,
5828 And grete londes, and leue thi strife;
And whan I haue [Clarionas] y-gete, — and he will give up Clarionas to him;
For thi loue I shal hir lete;
And thou wilt here of me craue,
5832 At my yeft thou shalt hir haue;
And, for I the so doughtie know,
Me reweth sore to bring the low,
Or ye to flee here at mischief,
5836 To saue thi life me were ful lef;
If thou wilt not, thou getest noo grace, — otherwise he, Bellyns, will kill him.
But thou shal die here in this place."
[Fol. 131b, col. 2.] Thañ answerd Sir [Generides], — Generides says
5840 "I see wele I may haue thi pes

If I wil thi man become,
And leue that I haue on hond nome,
To defend the Soudon of his lond
5844 Ayeinst the with my right hond;

he will not be a traitor to the Sowdon,

In me shal he neuer treasoñ finde,
For it cam me neuer of kinde;
Fals to be found, siker thou be,
5848 Noght shal I for drede of the,
Nor for thi loue, ne for thi heste,
For that I preise euer at the lest:
For thou proferest that thou hast no part,
5852 That me to yeue large thou art;

and as to Clarionas, she is not Bellyns's to give—

Thou proferest me [Clarionas],
That noght is thin, ne neuer was;
For such a gift is not to allowe,
5856 For thou maist it not avow;
But who so hir haue at hir will,
For sothe he may not spede ill,
But sekirlie thou art not he,
5860 I dar wel say, who soo it be;

he will have little of her—

Thi part of hir, bi that we gooñ,
I hope it shal be litle or nooñ;
And thogh I hir haue shold,
5864 Of thi gyft haue hir I nold;
And therfor, as for me, I sey

let the sword decide.

With dint of sverd betwix us twey."
Whan the king this answer herd,

Bellyns is furious,

5868 As a woode mañ he blew and ferd,
And to [Generides] he seid thoo,
"With-draw the now as my deidli foo;
For al the gold and siluer bright
5872 That euer was in the world dight,
Thi life this day thou shuldest bye
That thou ne shalt of my hondes die."

To [Generides] his wey he made—
5876 Of that was many oon̄ vnglade
Of the Citie that saw it thoo,—
[Generides] he smote soo — attacks Generides, and splits his shield;
That his sheld nigh̄ al to-brast,
5880 Therof he was ful sore agast;
The king perceyved in that dede
The strengh̄ of [Generides] stede,
The chaunge he thoght was [not] a-mys
5884 That [Generides] had his stede I-wis;
The king was right slie and queynt,
And saw his ovn̄ stede gan̄ to feynt
That [Generides] than bestrode;
5888 The king hurtling to him rode, — then charges him again,
For with his ovn̄ stedes brest
The goode knight ther doun he kest,
That vndre him that feint stede — and throws his steed to the ground;
5892 Both at oones to ground thei yede.
With the falling [Generides]
[Fol. 132, col. 1.] His goode sverd from his hond he les; — Generides loses his sword,
That saw the king, and ouer him rode — and the king rides over him,
5896 Twies or thries or he abode;
Neuer wors than tho [Generides] lete,
Vp he keuered on his fete, — but he rises,
His goode sverd he saw on ground,
5900 Ful woo he was in that stound.
The king approched to him fast,
Yet his sverd he couerd at the last — recovers his sword,
Vp from the ground, magre the king
5904 That made there many an hurtling
Forto lete him his sverd to take.
[Generides] hert began̄ to quake,
Of that shame he there betid,
5908 Al his bloode kele it did;

As thei made this turnyeng,
and catches the king's steed by the bridle; The same stede that bare the king,
Bi the bridel [Generides] him hent,
5912 And tho he swore by seint Clement
"This stede deliuer me thou most,
For it was myn, as wele thou wost;
This day to wel he hath serued the,
5916 An euel chaunge it was for me."
the king spurs it to get free, The king smote the hors in the side,
From [Generides] wold he ride;
I blame him not thogh he were wrothe,
5920 The king had his stede, that was him lothe;—
but Generides holds tight; The hors he held for al his russhing
And for al the maugre of the king,
So that thurgh his holding hard
the horse rears and falls backward with the king. 5924 The sted arerud and fel bakward;
And ther lay the king of kinges,
He was yuel paied of thes tithinges;
Vp he stert; withdraw him he wold;
5928 But [Generides] seid he ne shold,
Generides mocks him, "Laugh there," he seid, "now, sir king,
Thou plaidest with me at thi liking,
Nou shal I, Sir, magre thi leue,
5932 Som what ageyñ the now greue."
and hits him a blow The king he smote with hert felh,
Of his sheld floy of a grete cantel,
A litle he hirt him in the face,
5936 Bi the brest his swerd gãn glace,
Añ hundreth nailes and many moo
Of his hauberk he rent thoo;
that nearly kills him, Litle wanted that the king
5940 Of that stroke had his ending;
But the stroke vndre the fent
Queyntly al a-side it went,

For bi his flank the sverd stert; — but the sword glances aside
5944 That tyme he had no more hirt,
That meñ might see *with*out couert,
His bare knee it kerued overtwhert,
The point of the sverd *with* that stroke lepe
5948 Into the ground twoo fote depe. — and goes two feet into the ground.
[Fol. 132, col. 2.] The king on him loked hote,
And seid, "cursed be thou that me so smote, — The king curses him,
And thi sverd both that kerueth so wele,
5952 For ther is in it to mych stele.
Of this stroke I am in thi det,
To quite it the I wil not let."
With his shelde he couerd his bodie,
5956 He rañ to him ful egrelie, — rushes at him,
From him som dele he wold haue wried
Whañ his fel coñyng he aspied,
To cleue his heid the king made ame,
5960 But—blessed be goddes holie name—
[Generides] *with* his goode shelde
That hidous stroke from him helde;
Euen to bokel the shelde rofe, — splits his shield and his shoulder armour,
5964 Douñ to the shuldre the sverd drofe,
And brake both hauberk and Actoñ,
In many stede the male fel douñ,
Welnigh it came to the bare side;
5968 The sverd *with* the stroke gan glide,
And gafe [Generides] a grete wound — and gives him a great wound in the thigh.
In the thigh that ilk stound;
The sverd furth in to the erthe shet,
5972 And made a depe hole and a grete.
And thañ the king Bellins seid,
"Felow, thou maist me nat abreid
That I thi dettour long wold be,
5976 I trow thou art quit, so mot I the."

Generides

Thoo was [Generides] hert ful woo,
For angre he wexed angre thoo,
He smote the king on the helm̃ aboue,–
5980 That stroke was to his behoue,—
With his sword he hath doun̄ driuen̄
A quarter of his helme al to-riuen̄,

cuts off the King's right ear,

And clouen̄ a-wey the right ere;
5984 That stroke sore did him dere,
Gliding to the shuldre ward
Thogh the hauberk wer strong and herd;
There the sword cam, it al to-rent,

and a great piece

5988 The bare arme at last it hent,
And did the king mych harme,

of his right arm.

Hit bare a-wey of his right arme
A grete pece of brawn̄ with the skyn̄;
5992 No ner his bodie cam it In̄.

For the first time since he sucked his mother, the king is dismayed,

The king was stoyned of that stroke,
For sith he of his modre sooke
Dismaied was he neuer or thoo
5996 As whan̄ he saw his ere agoo;
A little to feint he began̄,
But he was so doughtie a man̄,
And looth be euercome he was;
6000 He stepped nere him in that place,

but strikes Generides on the broken shield,

On̄ the sheld that was reue,
[Generides] such a stroke he yeue
That thurgh the shelde the sword went,

and cuts his shoulder to the bone;

6004 On [Generides] shuldre it hent [Fol. 132b, col. 1.]
And wounded him to the boon̄,
But mayme therof had he noon̄;
But nad the king be so werie,
6008 Al the shuldre fast bi the bodie
Had goon of in that tide,
Ne had goddes help ben on his side;

With the strokes that yede hem among — then they strike
6012 The fire out of here swerdes sprong,
Here good harneys failed fast,
Yreñ and stele might hem not last;
So egrelie here strokes thei sett
6016 That with here sheldes to-gedre thei met,
Hurtling that men might here the souñ — and hurtle together
Out of the middow into the touñ;
So sore thei gañ fight thoo
6020 That here bloode wasted heñ froo; — till the blood streams;
Here strokes gan somdele aslake,
Yet wold naithir othir forsake,
Ne outhir of othir ouercome be.
6024 Whan that Bellins that did see, — then Bellyns
For tene that in his hert stoode
He smote [Generides] *with* egre moode
That his shelde cleef euen in twoo, — cleaves Generides's shield in two so
6028 And in twoo peces it fel him froo, — that the pieces fall away,
And *with* grete wil to him rañ
Eft sones to smyte him thañ — and gives him a blow
That the light fire out brast;
6032 [Generides] was tho sore agast
Of that stroke in that stound,
For it made him nigh goo to ground, — that nearly fells him.
Such a dint he neuer hent—
6036 Therwith to fall had he went—
Ne had his helme be goode of assay
He had died the same day,
His liue was nigh boght and sold;
6040 The king of kinges gan wax bold
"Recreaunt, þov most the yelde!
Long bataile maist thou not welde."
Than wax [Generides] sore ashamed, — Generides
6044 And in his hert right yuel agramed;

To wreke him thogh he had noo shelde;
grips his sword with both hands, His goode sword than he behelde,
In booth his hondes he it be-clipt,
skips to the king, 6048 And al at oones to the king he skipt,—
[Clarionas] in her toure she[1] sigh,— [[1] ? for *he*.]
And therwithal he stept him nigh,
With al his strenght he put therto,—
6052 The king saw him come thoo,
And for wrathe he gañ to quake
And to [Generides] spech to make,
But he in noo wise wold him here,
6056 He might not for wrathe him self stere,—
hits him on the helm, He smote the king oñ the helm aboue
A stroke that was not for noo loue,
That twoo quarters fel to ground; [Fol. 1295, col. 2.]
6060 The king caught ther an euel wound,
cuts off his cheek, The chik ther lay douñ to the ground,
The flish, the booñ, and al the skyñ.
and sends him swooning The king swoned, and his brond
6064 For febilnes fel from his hond;
to the ground. [Generides] saw him fal to ground,
And beheld his griseli wound
And the bloode that he tho shad;
6068 Grete pitie of him he had,
Vp he him drogh and him behelde,
And made him lene vpõn his shelde.
When the king revives, he Whan the king of swonyng wooke,
6072 His sword bi the point he tooke,
prays Generides for peace, And seid, "O knight, Sir [Generides],
At this tyme ye graunt me pees;
Mi woundes smert me so sore,
6076 With you may I fight nomore;
yields to him as the noblest knight alive, To you I yelde me anoon right
As in this world for most noble knight

That is living, I dar wele say,
6080 Youre worthines tel I may.
Wherfor mercy I now you crie;
Forgyf me al my vilanye
That I haue dooñ and seid of you;
6084 Merci, [Generides], for goddes loue nov(.)
And *gra*unt me, if it be youre wiłł, — begs leave to retire with his host into his own land,
With mỹn ost to wende stiłł
Sauelie into my lond ageyñ
6088 Without more tene or trayñ,
Vpon this swerd shal I swere
That neu*er* the Soudon shal I dere,
Ne fro this tyme furth waite him no shame,
6092 Nor noon othir in my name;
And [Clarionas[1]], Sir, vnto you — [[1] *Generides* in the later hand.] — and releases his claim to Clarionas,
I releysse my clame as now,
For treulie to hir ye haue more right — to whom Generides has most right.
6096 Thañ ony othir living wight,
For neuer quite you she may
That ye haue dooñ for hir this day."
[Generides] beheld the kinges state,
6100 Hou he gan wex feble and mate;
He had of him grete pitie;
"I *gra*unt youre axing, ye shul goo free — Generides grants his request;
To medes, if that ye wil doo
6104 As ye haue seid betwix vs twoo;
Yis," seid he, "I wol neuer say nay."
His naked sverd before him lay,
And there kneling in that stid
6108 To [Generides] his othe he did — and Bellyns takes the oath
As I seid before in al thing,
And therwiłł he fel on swonyng;
But yet for any maner pitie
6112 To him the gode sverd toke he. — and gives up his sword to Generides,
Thañ had [Generides] swerdes twey,

Nooñ bettre in erthe I dar wel say. [Fol. 133, col. 1.]
Generides thañ cut his shirt,
6116 In eche place ther the king was hirt
who binds up his wounds,
He stoupped his woundes his ovn hond,
And with the shredes hem he bond
Forto staunche his bleding,
6120 And aftirward he toke the king
Betwix his armes in that nede,
puts him on his steed,
And softlie set him on his stede,
And the bridel put in his hond,
and lets him go.
6124 And let him passe out of that lond.
Generides, faint and pale,
Generides was feint, no wondre was,
He set him douñ vpon the gras,
His coloure was pale and wañ,
6128 So sore bled that gentilmañ;
Vp he rose *with* swerdes tweyñ,
And *with* his shelde, the sothe to seyñ,
goes towards the city;
To the Citie he toke the wey.
6132 Whañ thei within the touñ it sey, [Fol. 133, col. 2.]
Bi his armes thei him knew,
For ioye anooñ the trompes thei blew;
all within come forth to meet him,
The Soudoñ, kinges, Erles, and barouñs,
6136 And the bisshops with processiouñs,
Old and yong of the Citie that might,
Went ayeinst him, as it was right,
and bring him home with dance and song.
With daunsing, singyng, and al solempnitie,
6140 So was he broght in to the Citie.
Clarionas makes great joy,
Whañ *Clarionas* therof wist,
She made grete ioye, ye may it trist:
The Soudon made him leches to haue,
6144 And al that might him saue;
Fromñ that tyme with free and thrall
and Generides is honoured above all.
Honoured he was ouer all;
Thus he quit him as ye haue herd,
6148 More is to come here aftirward.

CHAPTER XIII.

Here is the King of Kinges discomfited bi *Generides*, and departeth to goo home.

[This heads a three-part illustration: 1, Of Bellyns lying prostrate in his ship; 2, of Bellyns on his bier, drawn by horses and accompanied by mourners; 3, of the coronation of Gwynan.]

NOu listeneth of the king of kinges: — King Bellyns
To his ost he bare euel tithinges, — tells his host
He made heñ rewful coñten*au*nce,
6152 And told heñ of his grete mischaunce — of his defeat.
That him befel of the doughtiest knight
Now living, and boldest in fight.
Gwynañ therof had grete disdeyñ — His son Gwynan sneers at him,
6156 That his fadre so wold seyñ
Of [Generides] so grete preysing,
It was shame (.) and noo liking:
"Yea, foole," seid the king thañ, — and Bellyns calls him a fool,
6160 Who so him meteth shal finde him a mañ."
Gwynañ seid, "it forthinkes me — but Gwynan says he
That we haue lost [Bellins] the free;
Yete, and I liue yeres seueñ, — will take revenge on Generides.
6164 I shal it quite, bi crist of heueñ."
The kinges woundes fast blede;
To the ship in hast thei hem spede, — The king is put on board a ship,
In bed thei leid him so soft,
6168 For febilnes he swoned oft, — swoons
And so at last in swonyng
Of his life he made ending, — and dies.

So mych̃ bloode was from him gooñ
6172 That lenger life had he nooñ.

His corpse is taken to Egypt,

To Egipt the bodie thei bere, [Fol. 133b, col. 1.]
Al mẽn for him sorie were;

buried with great honour,

Thei broght him to burieng
6176 With worship as mẽn shuld a king,
And aftir that entirment was,

and his son Gwynan is made king.

His son was crowned in his place,
Gwynan, a doughti mañ and bold,
6180 He was drad of yong and old;
He thoght his hert shuld neuer be glad
For the shame his fadre in Perse had;

Gwynan is so in love with Clarionas

But euermor on [Clarionas]
6184 Both day and night his thoght was,
So sore his loue to hir he kest,

that he cannot rest;

For hir he couth haue noo rest;
In Perse, in his fadres werre,
6188 From an ñigh toure al aferre
A sight he had of that ladie shene,
Therby his ioye he lost clene.
In his contre was a lording,

he therefore asks his most-trusted

6192 To him most trusted the king
Forto tel his[1] pryuetie; [[1] MS. *his his.*]

baron, Jewel,

Jewel, that baroñ hight he;
On a day he called that knight,
6196 He cam to him anoon right,
Thoo seid he (:) "Jewel, my trew fere,
A counsel I must tel you here
Of the Soudones doghtre of Perse,
6200 And my scretes thoghtes to you reherse.
[Clarionas], that ladie bright,
For my fadre (:) loue hir I ne might;[1]

[1] The sense seems to require the insertion of some lines to say, "But yet I do love her with all my heart, and now that my father is dead, I must get possession of her."

Therfor, Sir Jewel, I you pray — what he can do to obtain her.
6204 Tel me best what I doo may."
"Mi lord," sith it so now is,
Wil ye folow my reid in this,
I shal help you at youre nede,
6208 Of youre purpos ye shul spede:
A goode ship lete ordeyn me, — Jewel says, "provide me a good ship,
And vitailes therto goode plentie,
And therto stuf it wel *with* meñ, — well manned,
6212 And goode sport shal ye see theñ;
I shal not faile *with* som queyntise — and I'll manage to bring Clarionas to you
[Clarionas] to wyn in som wise,
And save bring hir you vntiłł,
6216 To doo with hir al youre wiłł;
For ten yere at al chaunce — within ten years."
Doth make for me purviaunce;
Within that tyme I take on hond
6220 To bring [Clarionas] into this lond."
The king a ship lete redie make, — The ship is fitted out accordingly;
Wynes and cornes plentie to take,
Of gold and siluer grete plentie
6224 For sir Jewel and his meigne,
And men ynogh with him to fare,
And furth thei went without care. — Jewel sets sail
The winde thei had at here will,
[Fol. 133b, col. 2.] 6228 Ałł to goode for that skiłł;
Jewel had the winde so goode
That sone he passed the salt floode, — and soon arrives at Clarionaunt in Perse.
And into Perse arriued he
6232 A litle from a feir Citie
That was called Clarion*aunt*,[1] — [[1] The mark of contraction is the same in both these words.]
A goodeli Citie and a ples*aunt*.[1]
With him he toke squyers twoo, — He takes two squires with him,
6236 Of his meigne wold he no moo;

The othir he lete *with* the ship dwel,
And bad hem thei shuld bie and set,
March*a*untes as thei had bene,
6240 Til he come ageyñ hem to sene.
Jewel *with* his squiers twey
and rides on, Begañ to spede him on his wey;
being told by a pilgrim With a pilgrym tho he met,
6244 *With* feire wordes he him gret,
"Sir (:) who is lord of this place?"
that he is in the Sowdon's land, "The Soudoñ," he seid, "bi goddes grace;
He is not here, I make you war,
and that in the city of Mounthanar 6248 He lieth in the Citie of Mounthanar;
I saw him but seueñ night agooñ
With barouñs and knightes many ooñ,
A fest he held *with* noble price,
the Sowdon has just made Generides steward of his land. 6252 And put a knight in new office
That men cal [Generides],
Steward of his lond he him chese
With assent of his lordes all;
6256 Therof was pleased grete and small,
For he [is] holden the best knight
Both of condicions and of might."
To that contre than rode he,
6260 For it stoode toward the see,
So Jewel rides to Mountanar, He toke the wey to Mountanar,
Of that Citie whan he was war.
Whan he to the Citie cam,
6264 His In sone there he naṁ,
It taried not long but that it yede
goes to the Sowdon, To the Soudon his purpos to spede;
Whan he come to his presence,
6268 He obeid him *with* grete reuerence,
And seid, "mi lord, if yo*ur* wil be,
I come fro Egipt you to see,

Mi *ser*uice you to profre and bede;
6272 And also for what cause and nede:— *and tells him that King Gwynan hates him,*
Sir Gwynañ of Egipt is lord and king,
He hateth me vpoñ al thing
For his fadre that was here slaw,
6276 And for I told him the soth saw
That his fadre *with* wrong wroght
Ageins you, and therfor he it boght;
And, sir, for that I seid him soo,
6280 As me thoght it was to doo,
He hath take out of my*n* hond *and has taken away his baronage,*
A baronage of ful goode lond;
[Fol. 134, col. 1.] And therfore, if it pleas you now, *and therefore he offers his service to the Sowdon.*
6284 Mi seruice here I offre you."
The Soudon seid, "gray mercy, *The Sowdon accepts it,*
I wil you resceyve hertlie
Sith that ye for loue of me
6288 Haũ thus lost youre ovn contre;
Such *ser*uice ye shul haue
That I shal youre honoure saue;
That ye haue lost for me, or more,
6292 I trow I shal you wel restore."
Thus Jewel abode *with* the Soudoñ *and Jewel stays with him,*
And wex a grete maister anooñ,
Ther was noon bettre loued thañ he, *much loved by all,*
6296 He couth wele glose, and was so fre;
Therto he was wel taght and wise,
And of feire spech he bare the prise;
Besie he was to wate euer his wil *but ever watching to carry off Clarionas.*
6300 His fals purpos to fulfill
Forto lede [Clarionas] a-way.
The Soudoñ yaf to him grete fay;
He waited in a mornyng *One morning*
6304 At the Soudones vprising,

And into a gardyn *with* him yede,
Noon but thei, without drede;

he tells the Sowdon that

"Sir, wil ye not bewrey me
6308 If I tel you a priuetie?

Generides is about to ravish his daughter,

[Generides] is euer about I-wis
To ravissh youre doughtre, so he is;
That shal ye preue, as I say;
6312 And ye wil, within this third day
He shal be take with the dede
[If ye wil do bi my rede."]
"What is youre counsel in this now;
6316 Tel me, Sir Jewel, I prey you.
To morow I purpos take my meigne,
The best of al, to wend *with* me
Into the forest on huntyng
6320 Without ony othir letting."

and advises that he should take Generides out hunting with him,

"Yea, se that [Generides] be ther ooñ
Vnto the wod with you to gooñ;
Ful woo in hert ye shul him finde
6324 That ye leue him noght behinde;

and see if he does not sneak away home to carry off Clarionas.

His felows I warant he wil forsake,
And homward to youre doughtre shake,
And forto lede hir than away;
6328 Thus, Sir, herd I ooñ say."
Al this was Jewels treasouñ
To gete [Generides[1]] out of touñ
That he might his purpose atteyñ
6332 To bring aboute his fals treyñ.

[[1] *Clarionas* in a later hand.]

The Sowdon and Generides go hunting;

On the morow the Soudoñ on hunting went,
[Generides] with him went *present*.
Thoo ful priuelie to the Soudoñ

Jewel stays at home, to guard Clarionas, as he says;

6336 "I wil abide, and not out gooñ,
To awaite oñ my ladie
That she in noo wise take passe

[Fol. 134, col. 2.] With [Generides] forto gooñ.
6340 "Doo youre best," seid the Soudoñ.
Whan the Soudon to the wod was went,
Anõõn Jewel to his ship sent
To warñ his men to be redie, — but he sends to his men to be ready,
6344 On his cõmyng to waite and spie;
And bad his men from him ride,
And at the tovnes ende him abide.
Jewel light vpõn his stede bayard,
6348 And rode to [Clarionas] chambre ward — and tells Clarionas
Ther she was logged Iñ,—
She knew no thing of his fals gyñ,—
He called hir with loude voice on hiẽ
6352 "Ma dame," he seid, "make you redie; — her father has sent him for her
Mi lord youre fadre for you hath sent,
For he hath gañ for his entent;
In the forest he hunteth the dere,
6356 Therfor he wold that ye were there
That part ye had of his disport." — to see the hunt in the forest.
She was glad of that comfort,
From hir stable was broght thoo
6360 An hors for hir and Mirabel also; — She and Mirabel
Whan she was on hir palfray,
With Sir Jewel she toke the way. — go with Sir Jewel;
Whan thei come the forest nigh,
6364 Mirabel perceyued and sigh
Hou Jewel bi the forest hem led;
Of som treasõn she was a-drede. — but Mirabel suspects some plot,
From the launde thei were passed a myle,
6368 The Soudoñ ther hunted that while;
Jewel euer the wey helde
Betwix the forest and the felde;
Mirabel, priuelie as she might;
6372 Made hir ladie forto light. — makes Clarionas dismount,

Of that lighting Jewel was woo,
But nedes he must suffre thoo,—
He wende it had bene for nede,
6376 Neuer the les he had grete drede;—
Whan thei wer among the bussñes all,
She seid, "ma dame, now tel I shal;
I drede Sir Jewel sore and herd;
6380 He ledeth vs from the forest ward."
As thei were in here talking,
There come Nathanael riding
Thurgh the busshes, folowing an hert.
6384 Mirabel was of eye ful smert,
She him saw, and called him thañ;
And he was ful like a gentilmañ,
Refreyned his hors, and come hem too;
6388 "Mercy," she seid, what shal we doo?
Nou wher is my lord the Soudoñ?
But if we be holp of soñ mañ,
Traied we beẽn thurgh Sir Jewel.
6392 Nou help vs, Sir Nathanael,
And in this case doo youre dever,
Elles we be shamed for euer: [Fol. 134b, col. 1.]
[Generides] youre lord now besech
6396 On this mater to doo som wrecñ."
To the Citie he rode a grete pase,
Nathanael tho ful sorie was;
His lordes harneys toke he thoo,
6400 Into the forest gan he goo;
Wel sone he fond him, as god wold,
And bad tithinges he him told
Of [Clarionas], hou she was went.
6404 Anõõn his harneys to him he hent,
He armed him and toke his brond
Boldlie in his right hond,

and tells her her suspicions.

Just then Nathanael comes up,

and Mirabel appeals to him for protection,

begging him to ask Generides to avenge them.

Nathanael rides off, gets Generides's armour,

and takes it to him in the forest.

Generides arms,

He thoght for his ladies sake
6408 He wold Sir Jewel ouertake;
[Generides] for verray ire quoke, — and shakes with anger.
Sir Jewel harnes[1] he ouer toke;— [[1] so in MS.]
(Jewel comforted hir on his manere, — Jewel comforts Clarionas, and says
6412 And seid, "swete ma dame, what chere?
Make not so grete sorow now,
For or oght long ye shal se how
Al is for youre worship that I doo;
6416 Think noon othre but it is soo;
For I behote you ooñ thing,
The shul haue the richest king — she shall have the richest king living for her husband.
Vnto youre husbond now on lyve;
6420 Therfor ye ought to be glad and blive.")—
Jewel herd noyse of hors coñand; — Soon he hears Generides coming,
[Generides] was ful nigh hand;
Whan he saw that (:) he him withdrogh
6424 And lighted, for doughtie he was y-nogh; — dismounts,
His sheld he gan to him take,
And stoute countenaunce for to make;
He bethoght him of [Generides],
6428 Hou mẽn spake of him more and les,
And thañ lowde he gan to crie, — and tells him
"[Generides], now for thi curtesie,
Gentil knight, refreyñ youre stede,
6432 And take not on yuel this dede;
I shal you tel sikirlie
Whi this ladie thus lede I,—
Not for despite of the Soudoñ,
6436 As euer might I ride or gooñ,
Of al wyñen that beñ on live — that he is taking Clarionas away to be King Gwynan's wife;
King Gwynañ wold haue hir to wive;
Therfore I wold hir to him lede;
6440 For nogh elles, so god me spede!

but as Generides is come,
he gives her up to him at once,

And sith ye hidre come be,
I deliuer you hir for me;
Take hir to you in goddes name,
6444 Of you wil I bere noo blame;
If I had hir to Egipt broght
And it had you forthoght,
Ye might be siker in certeyñ
6448 I shuld haue broght hir ageyñ;

and begs that Generides will let him ride off,

Sir, gyve me leue to Ride to the Citie, [Fol. 134b, col. 2.]
And that noo bodie biwrey me
Of that I haue here dooñ
6452 Til we speke to gedre sonẽ.
The Soudon in the Forest is,
And al night wil be ther y-wis;
I saw som here logges make
6456 Or I my Iourney hidre did take,
For I trusted there thei wold abide—
The trouth from you I wil not hide;—

he (Generides) lodging all night in the forest.

And ye wil doo as I you say,
6460 Al night logge you here ye may,
And erlie in the morow tide
To the Citie thañ may ye ride."

Generides agrees to Jewel's proposal

[Generides] trusted wel his saw,
6464 And seid, "Sir Jewel, goode felaw,
Al that thou seist, wele trow I may;
Bi youre counsel I wil abide til day;
To the Citie goo ye a-right,

to remain there all night.

6468 For here wil we logge al night."
Jewel his way begañ to hold
As thogh he to the Citie wold,
But euer a-side he gan espie
6472 [Generides] and his companye,
Out of the wey he gañ to ride,
And him among the bushes hide,

Waiting where thei here logges wroght;
6476 [Generides] thoo noon euel thoght;
But euer Jewel folowed sone — Jewel watches till
To aspie what thei wold doone.
In a launde a litle beside,
6480 His men he made there to abide;
Whan he saw here logges wer wroght, — Generides's men have made their huts,
His fals purpos he letted noght,
To the Soudõn he yede in hast — then goes to the Sowdon
6484 Til he found him at the last;
To him seid he in this degree, — and tells him
"Pleasseth you to goo with me;
Of that I told you, if ye haue mynde,
6488 The trouth therof now shul ye finde,
Of [Generides] and [Clarionas]
Ye shuld finde it is noo les;
[Generides] youre doghtre hath a-way, — that Generides has his daughter out in the forest,
6492 In this forest I hem say;
With hir he hath dooñ his wiłł, — and has defiled her.
Here logge I can lede you vntiłł."
Thoo had the Soudoñ neuer more care;
6496 With Sir Jewel thañ gan he fare. — The Sowdon goes with him to the hut,
Jewel to the logge heñ broght;
The Soudon than him bethoght
What was best forto doo;
6500 Anoon in that hastie woo
With his swerd in hond drawe
He thoght there him to haue slaw. — thinking to kill Generides,
[Generides] thoght noo vilanye,
[Fol. 135, col. 1.] 6504 Whãn he had talked with his ladie,—
He was wery of his huntyng, — who meantime has fallen asleep,
Whan he had talked—fel on sleping;
In the logge he lay bi the oon side, — and so the Sowdon finds him,
6508 And bi that othir, as it wold betide,

Clarionas being on the other side,

Clarionas and Mirabel lay;
Al this the Soudõn wel say,
And betwix hem there he found

with a sword between them.

His sword stikking in the ground
In tokeñ that noon evel was
Betwix him and *Clarionas*,
Nooñ othir than law of mariage,
To doo the Soudon noon outrage.
The Soudon beheld here liyng,
And stoode stil in stoodiyng;
Ne might he not for gentilnesse
Doo *Generides* noo distres;
He thoght wel what goode seruice
He had dooñ him in many wise;

The Sowdon hesitates to kill Generides,

The Soudõn had grete pitie
To slee a mãn of his bountie
That *with* doughtynes of his hond
Had him saued, and al his lond.

only changes swords with him,

The Soudoñ *Generides* sword toke,
(He saw the chaunge whãn he awoke,)
And stikked his there that was,
And left him sleping in the place.
Vnto *Clarionas* he toke his wey
There as Mirabel and she lay;

and then carries Clarionas, sleeping,

He toke hir in his armes twoo,
And furth *with* hir gañ he goo
Al sleping, that she ne did awake,

to Jewel,

And to Sir Jewel he did hir take,

and bids him

And bad he shuld haue noo doute,
For aleyñ was *Generides* the stoute.
Sothe he demed that it [were],

take her home.

"Sir," he seid, "I shal hir bere
To the Citie, and come ageyñ;
I shal not dwel long certeyñ."

The Soudon wold no lenger abide,
6544 Ageyñ to his logge gan he ride,
And Sir Jewel *with Clarionas* — But he takes her to where his own men are,
Went thidre as his meigne was;
He wened *Generides* had beñ deid,
6548 He had wel the les dred!
Whan [Clarionas[1]] tho gañ a-wake, — [[1] *Generides* in red ink, but corrected to *Clarionas* by the later hand.]
Mochel sorow did she make;
Thoo, without ony more lett,
6552 On a palfray he hir sett; — puts her on a palfrey,
Toward the see he rode a pase,
For euer among a-drad he was
With his treasoñ to be ouertake;
6556 His iourney faster did he make — and rides off to his ship.
To the ship that he wer in,
Til he come ther, wold he not bliñ.
[Fol. 135, col. 2.] *Generides* awoke at the last — Generides awakes,
6560 And gan to loke aboute him fast;
He asked of Mirabel so dere, — and asks Mirabel where his love is.
"Where is my ladie? is she not here?"
Mirabel tho did hir mysse, — She misses her,
6564 "Allas!" she seid, "lost is my blis."
"Treulie," she seid, "now wot I wel
Betraied we ar thurgh sir Jewel; — and says Sir Jewel has betrayed them.
Al night I haue of him met;
6568 Now euel chaunce betide him yet!
For nov is my sorow endles."
With that swoned [Generides]; — Generides swoons,
Ooñ word might he not speke moo.
6572 Mirabel went to him thoo — but Mirabel comforts him
And comforted him that she might;
He woke, and wex som dele light,
"Nou wel I wote this fals theef
6576 Hath thus led a-way my leef."

and urges him to pursue Jewel,

Mirabel seid, "Sir, arme you,
And foloweth aftir hir nou,
And loke that he ascape you noght
6580 For his loue that hath you boght;
And if ye him ouertake,

and kill him for God's sake.

Slee him now, for goddes sake;
And to the Soudoñ shal I gooñ,
6584 And tel him al the sothe anooñ.

Generides says he will never return without Clarionas (see *l.* 6631–6).

And if ye may Nathanaeł see,
Bid him high him aftir me;
I shał neuer see you in noo place
6588 Til I haue goten *Clarionas*."

then arms,

Generides to arme him begañ,
And his sverd he toke thañ;

recognizes the Sowdon's sword,

Whan he saw it was not his,
6592 He knew it was the Soudones I-wis;
Than seid he to Mirabel,
"The Soudon was here, I wote ful weł;

knows he has forborne to slay him,

I see wel, and he had hated me,
6596 He might haue sleyñ me, parde."

and rides off.

Generides stert vpõn his stede,
"Mirabel," he seid," god you spede."

Mirabel, while going to the Sowdon,

And streite to the Soudoñ Mirabel went;
6600 Yet or she cañ he had message sent
That Jewel to the see him spedde,
And his doghtre a-wey he ledde,
Oon told him that with him met.
6604 The Soudoñ wold noo lenger let;
There *Clarionas* logge was,
Thidre he rode a grete pas;

is met by him,

Mirabel he met bi the wey
6608 Thes tithinges to him forto sey.
"Where is my doughtre?" seid he:

and tells him

"Sir, I wot neuer, & that forthinketh me;

For yestir-day last past
6612 He seid, ye sent for hir in hast;
But euer a-wrong he hir led, — how Jewel led Clarionas away
[Fol. 135b, col. 1.] For to the cee fast he him sped
Til [Generides] warned was, — till Generides overtook him,
6616 He ouertoke that thefe a pas;
And for it was so nigh eve, — and was then persuaded to stay in the forest;
In the forest he made vs leve;
Al that was Jewels reid,
6620 Vs to betray bettre he sped;
But, bi the trouth that you ow I, — but he did no wrong to Clarionas;
Youre doughtre he did noo vilany;
But it fortuned him at the last
6624 He fel on slepe al in haste."
"Treulie," quod the Soudoñ, and was wrothe,
"He hath betraied me and you bothe;
But, Mirabel, I pray you
6628 Where is [Generides]; wote ye now?"
"Treuly, Sir, forward he is — and he is now gone to overtake her and succour her.
Aftre Sir Jewel to the cee I-wis,
[Clarionas], if that he mow
6632 Hir ouertake, to socoure now,
And bring hir to you in certeyñ,
Elles shal ye neuer see him ageyñ;
Thus he bad me to you say
6636 Whañ he parted and rode his way."
The Soudon [seid] vnto hir thoo,
"What reid ye now that I doo?"
"Sir, lete [Generides] doo what he may,
6640 Elles gete ye hir neuer bi this day."
As thei were in this talking
Thei saw Nathanael come riding; — Then they see Nathanael,
As sone as Mirabel him sigh — and Mirabel sends him
6644 She called him and drew him nigh;

after Generides

"Nathanael, in al the haste ye may, high you[1] [[1] MS. *yoñ.*]
Aftre youre maistre to the cee now;
Jewel hath stole my ladie away,
6648 He hath betraied vs al to-day;
Youre lord is aftre, god him spede,
To late he was ware, I me drede;
Swete frende, for goddes sake,

to pursue Jewel.

6652 Assay if ye may hem ouertake."
Nathanael noo lenger aboode,
Toward the ce ful fast he roode;

She and the Sowdon return to the city.

Mirabel went to the Citie
6656 With the Soudoñ and his meigne.

Jewel meantime reaches the sea,

This while Jewel sped him soo
That to the cee he was come thoo,
He went into ship, it was redie,
6660 And drew up saile ful hastilie;

ships Clarionas, sails off with her,

Whan the ladie was shipped, thañ sailed they,
Thei had feire winde that same day.
As he was in the ship sailand,

and taunts Generides on the strand

6664 [Generides] he saw vpoñ the strand;
His manace drad he noght thañ,
To scorñ him fast he begañ,

with having slept so long and lost his lady.

"Why slepst thou so [Generides?]
6668 Therfore thi feire ladie thou les;
Thou slepst, and I a-woke, [Fol. 135b, col. 2.]
Therfor thi ladie from the I toke;
Of [Clarionas] thi part thou hast;
6672 Folow noo ferthir, for it is waste."

Poor Generides

[Generides] was agreued sore,
And of his wordes yet moch more
That he so had his ladie lorñ,
6676 And also skorned hir beforñ;

can do nothing, and therefore swoons.

So therto coude he doo noo thing,
But fel adouñ in swonyng;

[Clarionas] knew ful wel his tacñ, — Clarionas
6680 She saw that, and made the macñ;
Thei in the ship did thei conde
To comfort hir, stil and loude;
She swonned, or she com to lond, — swoons too,
6684 Fifti tymes, I vndrestond. — fifty times,
The ship drofe in al it might,
Of [Generides] thei lost the sighñt;
Than was she of wil ful goode — and wants to drown herself,
6688 Hir self to drench in the floode
Ne had Jewel kept hir therfro, — but Jewel prevents her,
Hir hert was ful of soro and woo.
[Generides] from his swonyng cañ, — Generides revives,
6692 And bi the see his way he nãm;
A ship to sech he went ful fast,
A galie he found at the last — finds a swift galley from Surrey (Syria),
That was come out of Surrey,
6696 A feire vesel for the maistrie,
And right swift on the floode;
The chief maister therin stoode—
A moch mañ of goode entaile,
6700 And wel araied without faile.
[Generides] saw him & was fayne,
To him ward he yede in certeyñ;
Tho asshed he fro whens thei cañ, — and asks the master whence he comes and where he is going to.
6704 And to what contre the wey thei nañ.
The maryner beheld him wel thañ,
And saw him armed like a goodely mañ;
Som dele he was of him agast,
6708 But to him he spake at the last,
He seid, "Sir, if youre wil be, — The master says
Wil ye doo noon harme to me?
May I be sure ye wil it swere?"
6712 Seid [Generides], "I shal doo you noo dere;

But, leue Sir, for goddes mercy,
To ask you counsel nov come I."
"Treulie," seid the maryner,
6716 "I wil you counsel to my power;
that he has come from Surrie, Yet of late I cam fro Surrie,
There I was wont with grete navie,
where he left 100 ships An .C. shippes and wel moo
6720 Ther laft I whan I com it froo
of King Aufreyus, Thurgh the help of a goode king,
Sir Aufreyus without lesing;
who is going to Ynde: Into Ynde he casteth him wende;
6724 I wolle help him his enmyes forto shende, [Fol. 136, col. 1.]
he is king of Surre, For Surre he hath nov in hond,
And reigneth king of that lond
Of his wyfes grete heritage;
and has given Tharse to his son Ismael. 6728 His soñ, Ismael de Sauage,
The lond of Tharse he hath him yeve;
"His other son An othir soñ he hath (if that he lyve)
In this contree, it is me told,
6732 A doughtie knight and a bold;
He shal haue Surre aftir his day,
And Ynde if he it gete may;
I am sent to seek; Hidre am I sent him to sech.
6736 Goode Sir, if ye cañ me techñ
pray tell me how to find him." Hou I may I-know him, for charitie
Where shal I finde him tel ye me."
Generides says Tho [Generides] wold be a-know,
6740 Ful simplie he answerd, and low,
"Feire frende, if ye haue me soght,
that he is It am I, hide it wol I noghñt;
For sothe [Generides] hight I,
Aufreyus' son; 6744 The kinges soñ Aufreus sikerly.
But the very trouth, shortlie to tel,
and also the sorriest man on earth, No soryer man in erth may dwel

Thãn I, nor carefuller in hert and chere;
6748 For [Clarionas] my Souereyn ladie dere, — as his lady love has
Mi lordes doughtre the Soudoñ,
This day is stole and fro me gooñ — been stolen from him that day;
Euer more without recouerer."
6752 "Hou so?" seid the Mariner.
"A fals Traitour that hight Jewel — Jewel has
Hath stole hir, shortlie to tel,
And now is with hir into the cee — sailed off with her to Egypt.
6756 Toward Egipt that richĩ contree."
"Feir lord," seid the mariner thoo, — The mariner says he can
"Make ye not so mochel woo;
And if ye wol, ye shul sene
6760 Thei shal sone ouertake bene." — soon overtake her.
Euen as [Generides] was a-lighĩt — Generides goes on board,
Into the ship, and redie dighĩt,
He saw comyng Nathanael, — taking Nathanael too,
6764 He lete therof right wel;
Thoo thei aboode his come,
And sone into the ship him nome;
Here horses *with* hem into ship thei led, — and their horses,
6768 In al haste thei hem sped — and they sail after the other ship.
The othir ship to ouertake.
The winde begañ som dele a-slake,
But here enmyes wer beforñ,
6772 The sight of the ship han thei lorñ,
So that Sir Jewel and his folkes also — But Jewel has already landed in Egypt, and gone to the city of Egeas.
In Egipt thei wer londed tho,
And furth *with* this ladie thei went
6776 To the Citie of Egeas as thei wer bent.
[Generides] euer in the Galie
[Fol. 136, col. 2.] Spedeth him al that euer he may;
For al that euer the ship gãn skoure,
6780 Jewel londed afore him an houre;

Generides stays in the ship,

Whan [Generides] saw he was paste,
He held him stil & made noon haste,
But kept him in the cee there,
6784 Like a marchaunt as he were;
Til he herd of Jewells play
He held him stil in the galay;

while the mariner lands

But the maryner vp yede
6788 To purvey of that thei had nede,

to see what is going on.

And to aspie al here disport,
To bring [Generides] som comfort;
Whils that he held him stil,
6792 With manhod he might not haue his wil.

King Gwynan rejoices at the

King Gwynam to Jewel cam̃,
And mychel folkes he with him nam̃
To welcome him and [Clarionas,]

coming of Clarionas,

6796 Of here comyng ful glad he was;

and bids all his lords to his bridal.

Writes he did send aboute
To al his lordes sterñ and stoute,
That thei shuld come to his bridal
6800 With al estates both grete and smal.

All come: there never was such a bridal.

So thei com al at his sond,
Such a bridal was neuer in lond
Hold of king ne of kayser,
6804 Wittnes of hem that wer ther.

But the custom in Egypt is,

In that lond was the vsage
Of euery kinges mariage
That the crovn shuld welde,
6808 As long as thei here fest helde,
Both king and eke the Quene
Al that tyme chast shuld bene

that until the marriage feast is done, and every guest gone home,

Til the fest were broght til ende,
6812 And the lordes home shuld wende
Euery man to his contre,
Al saue his ovn meigney;

Thãn shuld the king with goode life — the king may not acquaint him with his wife.
6816 Acqueynt him with the quene his wife:
That was the law in that contre,
And euer is, and so shal be.
He that was the maryner — The mariner
6820 Went aboute fast to spere;
Of this mariage he herd tel;
Wold he there noo lenger dwel,
To [Generides] anoon he went — tells Generides of the marriage,
6824 With thes tithinges him to present;
"Sir," he seid, "dismay you noght; — but says he is not to be anxious,
I wote ye ar in grete thoght;
Youre strenght ye may not shew now,
6828 It were noo thing for youre prow;
But if ye might with som queyntyse
Finde som meane in any wise
Youre ladie forto gete ageyñ, — as he will tell him how to get his lady again:—
6832 Here haue I al the maner seyñ.
[Fol. 136b, col. 1.] Therfore doo now as I you rede,
I hope the bettir ye shal spede;
An oyntment I shal you take, — with some ointment he is to make himself like a leper,
6836 Like a mesel it wil you make,
But be therof no thing agast
Thogh it cleue som dele fast;
With a water I shal you take,
6840 Clene ageyn it wil you make;
And, Sir, whan that ye hir see, — see Clarionas,
Wel a-vised most ye be
To shew hir som tokeñ that day
6844 Wherby know you she may; — make himself known to her;
Whãn she knoweth youre queyntise,
Ordein she wol in som wise — she will manage
With you to speke secretlie; — to speak with him;
6848 For goddes loue wirketh wiselie,

then have Nathanael and the horses near;

And lete Nathanael youre Squyer
Be *with* youre horses som wher nere,
And *with* youre armure, what so betide,
6852 In a secret place lete him abide
With youre harneys; lete it be soo

but he must go to court on foot,

The while may ye to court goo.
To goo on fote I wold you rede;

and change clothes with some beggar.

6856 Also ye must chaunge yo*ur* wede
With som begger bi the wey
That aftirward wil for you prey;
Sir, noo bettre reid I cañ."

Generides agrees at once,

6860 [Generides] answerd thañ,
"Bettre counsel may noo be;
God thonk you for this ye tel me."

takes the ointment and water,

Thoyntment the maryner toke him thoo,
6864 *With* the water; forth gãn he goo,
"I shal abide you here," seid he,
And if ye bring hir hidre to me,
Of noo ship in Egipt is
6868 Ye thar not drede of hem y-wis."

and starts.

[Generides] wold no lenger let,

He changes clothes with a beggar,

Bi the wey a begger he met,
His rich clothes he chaunged there
6872 With the begger for his gere;
Than his oyntment did he take,

makes himself like a leper,

And like a mesel he did him make.
With his clothes al to-ragged.
6876 To the courte fast he wagged,

buys a cup and clapper,

Cup and clapur he him boght,
Of noo felow he ne roght;

stands at the temple door,

At the temple dore he stoode,
6880 And drew forth a ring goode
That his ladie him yave, ye may me trow,
Therbi he trusted she shuld him know.

From the temple folk com oute,
6884 [Generides] saw grete pres aboute,
And fast he cried hem among,
He made him wey, for he was strong. — pushes towards the queen,
Whãn he toward the Quene gañ stappe,
[Fol. 136b, col. 2.] 6888 With his cup fast gañ he clapp;
He cried on the quene so in that place — and cries to her so that she looks at him,
She gañ to loke him in the face,
For bi the spech she thoght there
6892 Hir lord [Generides] nygh were;
And alwey he cried oon and oñ,
So that she gañ nere him gooñ. — goes near him,
On his finger she knew the ring, — knows her ring on his finger,
6896 Of him had she noo knowleching,
Hir hert begañ to wax sore,
Feyñ she wold wete more;
In the pres stil gañ she stond,
6900 And seid, "good mañ, of what lond — and asks him where he comes from.
Ar ye that make al this crie?"
"Ma dame," he seid, "and feire ladie,
In Surre lond was I borñ,
6904 In Ynde begoteñ here beforñ,
In Perse norished and forth broght, — From Perse, he says,
There haue I be sith I knew oght;
Me is befal thurgh chaunce
6908 This foule yuel and grete greuaunce;
I wende neuer to haue sene the tide
In ony lond this sorow to abide,
Therfor I come to you, ladie, — to get help of her.
6912 Forto besech you of mercy,
And help me now in my grete nede;
The bettre I hope that ye shal spede;
For ye ar come of Perse, Ma dame;
6916 Help me, ladie, for goddes name!"

Clarionas has the beggar

[Clarionas] moch wondre thoght,
Oon of hir men she besoght
To lede him that same tide

taken to the castle,

6920 Into the Castel, hir to abide.
Vnto the Castel he lad him thoo;
[Clarionas] cam the temple fro,

soon sends for him,

And sone into hir chambre went;
6924 After the mesel she hath sent;
To the chambre he com at hir sond,
She saw him, and drew him ner hond.
Of hir fadre she asked thoo,

and asks after Generides.

6928 And of [Generides] hir lord also,

He tells her

"Ma dame," he seid, "dismay you noght,
For I wil tel you al my thoght.
A mesel ye wene that I were,
6932 But that euel dooth me noo dere,

that he has come in this disguise for her sake:

For youre sake I did me thus disgyse,
And toke thes clothes of litle price
With you to speke and to se;
6936 Whan so I wil, I may clene be.

does she not know her ring

Loo here this ring; know ye it noght?"
[Clarionas] stoode in a thoght.
"This ring," she seid, "know I wele;
6940 But youre self know I noo dele.
Who gaf you that ring, I you pray?"
"Oon that loued me, the sothe to say,

given to him at a window?

Yave me this Ring"(:) "Where," quod she. [Fol. 137, col. 1.]
6944 "At a window, ma dame," quod he.

Yes, but tell me more.

"Ay sir," she seid, "for goddes ore,
What ye ar, tel me more."
"Noo lenger hide it I wil, ma dame,

"I am Generides,

6948 [Generides] is my right name
That som tyme ye loued ful wel.
Al-thogh I seme here a mesel

I am noon such, siker ye be,
6952 For I can wel wassh me;
Nathanael in this forest is here, — Nathanael is close by;
With myn herneys abiding there
Til that I come to him ageyñ;
6956 And if it pleased you, I wold be feyñ
That from al this grete solempnitie,
Dere hert, ye wold wende with me; — dear heart, come,
A goode ship and a swift at nede — a swift ship is ready for us."
6960 Is al redie vs In to lede."
[Clarionas] made hir somdel wrothe, — Clarionas
And seid, "sir, whañ saw ye me lothe — says that
To doo that were at youre liking
6964 Sith first ye had of me knowing?
Thogh I were, as I wel might, — even if she were in heaven, she would
In heueñ a-mong Aungellis bright,— — leave the angels to go with him;
Dere hert, bi him that sitteth aboue,
6968 I wold forsake hem for youre loue,
If ye cam, to goo with you
Whedre-so ye wold lede me now;
Therfor, swete hert, now fare wel, — and therefore
6972 And fast ye goo to Nathanael,
And redilie ayeinst the eveynyng — this evening
Arme you wel for any thing,
For I shal ordein bi some gynñ
6976 The gardyñ I shal gete within, — she will get into the garden
There I pray you me to abide,
Among the busshes ye may you hide; — if he and Nathanael will wait
Ye and youre Squier abide me there; — for her among the bushes.
6980 Mi trouth to you here I swere,
While my life may endure
For youre loue I shal me aventure."
Anoon he parted from the Castel — Generides leaves the castle,
6984 And went streight to Nathanael;

His ragged clothes he of kest,
And slang hem forth into the forest,
His cup and his claper also;
puts on his armour, 6988 His armes he gan to take thoo.
Whan he saw it nighed night,
Oute of the forest he went a right,
He and Nathanael in certeyñ,
6992 And toke the wey streite to the gardyñ;
and hides with Nathanael in the garden. Thei hid hem ther in the thikkest
Of the busshes, as hem thoght best.
Clarionas, [Clarionas] was in grete studiyng
6996 Hir purpos aboute forto bring;
She bethoght hir of som trayne
in order to get to the garden, asks her laundress How she the gardyñ might best attayñ; [Fol. 137, col. 2.]
To hir she called hir Lauendere
7000 That in hir chambre stoode hir nere;
She seid, "feire loue, vnto you
if she will keep her counsel. Tel I wold my counsel nou;
So that I might you secrete finde,
7004 Ye shul finde me euer aftre kinde;
A rich woman I shal you make,
That dar I wel vndretake;
Of al women that I can seeñ
7008 That me to serue assigned beeñ,
Best loue you, me thinketh I may,
And youre seruice most take to pay."
The laundress The lauender of hir ladies sayng
7012 Was glad to here of hir talking
That in hir fauoure stoode so wele;
Hir purpos knew she noo dele;
plights her troth not to betray it. "Ma dame," I shal with al my might
7016 To you be trew, my trouth I plight;
I shal you neuer more bewrey
Thogh I wist therfor to dey."

[Clarionas] seid, "graunt mercy;" — Clarionas then tells the laundress that
7020 To take hir trouthe she was redie.
"Mi lord I loue ouer al thing,
In his loue I haue such pleasing,
But if he me loued as wel ageyñ,
7024 Glad shuld I neuer be, certeyñ;
Bi the sterres wirch wel I cañ — as she can work by the stars to prevent her lord, Gwynan, from loving any other woman,
That in this world neuer womañ
Shal he loue oþer than me
7028 While that I on liue be;
Therfor, if that ye wil assent,
Ordein I wold for myn entent
In the gardyn sone at night — she should like to do it that night in the garden,
7032 There to wirch bi the sterres light
Mi lordes loue forto saue,
While that I liue it forto haue.
Nou shal I tel you in what wise
7036 Ordeined I haue vs to disgyse — disguising herself
Into the gardyñ forto gooñ:
Oon of youre kirtel*lis* wold I haue ooñ,
As I in noo wise it were,
7040 And ech of vs a trus*se* shuld bere
Wonden in a feir white shete
On oure heides, that whom we mete — as the laundress's maid.
Shuld wene that I youre *seruaunt* were,
7044 You to help youre clothes to bere."
"Ma dame," seid the lauendere, — The laundress agrees,
"I conceyve youre entent here."
The lauender to hir hous went home,
7048 And right sone ageyñ she come, — and gives her a wide kirtle.
And broght *with* hir a girtel wide.
Bi that it nighed the even tide;
The quene did of hir clothes lightlie — This Clarionas at night puts on,
7052 Saue tho wer next to hir bodie,

[Fol. 137*b*, col. 1.]

The lauendres kirtel on she cast,
She gird hir, and tukked hir fast;
She mufled hir face hir to desgyse
That noon shuld know hir in noo wise.
The lauender had hir trusses bound,
The lesse she toke in that stound
To ley it on the quenes crouñ;
Right as she shuld stoupe a-douñ,
The quene was tukked wel on high,
The lauender perceiued wel therbigh
Hir white legges, and seid, "ma dame,
Youre shin boones might doo vs blame;
Abide," she seid, "so mot I thee,
More slotered thei most be."
Asshes with the water she menged,
And her white legges al be-sprenged,
And the trusse on hir heid she leid,
"Take ye that othir now," she seid,
"Goo we hens on goddes blissing."
Thei booth went furth without lesing
Thurgh the hal a goode pase;
Noman toke hede of [Clarionas];
Thurgh the hal thei passed furth soo
Til thei come the gates vnto;
There must hem nedes out sikirly.
Sir Jewel stoode even fast by,
Euen before the gates he stoode;
[Clarionas] for fere was nigh woode,
She knew his voice, and glent a-side
As she from him wold hir hide;
She did not wel, the sothe to say,
For had she kept furth hir way
He wold of hir haue take no yeme,
But bi hir countenaunce he gan to deme,

tucks up her frock, and muffles her face up,

but in stooping to have a bundle of clothes put on her head,

she shows her white legs. As these shin bones might betray them,

the laundress dabs them over with ashes and water,

and then off she and Clarionas start.

They get safely to the gates,

but there is Sir Jewel.

Clarionas starts on one side,

and this makes him suspicious;

Whi she so fled he had mervel,
7088 He stert to hir and seid, "Damesel."
Hir kerchefe lift vp wold he — he tries to lift up her kerchief,
Hir visage there forto see;
Tho thoght he hir kerchefe to vnknyt;
7092 Than was she nigh out of hir wit,
For drede hir welnigh did fall.
The lauender rañ to hir with-all, — but the laundress pushes him off with both hands,
And with bothe hir hondes thoo
7096 She put Jewel hir ladi froo,
And seid, "Sir, to blame art thou
To let vs of that we haue to doo now;
Litle worship had it beeñ — tells him he mustn't look at her lady's clothes,
7100 If ye my ladies clothes had seeñ;
Forto make hem clene we gooñ,
To wassh hem, and to drie hem anooñ;
For both oure trusses behoueth to night — as both bundles must be washed and dried that night. To-morrow he shall have his fill of her maid if he will let her go now.
7104 Forto be wasshen, dried, and dight.
To morow ye shul haue youre will
Of my maden, al youre fill;
And rage with hir ye shal to mede,
[Fol. 137b, col. 2.] 7108 So ye lete vs goo now to doo our dede."
Jewel seid, "she loketh so gay, — Jewel thinks she (Clarionas) is too gay for a laundry maid, and still wants to look at her.
That right euel trow I may
A lauender that she shuld be;
7112 Let me yet hir bettre see."
And priuelie Jewel drogh to hir;
"Now suffre," she seid, "leue Sir, — So the laundress says
Thes clothes til we wasshẽn haue,
7116 Mi ladies honoure forto saue,
And goo ye to myn hous therwhile; — she will bring the girl to him at her house,
I shal me hast, bi seint Gile,
And bring hir thider redie to you
7120 To doo with hir what ye wil now;

A fole she is (:) ye might hir shame,
And cause me to haue grete blame;
Hir fadre is a rich burgeys,
7124 A goodeli mãn and a curteys;
And for a knight that wold hir haue,
Not to wife, but to lemmañ,
With me is she forto hide,
7128 His fadres wil she wil abide."
"Now," quod Jewel, "bi youre lewtie
Goo now, and hast you ageyn to me;
To youre hous I wol goo now,
7132 Til ye come I shal abide you."
Than the lauender and [Clarionas]
Did hẽm to goo ful grete pase;
Into the gardyñ thei did hem hie,
7136 Among the busshes to aspie.
[Generides] twoo women saw comyng,
Trusses on here heides bering;
He wend not [Clarionas] it were,
7140 He saw hir neuer trusses bere;
He bad Nathanael to hem gooñ,
And wete whoo thei were anooñ.
[Clarionas] was wery, I you plight,
7144 That no ferthir goo she might;
Hir birthon she cast to ground,
Nedes must she rest hir that stound;
The lauender seid, "swete ma dame,
7148 Wirk as ye thoght, in goddes name;
That we wer homward, I you pray,
For euer I drede me of som fals tray."
With that word cõm Nathanael,
7152 And seid, "ma dame, rest you wel."
[Clarionas] knew him bi the spech,
And seid, "frend, I you besech,

and she is a rich burgess's daughter who is hiding away from a knight.

On this Jewel lets them go,

and they pass out into the garden.

Generides sees two women,

and sends Nathanael to find out who they are.

Clarionas is very tired,

but knows Nathanael,

Where is youre lord, I wold him see, — and asks after Generides.
7156 That taketh now noon hede of me."
"Ma dame," seid Nathanael thoo,
It is noo nede to sey soo,
Because of the bordon ye did bere
7160 He ne wist who ye were,
And you to know he sent me;
Now shal he wete sone, parde."
[Fol. 138, col. 1.] Nathanael went tho ful fast — Nathanael goes to tell him,
7164 To bere his lord tithinges in hast;
Therwhile spake tho the lauender
With careful hert and hevy chere,
She seid, "ma dame, what gam is this? — and the laundress reproaches Clarionas for her deceit,
7168 I drede me that we play amys.
Is this the craft ye wold make?
Mi lord shuld you not forsake;
Now me thinkes aboute we gooñ,
7172 He shal lese vs, wil we or nooñ;
If this be knoweñ, I am but deid,
Shal I neuer ete more breid,
Jewel wil put on me treasoñ,
7176 I shal be dampned for this Reasoñ;
Ma dame, leue we this folie,
And goo we hens, or I shal crie, — and threatens to shout out as loud as ever she can.
Be god, as loude as euer I may."
7180 [Clarionas] seid, "feir loue, nay; — Clarionas says
In this gardin ther is a knight
That I most loue of any wight,
A doughtie man as ye shal see,
7184 Ful sone at vs he wil be;
Long we haue loued to-gedre;
And sith that we ar now come hidre,
I rede you dwel with me stil, — she had better stay with her,
7188 Betre is so than vs both spil,

For thogh ye wold now crie
Ye shuld be shent as wel as I,
And namely most of Sir Jewel,
7192 For ye mokked him so wel;

and go away with her.

Vnto my contre *with* me ye wende,
And ye shal euer finde me a frende."

The laundress

Than the lauender bethoght hir thoo,
7196 To leue hir contre she was woo
And wende into a straunge place;
But therageyñ she thoght on grace
What she might haue to saue hir life;
7200 And at the last *with*out strife

consents.

She *gra*unted hir ladie at last ende
That she wold *with* hir wende.

Generides comes,

Vpon this [Generides] camẽ,
7204 And his ladie in his armes namẽ,

sets Clarionas on his steed, Nathanael takes the laundress, and they ride towards the ship.

And set hir behinde him oñ his stede;
Nathanael did the same dede,
Tokee[1] vp the lauender behind him thoo [[1] so in MS.]
7208 Vpon his hors, and furth thei goo,
Toward the ship thei toke the way.

Jewel suspects some plot,

Jewel thoght of treasoñ and tray
Whan he at the lauenders hous was,
7212 Thoo he mysdemed in this case,

as the laundress does not come back;

Whan she cam not of so long while
He supposed ther yede som gyle;

he goes to the castle,

To the castel he went anooñ,
7216 And soght the chambres euerichooñ;
Ladies and gentilwomen also,
Ful wrothlie he asked of hem thoo, [Fol. 138, col. 2.]
"Where is the quene, is she not here?"

hears the laundress was with the queen,

7220 "We saw hir here and the lauendere
To-gedre in a chambre ful prive;
Where thei becam wot not we."

Whan Jewel of the lauender herd,
7224 Than he wist wel hou it ferd; — and then knows he has been taken in;
"Allas," he seid, "my grete trauel
Is turned to a scorn, saunfaile." — all his pains are nought.
Jewel thoght hem ouertake,
7228 Of oon he hoped larder to make,
"If I any mãn *with* hem finde, — He declares he'll cut any man he finds with them in two,
Be he neuer of so grete kinde,
Cleue I shal his bodie in twoo."
7232 And whan he had seid soo,
To his loggeyng fast he yede,
And in al hast toke his best stede;
He armed him, and stert vp thoo,
7236 And twoo men *with* him, and no moo.
Furth thei russhed a grete pas — and sets off to overtake Clarionas.
To ouertake feire [Clarionas]
And the lauender alsoo
7240 Or thei cam the water too;
And so thei did at the last, — He does overtake her,
For [Generides] rode not fast.
[Clarionas] herd of here comyng,
7244 And than she seid, "now, sweting,
Folowed we be, I see it wel."
She loked ageyn, and saw Jewel; — Clarionas recognizes him,
His hors, his harneys, she it knew;
7248 Pale as asshes wex hir hew;
That she were sone of him wreke,
To [Generides] gan she speke,
And seid, "dere hert, here cometh our foo, — and prays Generides
7252 Jewel, that hath wroght vs al this woo;
Fast that I were douñ light,
And for my loue that ye him quite,
Bi no maner noght him spare; — not to spare him.
7256 Comen he is to doo vs care."

That herd Nathanael, and cam̃,
And [Clarionas] of the hors nam̃;
He did help his lord to dight.

Generides — 7260 [Generides] dressed him aright
Vpon̄ his stede, with spere in hond;
Jewel he saw to him comand;

and Jewel charge fiercely, — To [Generides] Jewel his spere set,
7264 And eithir with othre herd met
That thurgh the shelde that was strong
The spere shet a span long;

and Generides is thrown back on his horse's crupper. — The might of the stroke did him stoupe
7268 Bakward on his stede croupe.

But he charges again, — Ageyn̄ dressed him [Generides]
Without bridel, and stiroples;
The sokket thurgh the shelde rofe
7272 That the goode shelde al to-drofe,

wounds Jewel, and unhorses him. — And Sir Jewel caght a wound, [Fol. 138b, col. 1.]
He lost his hors and fel to ground.
[Generides] bad Nathanael
7276 "Take the stede, and kepe him wel,
For of this hors we haue nede."
Nathanael led furth the stede,

Jewel prays Generides — Than knew Jewel [Generides]
7280 Bi his spech, and fel on knees,

for God's sake to spare his life. — To saue his life he praid, for goddes sake,
And gan to swere, and grete othes make,
"That neuer more in al his liue
7284 Ageins him wold he striue."

Generides is going to do so, — [Generides] was so merciable,
Almost he beleued on his fable
And lete the traitour on liue goo;

when Clarionas — 7288 That saw [Clarionas,] and was woo,
"Ay, [Generides,] "than seid she,
"I wend that ye had loued me!

Think what treasoñ he hath wroght!
7292 In thes wordes trust ye noght;
Euer he hath a traitoure be,
Trew ye shal him neuer see;
If ye let him thus ascape,— *entreats him not to let Jewel escape.*
7296 Bi god that al thing hath shape
Shal I neuer now passe the cee,
What som euer befal on mee."
Whañ [Generides] herd hir so speke, *Generides dismounts to avenge her;*
7300 On Sir(:) Jewel he wold hir wreke;
He light of his stede, wrothe and gryñ,
Sir Jewel kneled douñ to him
And saw him come wel ynogh;
7304 Priuelie his knife oute he drogh, *Jewel draws his knife, and pretends to fall down and ask for mercy,*
And made as he to ground wold fal
Of [Generides] mercy to cal;
As he lay, he dressed his knife
7308 To berefe [Generides] of his life. *in order that he may stab Generides.*
His hauberk than he vp lift,
That saw [Clarionas] and glift,
The blade she perceiued bright *Clarionas sees the knife,*
7312 Of the knife bi the mone light;
She seid, "be ware, for goddes pitie! *and warns Generides;*
Ye ar nigh deid! a knife I see
In the traitoures hond you to sloo!"
7316 [Generides] stert a-side thoo; *he starts aside,*
In the sterting the knife was nigh,
Jewel wounded him in the thigh, *but Jewel wounds him,*
But in the flank he it ment,
7320 To haue sleyñ him was his entent.
Tho felt [Generides] that wound, *for which Generides*
The bloode ran douñ to the ground;
The arme with the knife that him hirt, *hews off his arm,*
7324 With his swerde he of gyrt.

Than gan he fast mercy crye,
But [Clarionas] wold his deth hie,
"Swete, dere hert," seid she thoo [Fol. 138b, col. 2.]
7328 "Slee him that hath dooñ vs al this woo."
[Generides] wold hir wil fulfill,
And smote him than *with* egre will
Euen on Sir Jewels crouñ,

and cleaves his head in two.

7332 That helm and heid he cleue a-douñ;
[Generides] his sword wipt he thoo,
And to hors bak gañ he goo.

Clarionas and the laundress are put on Jewel's horse;

On Jewels hors was [Clarionas] set
7336 And hir lauender both, without let;
Forth thei rode a grete pas

they reach the sea,

Til thei to the cee comen was.
The Maryner of hem was glad,

and ship;

7340 And lightlie to the ship hem lad;
Both wymen and hors yn thei broght,

and Generides's anxiety is over.

[Generides] was lessed of his thoght.
Thei of Egipt, I you ensure,

King Gwynan mourns for Jewel

7344 King Gwynam, for this aventure
Made sorow for Sir Jewel was sleyn,
And the sothe of his page gañ he freyñ;
He seid "[Generides] that doughty knight
7348 Hath sleyñ my lord this same night,

and the loss of Clarionas,

And leid [Clarionas] awey
That hath be his *paramour* many a day;
Jewel vnhappelie hidre did hir bring,
7352 For now he hath an euel ending."
"Allas," seid the king thañ,
"Thes tithinges make me a sory mañ;

but says it is no good to pursue her.

To folow hem is not to dooñ,
7356 I shal mete *with* hem eft sooñ."

Generides and she

[Generides] had wedir goode,
And soone thei passed the salt floode;

Lightlie Into Perse com thei thañ; — soon reach Perse,
7360 Glad of him was euery mañ.
He gan a messanger ordeyñ
Vnto the Soudon forto seyñ
Al the sothe of here comyng.
7364 The Soudon was glad of that tithing;
He hem met *with* hert entier, — and are welcomed by the Sowdon and lords,
And welcomed his dought*re* *with* grete chere,
And the goode knight [Generides] also;
7368 Al the lordes cam hem too,
And made hem grete welcomyng, — with great joy.
With gam & solace, mirth and pleyng,
To the Citie echoon weñt thañ,
7372 Grete fest made ther the Soudoñ; — A great feast is made,
Right as thei wer serued all
Of the first cours in the hall, — but after the first course come three messengers,
Thre knightes come to the Soudoñ,
7376 *With* humble obeiss*a*unce euerechoñ
To the Soudon a l*ett*re thei toke, — bringing a letter to the Sowdon.
And fast he gan theroñ loke;
Whan he did the l*ett*re breke,
7380 In this maner did it speke.

CHAPTER XIV.

How king Aufreus sent to the Soudon for his soñ *Generides* to help him to conquere Ynde.

King Aufreus's letter to the Sowdon,

"Aufreus, of Tharse and Surre king,
To you most loulie beseching;

asking that he will send his son Generides

It may please youre goodnes
7384 To send his soñ [Generides],
His rightful heire of al Surrie,
To wend with him in companye

to help him recover Ynde from Sir Amalek;

Into Ynde, to wyñ his right,
7388 Ayeinst Sir Amelek forto fight,
That falsely holdeth my lond with wrong,
And hold wil, and hath doon long;
And be it neuer so sone y-wonñ,

and Generides shall have it,

7392 [Generides] his eldest sonñ
Of his yeft shal it haue;

as well as Surre, after his mother's death;

And whan his modre is begraue,
Surre shal be his heritage;

though Ismael now has Tharse.

7396 But Sir Ismael de Sauage
His yongest soñ, after his day
He hath yoven him Tharse without nay;
Al be Sir [Generides] leue,
7400 So that it wold nat him greue;

"The host and the ships are ready,

Gaddred he hath in Surre [Fol. 139, col. 1.]
His oost, and his shippes redie;

Wherfor he preith you with hert entier
7404 To send him his soñ that is so dere — send Aufreus his son."
To help to wyñ his heritage."
Thus did thes knightes tho here message.
The Soudoñ the *lettre* vndrestoode, — The Sowdon
7408 And thoght of the seruice goode
That he had al tymes of [Generides];
Meruel he thoght yet neuer the les, — wonders that Generides has never told him he
So priuelie euer that he him bare
7412 That the Soudon noon erst was ware
That he was the king son Aufris; — was King Aufreus's son;
Or that tyme he knew it in noo wise
Whan he so egro to him was
7416 For his doghtre [Clarionas].
He called [Generides] in that place
And shewed to him al the case;
His fadres lettre he it rade; — he gives Generides his father's letter,
7420 The Soudoñ grete chere him made,
"For kinges soñ sith I you know,
I wil worship as I ow;
And namelie for youre goode seruice
7424 That ye hañ doone me in many wise
Thurgh doughtines of youre hondes,
Ye shul be king of rich londes;
And more worship toward you is
7428 If ye folow my rede I-wis,
For haluendel Perse I you yeve — and says he will give him half Perse
Forto hold while that ye live,
Al al-to-gedre aftre my day;
7432 And my doughtre also, *with*outen nay, — and his daughter Clarionas to wife.
[Clarionas] to haue to wife,
With moch ioye to lede youre life,
For she is come of noble bloode,
[Fol. 139, col. 2.] 7436 Ye may haue *with* hir moch lond and goode;

And as for hir, I am in certeyñ
That she wil not be thĕrageyñ."
Ful mekelie he thonked the Soudoñ
And seid, "oñ erthe ther is noo mañ,
Duke, Prince, Emperour, or King,
Couth profre him so glad a thing,
No so moch worship in al his liue,
As his heire and doghtre to haue to wiue;
I am youre man for euer moo;
But, Sir," seid [Generides] thoo,
"I beseeh you take it not at yl,
But graunt me, and it be youre wil,
Into ynde to my fadre forto wende;
And if his werre take goode ende,
Crouned king I hope to bene;
Than shal my ladie youre doghtre be a quene,
And more honour to hir and you
Than thus to wed hir, as me semeth, now;
Of this mariage ye me respite
Til that I haue al Ynde quite,
And than whan I am king of Ynde,
Vntrew ye shal me neuer fynde;
But I shal wed youre doughtre thañ
Before any living womañ
If ye and she assent therto;
For treulie, Sir, I loue hir soo
That al the honour I cãn devise
I shal doo to hir in ony wise;
For, bi that lord that sitteth aboue,
Thogh she be thing that I most loue,
Was neuer vilanye betwix vs wroght
Nouthir in word, dede, nor thoght,
But that I slept to fast that while
That Jewel did me falslie begyle;

Generides thanks the Sowdon,

but begs leave to go into Ynde,

be crowned, and then make his daughter a queen.

He will keep faith with her,

and do her all the honour he can,

for he has never done her wrong in word or deed,

Most vilanye that euer to me was,
7472 Or euer I did to my ladie [Clarionas],
That I lete hir be stole thoo; — except when he let Jewel steal her away.
But I am sure he shal stele nomoo.
Sir, an hundreth knightes ye me lene — If the Sowdon will lend him 100 knights,
7476 Of my chesing, armed clene,
And or oght long to-gedre echoon
We shul goo and come anoon, — he will soon come back and wed his daughter.
And than wed your doughtre, if it be your wil,
7480 Al youre commaundment to fulfil;
And herof siker ye may be,
Mi trouth I plight you here treulie."
"Graunt mercy," seid the Soudon, — The Sowdon promises him all he wants,
7484 "Of al that I haue or make can,
Of tresour also, men, and vitaile,
For my loue that ye noon faile;
And also, if ye wil me rede,
7488 I wil goo with you in this nede; — and offers to go with him himself,
But of oon thing I drede me doutles, — but says he fears that Gwynan, in his absence,
Of the king of Egipt wikkednes;
[Fol. 129b, col. 1.] Yf he may here tithinges of you
7492 That ye be out of this lond now,
That he wil gadre his ost to-gedre — will invade his land.
And in al hast than come hidre
To destroye vs, if that he may,
7496 For wrath ye toke [Clarionas] away."
"Now," quod [Generides], "drede you noght; — Generides says there is no fear,
I shal not faile you, bi him me boght; — and asks that those
Lete me haue Darel and tho knightes, if ye may,
7500 That wer made with me the same day; — who were knighted with him may go with him into Ynde.
No moo I ask to wende with me
Into ynde but thes meigne."
"A goddes [name]," seid the Soudon, — The Sowdon consents,
7504 Take with you whom ye wil han;

So wele thei loue youre companye
That vnto you thei wol be redy."
Than seid [Generides] to the messangers

and Generides sends word to his father that he will come.

7508 "Gooth home ageyn, my feire freres,
And tel my fadre Aufreus the king
That I shal come *with*out tariyng."
The messangers went here way
7512 W*ith* rich yeftes of grete noblay,
And in to ynde thei went ageyñ
To tel the king and the quene certeyñ
Hou that thei here soñ shul see,
7516 "Thes tithinges ar trew, siker ye be."

Aufreus is glad of this, and makes haste to go into Ynde,

Of thes tithinges the king was glad,
To wende into ynde grete hast he mad;
[Generides] also w*ith* his knightes
7520 Araied him stronglie for the fightes;
His counsel he told vnto Darel,
Wherw*ith* he pleased him right wel;
To here felous thei sent aboute;

for which Generides's companions also prepare.

7524 Thei come in hast ful bold and stoute,
Redie w*ith* [Generides] forto wende;
Ouer al men thei trust him for here frende.

CHAPTER XV.

Here the Soudon sent for his doghtre forto tel þat he had yoveñ hir to *Generides*.

On morow at the soñ rising
7528 The Soudon seid in grete highing,
"Lete fecch hidre my doghtre dere."
Thoo he told hir in what maner
To [Generides] he had hir yeveñ
7532 The whiles that thei to-gedre lyueñ,
With al Perse aftir his day;
"And forto put this in assay
I haue to him my trouth plight,
7536 And he to me, as he is trew knight,
That he wil you wed to wyve
Afor any othre during his lyve."
Than was [Clarionas] glad ynow,
7540 "Mi lord," she seid, "I pray you
At what terme day set he
That he wold feithfulli wed me?"
"Doghtre," he seid, "first into Surre,
[Fol. 139b, col. 2.] 7544 Thidre must he wende sikerlie;
The kinges soñ and his heire he is,
And also al ynde shal be his;
His fadre thurgh treason it lost,
7548 For this cause he thidre most;

The Sowdon orders his daughter to be fetched, and tells her how he has given her to Generides to wife.

Clarionas asks when they are to be married.

The Sowdon says

after Generides has won Ynde

And whan he hath gotẽn that lond,
This Dar I vndretake on hond,
and been crowned king, then she shall be his queen: King therof crovned shal he bene,
7552 Than wol he take you to his quene
And wed you, I dar wel sayne,
So trew I hold him in certeyn;
that is why he waits. And that is al his abiding,
7556 Forto be wedded as a king."
Clarionas [Clarionas] gan hir dismay,
doesn't like this long waiting. The long terme did hir not pay
To abide so long the mariage,
7560 He was come of so high parage;
Than hir self she forgate,
Without spech stil she sate;
Than at the last she spake ful stil,
7564 "Fadre, I wil be at youre wil."
She goes back to her room and swoons, With that word she rose and yede
Vnto hir chambre a goode spede,
In swonyng she fel on hir bed;
7568 That saw Mirabel, and was adred;
Such sorow she thoo made,
Hir coloure wex pale and fade.
"Allas," seid Mirabel thoo,
7572 "For euer ye haue grete woo;
Thurgh weke and moneth, as I wene,
Were ye neuer withouten tene,
That haue I sene many day and long."
and says that never till now has she known sorrow, 7576 "Mirabel," seid she (.) "ye say wrong,
Neuer or now noon euel I felt
That so herd with me delt;
For thogh I haue had hevines,
7580 Yet it hath greued me wel the les,
for before hope comforted her, For hope euer comforted me;
Of thing that now wil neuer be

Min hope is turned al on mys, — now it is gone.
7584 Therfore euer may I sorow I-wis.
A, lord god! I may repent
Out of Egipt that euer I went; — She had better have stayed in Egypt, where she was a queen;
There was I wedded and made a quene;
7588 So wel at ease shal I neuer bene;
This haue I for my kinde hert,
Al this is thurgh my desert;
Him that I loued ou*er* al thing — for now her lover has beguiled her.
7592 Hath me begiled w*ith* his glosing.
I wende, terme of al his life,
He wold not forsake me for his wife;
Allas! ful litle wende wold I
7596 Any such treason in so goodelie a bodie.
As moch care mot him betide — May he suffer for it!
As he hath made me forto abide!"
[Fol. 140, col. 1.] Mirabel wondred of hir woo, — Mirabel asks what all the trouble is about,
7600 Whi hir ladie ferd soo;
"Ma dame," she seid, "tel me whi
That ye ar wax now so sory,
And I shal you counsel for the best,
7604 Som what to set youre hert in rest."
[Clarionas] seid, "w*ith*out fable — and Clarionas says,
I haue euer found you trew and stable,
I wil tel you my sorow sikerlie,
7608 Wh*at* causeth myn hert thus woo to be.
He that me loued most entier,
He hateth me most, fer or nere, — because Generides hates her;
Of ony creature that bereth life
7612 Whan he forsaketh me for his wife.
Mi fadre me profered him in mariage, — for her father offered her to him in marriage,
And Perse to haue to his heritage
Holy aft*er* my fadres day;
7616 But he hath put it in delay, — and he has put it off;

therefore he must want to marry somebody else.

So wot I wele is in his thoght
To wed an othre, and me noght.
He seith he wil not wed me
7620 King crovned til he be!
And al is but treason, I vndretake;

Allas!

Allas! whi hath he me forsake?
Som othre he loueth. Where she is,

May God never bless them.

7624 God hem nouthir of othre blis."
Whan Mirabel knew of hir specñ,

Mirabel begs her to be quiet,

"Sobre youre hert, ma dame, I you besecñ;
For I dar lay myn heid thertoo
7628 He neuer thoght to doo soo,

says Generides means no deceit, but only waits to

Nor neuer ment to you noo gyle;
But he wil abide a while,
Of gretter astate til that he be

wed her with more dignity, not as a mere soldier,

7632 To wed you in more dignitie;
For now while he a Souldiour is,
It wer not youre hono*ur* I-wis
For to take him to husbond

but as a king.

7636 Til he be knowen king of lond;
Therfor suffre a while penaunce,
For al shal turñ to youre plesaunce."
[Clarionas] ful stil thoo lay,
7640 And answerd nouthre yea nor nay.

Generides soon comes;

[Generides] aftre anoon camñ;
Whan Mirabel sight of him nam,
She ran to him w*ith* an hasti brayde,

Mirabel tells him what trouble Clarionas is in,

7644 And pitousli to him she sayd.
He asked whi she was so sory;
"Sir" she seid, "grete cause whi:
Mi ladie so grete sorow dooth make,
7648 And al is, sir, for youre sake:
Whan hir fadre w*ith*out strife
Profered you hir to be youre wife,

And Perse to haue to youre heritage,
7652 Whi put ye in delay this mariage?"
[Generides] for sorow thoo
[Fol. 140, col. 2.] Stoode stil, and spake no word for woo,
"Allas! that myn ovn derling
7656 Shuld suppose in me any such thing."
"Now, Sir, goo ye a grete pase
Vnto my ladie [Clarionas;]
Seke she is, and that ouer-dooñ
7660 But if that she amend sooñ
Of hir liue sore I me drede."
Thoo [Generides] *with* Mirabel yede;
As sone as [Clarionas] him sigh,
7664 To him she gãn speke on high,
And seid, "goo hens out of my sight
[Generides], the most vntrew knight!
Into Inde goo from me;
7668 Kepe I neuer more you to see!
Take to wife, as ye haue ment,
His doghtre that hath you most shent;
Sir Amalek doghtre, I mene,
7672 So may pees betwix you bene;
I shal behote you sikerlie,
Neuer gete ye loue of me."
With that she gan to wepe so sore
7676 That speke might she nomore.
[Generides] lost his countenaunce,
He might not speke for greuaunce,
On hir bed he fel on swonyng;
7680 Than was she in more mornyng
Than euer she was in before,
She dred she shuld hir liue haue lore;
To his face she leid hir cheke,
7684 She felt it cold as yse or leke.

and asks why he put off the marriage.

He must go to her at once.

Generides goes,

and Clarionas bursts out into reproaches, "Go hence, untrue knight,

marry Sir Amalek's daughter, and make peace with him;

no more love will you get from me."

She weeps,

he swoons,

and his face gets as cold as a leek.

On this Mirabel reproaches her,

Mirabel seid, "allas, ma dame,
Treulie ye ar gretlie to blame
Thus doughty to mys-seye,
7688 And suffre him for youre loue to deye;
Shewed ye han youre ovn care;
So saw I neuer woman fare.
Help him of his peynes strong;
7692 Ma dame, in armes ye him fong,

and orders her to kiss him well, or else he'll die.

And kisse him, his hert to haue in rest,
For elles he dieth now at the lest."
Than anoon *with* peynes strong

So Clarionas does kiss him till he gets better,

7696 She gañ to kisse him euer among
Til he com from his swonyng;

and then he says

Than he seid, "ay, swete derling,
So grete sorow ye make me,

she'll be the death of him,

7700 I wote ye wil my deth be;
Youre wordes vttirly wol me sloo,
Ye see wel I may not you forgoo;"

and swoons away again.

With this he fel in swonyng sone.

Mirabel asks her what she is about;

7704 Mirabel seid, "what wil ye doone?
Wil ye suffre him thus fare?
For you shal I neuer more care."
And til hir ladie loude gan she crye,

tells her to stop all this nonsense,

7708 "Leue, madame, al this folye!
Meke youre hert, and speke him too, [Fol. 140b, col. 1.

or else Generides will die.

And elles he wil die for woo.
Think what he hath doo for yoũ!
7712 Me semeth bi his chere he dieth now."

On this, Clarionas swoons,

With this fel [Clarionas] to ground,
And swoned in that same stound;

and poor Mirabel thinks they are both dead.

That saw Mirabel, and to hir rañ,
7716 Weping as a sory womañ;
She wened thei had died bothe;
Of hir life she gan to loothe.

From hir swonyng she come ageyñ, — But Clarionas comes round,
7720 Yet saw she [Generides] lie in peyñ;
Hir angre she gan ther to lithe,
And than she kissed him fel sithe — and sets to kissing Generides, till he comes round too.
Til he cam til knowleche ageyñ;
7724 Oon word for sorow might he not seyñ;
"A, dere hert [Generides]," seid she,
"Wil ye leue me in this contree
And forsake me thus in dede?"
[Fol. 140b, col. 2.] 7728 "Nay ma dame," seid he, "god forbede! — Then he vows never to love another than her,
Othre womañ to loue than you,
That shal I neuer, I make god a vow.
Loo here my trouth to you I make
7732 That I shal you neuer forsake, — or forsake her.
Nor othir than you haue to my wife."
Than stinted [Clarionas] hir strife: — Clarionas is satisfied,
Aithir here trouthes to othir tooke,
7736 And al here sorow thei forsoke.
[Generides] she thanked hertilie,
"Ouer al I loue you most speciallie;
And now, dere hert, leue al youre woo,
7740 For treuli my care is a-goo."
Within twoo dais Sir [Generides]
Toke his leue withouteñ les;
And [Clarionas], weping hir fil, — and gives him leave to go to Ynde, though against her will.
7744 Yaue him leue ageyñ hir wil,
But nedes cost it must be soo;
A nouch yave she him whan he shuld goo.

CHAPTER XVI.

Generides gooth into Ynde to help his fadre Aufreus to conquere the lond that Amalek the traito*ur* thoo had kept from him bi fals treasouñ.

Generides and his knights

[Generides] thañ made him redie, [Fol.140b,col.1].
7748 And al his knightes right lustilie,
Bothe he and thei euerichooñ

take leave of the Sowdon,

Toke here leue at the Soudoñ.
[Generides] met bi the way
7752 Messengers that did him say

and hearing that the Syrian host is at Damas,

That al the oste of Surre was
To-gedre y-come to Damas.
Whãn he herd of that tithing,

they ride there,

7756 Ful fast he rode w*ith*out letting
Toward Damas that feire Citie;
His fadres ost there found he,
Which were ful glad of his comyng.

sail to Ynde,

7760 Thei sailed to ynde without tariyng;
The havens of ynde to here plesaunce
Thei toke without distourbaunce,
So thei entred into the lond

and take possession,

7764 And toke al into here hond;
Tovnes and castels that heñ withstoode,
Thei bet hem douñ w*ith* egre moode;
And al thoo that thei might of here
7768 That Sir Amalekkes frendes were,

Thei did hem the shame thei might, — doing shame to Amalek's friends.
And seased al here goodes *with* right;
The grete of the contre hem sore dred, — The great lords
7772 Thei durst not abide, but al fled,
And highed hem fast to a Citie — flee to the city of Vise,
That vise was called in that contree;
[Fol. 141, col. 1.] Thei vitailed it *with* the best,
7776 Thei doubted noo man est nor west.
Som barounes on knees gañ fall — but some beg mercy from Aufreus,
To king Aufreus mercy to call,
And besoght him graunt here lifes
7780 Bothe for here childre and here wifes;
To al thoo that he trew fond, — which he grants to the true,
Lyfe and lym, castel and lond,
He graunted(:) but thoo that did him forsake,
7784 Magre Amalek he did hem take, — but the faithless he hangs.
And made hem to be hong and draw,
And did hem slee bi the law.
Amalek was that same while — Amalek
7788 From the ost a ten myle;
Of this werk wist he nothing; — knows nothing of this
But as he sat at his pleyng
At the ches *with* an othir knight, — till, while he is playing chess,
7792 And seid chekmate to him a-right,
Anoon come in a messengere
And broght tithinges that al might here,
And seid vnto Sir Amalek, — a messenger tells him
7796 "Ye sey vnto this knight chek,
And I sey chekmate to you:
King Aufreus is in this contre now — of Aufreus's invasion,
With grete ost, and destroeth youre lond,
7800 This for trouth ye may vndrestond,
With you he wil pley chek mate
But if ye you purvey him to abate;

and that Generides is with him.

With him is come Sir [Generides],
7804 The best knight in werre and pes
That now is holdeñ in ony lond,
And both thei be here nigh hond."

Amalek

Whãn Amalek this vndrestoode,
7808 He loked as he were nigh woode;
Writes he did make and sende,
Ouer al the lond the writes wende;

sends for mangonels, and strengthens the city.

He purveid for maygnelles and belfrayes
7812 And othre ordinaunce at al assayes;
Strong ynogh was that Citie,
A moch stronger might noon be.
[Generides[1]] wold first him dres
7816 In the vaward for doghtines.

His knights

There was in the Citie many goode knightes,
Thei armed hem at al Rightes;

ride out

Oute of the Citie with grete oste
7820 Thei come with grete pompe and boste,

into a meadow

In a brode medow feire and grene

in 15 battalions of 1000 each,

Thei batailed hem in ranges fiftene,
A thousand armed in eche bataile,
7824 Without Archers that wold not faile.

and Aufreus meets them

And king Aufreus, on his partie,
He cãm with a feire companye

with 12 battalions.

Araied wel in batels twelf
7828 Of goode men that knew hem self.

Generides

Whan [Generides] had of him a sight
He rode to him as a doughtie knight [Fol. 141, col. 2.]
With his spere Iusting forto bede,—

and Darel ride out to joust,

7832 Darel with him he gan thoo lede,—
Amalekes brothre Sir Amanewel
Saw wel [Generides] and Darel;

[1] The blank in the MS. has been filled in by a later hand with *Gerenedes*. Was not *Amalek* meant? and should not this and the next line be put twelve lines down, after line 7828?

A doughtie knight he was of dede,
7836 The doughtiest of al his kinrede;
A felow he had that Aunsel hight,
Brethreñ thei were of trouth plight;
On here stedes to-gedre riding
7840 Thei went to [Generides] him meting.
To [Generides] rode Amanewel, — and Amanewel (the Lion's Heart),
And Aunsel rode to Sir Darel; — and Aunsel charge them.
Amanewel was so wight and smert
7844 That men called him the liones hert,
[Generides] *with* his spere he smote,
Thurgh the shelde and hauberk it bote,
But the hauberk was ful goode,
7848 The soket therageyns stoode;
[Generides] smote Amanewel so in the shelde — Generides unhorses Amanewel,
With his goode spere that he helde
That he made him bakward stoupe
7852 Til he fel ouer his hors croupe.
Than [Generides] toke his goode stede
Bi the bridel, and did him lede;
Amanewel take he wold, — but is stopped from taking him prisoner.
7856 But than cam many knightes bold.
Darel in his part did his dede, — Darel also
With Aunsel to Iust he yede,
And Aunsel sone *with* him met,
7860 And in the mid sheld him smet
That Darel was in point thoo
To the ground forto goo;
With his launce goode and grete
7864 Aunsel out of the sadle he smet, — unhorses Aunsel,
And *with* that stroke to ground him kest;
To take his stede Darel was prest, — and takes his steed,
But him to take might he not spede,
7868 For he was reskewed at his nede. — but Aunsel is rescued.

Darel furth that stede led
To his ost, no ferthir he fled;
Therof he had right goode game,
7872 [Generides] and he in-same.
The ost within saw al this chaunce,
The begnnyng was not to here plesaunce.

Leomedon, king of Luby,

Leomedan, king of Luby,
7876 A stoute man of Chiualrie,

for love of Lucidas (daughter of Amalek by Aufreus's queen, Serenydes),

For loue of the ladie Lucidas—
That Sir Amalekes doghtre was
Bi Serenydes the Quene
7880 Sithen thei had wedded bene—
Redie to Iust he went him out,
He thoght he shuld noman dout.
Lucidas loued him no thing,
7884 Nor noon othre to mennes weting,—
She was feire of flesh and bloode, [Fol. 141b, col. 1.]
And therto of condicions goode,
Nothing of hir modres maner,
7888 Therfor he loued hir with hert entier—

rides forth to joust with

To iust for hir sake doutles
Ful besilie he put him in pres;

Antitodes of Antioch;

Vnto the Prince of Antioche
7892 Ful fast he gan to him approche,
(Antitodes that Prince hight)
Redie to Iust he him dight,
And rode vnto Leomedoñ:

they charge,

7896 Fellie to-gedre gan thei gooñ
That here shaftes brake in twoo;

unhorse one another,

From here stedes fel thei thoo,
Bot both thei were at that nede

and change steeds.

7900 That ech of hem toke othres stede.
The ost com on frusshing,
Hem within ful fast sailing,

With stoute and grete chiualrie
7904 Many a goode man ther gãn die, — Many are killed.
Many wounded vndre shelde,
And many vnhorsed in the felde.
Sir Amalek smot ther a knight — Amalek
7908 That he clefe his sheld doun right,
And smot him thurgh the bodie; — cuts a knight through before Aufreus,
Before king Aufreus gãn he die,
He fel deid from his stede.
7912 "Aufreus," quod Amalek, "I the rede — and tells him
Take this present, and goo hens *with* al, — he'd better go home.
Or elles send the more I shal."
Aufreus thoo gan wax wrothe, — Aufreus rides
7916 He spored his stede, and furth he goothe,
Meting *with* the king Samyk — at King Samyk
That thoo was king of Aufrik,
And in that mode he smote him soo
7920 That his sheld he clefe in twoo,
And in the bodie he smote him depe; — and wounds him so that he
Samyk might him no lenger kepe,
On his stede he caght a deidlie wound,
7924 And in swonyng he fel to ground; — falls to the ground
His helme of yede in that falling,
Thañ had Aufreus of him knowing,
And ful sory was of that chaunce
7928 For loue of here old acqueyntaunce;
Right there died he(.) as he lay. — and dies.
With that, asone as euer he may,
Cam Isores, his soñ eldest, — His son Isores
7932 That on his fadre his eyñ kept,
He saw him deid: "allas," quod he,
"Sir Amalek, cursed mot thou be — curses Amalek and Serenides
And thi Quene Serenides,
7936 Thogh she be my sustre neuer-the-les;

God let you nouthre goode dethe die,
for their harlotry, For thurgh youre vnthrifti harlotrie
Was the goode knight betraied I-wis [Fol. 141b, col. 2.]
7940 That kind lord of this lond is:
And now my fadre, alas, for dele,
Is sleyñ in youre fals quarel!"
and has his father buried. The deid bodie he made furth bere,
7944 And ful richelie gan it entiere.
Al the oost within of that chaunce
Were dismayed and lost countynaunce,
And drew hem to the Citie ful fast.
Generides rides forth, 7948 [Generides] saw hem flee in hast,
He russhed aboute on euery side,
And out of the ost gañ he glide
On Blaunchard his goode stede,
7952 Boldlie to Iust furth he yede.
Isores charges him, Sir Isores rode to him ageyñ,
He wold be wrokeñ wonder fayñ;
[Generides] he smot in the sheld soo
7956 That the shaft brast euen in twoo;
splits his shield, and drives his steed on its knees. With that stroke the shelde to-rofe
That the stede on knees doũn drofe,
But sone vp ageyñ he rose;
7960 Of that stroke his hert agrose,
But Generides gives Isores such a thrust And Isores tho he smote ageyñ
In the middes of his sheld certeyñ;
Bi his strenght the sheld to-rofe
7964 That thurgh the shuldre the spere drofe;
that he surrenders at once, Isores his swerd thoo out hent,
Therwith [Generides] he did present,
And yeld him to him in that place.
and says 7968 [Generides] Asked him whoo he was;
"Sir," he seid, "Samyk the king
Was my fadre without lesing,

Mi sustre is quene Serenydes." — his sister is Queen Serenydes.
7972 Thoo Aunswerd him Sir [Generides], — Generides
"Of you I haue ful grete pitie,
And therfor shal I let you be;
To youre ost goo ye ageyñ, — sets him free, bidding him tell
7976 Sey to quene Serenydes certeyñ — Serenydes that Generides will take
'That I [Generides] am now here; — vengeance on her.
She wold haue sleyn me this othir yere;
If god wil, I shal therof a-wreke me.'
7980 To goo youre wey ye shal haue help of me
While ye light vp to that mede;"
In the meãn while he held his stede.
Isores did Serenydes to vndrestond — This message is delivered,
7984 Al the sothe of [Generides] sond;
Thoo gan she make rewful chere — and Serenydes makes sure that
Whañ she wist that he was there;
Hope to escape had she nooñ,
7988 To the deth she was sure to gooñ. — she shall be killed.
Darel on a blak stede sat, — Darel
To bere him wel he noght forgate:
Ther was a knight hight Joathañ, — is charged by Joathan,
7992 Of Europe, a ful doughtie mañ,
[Fol. 142, col. 1.] He loued Lucidas that Ladie bright, — who loves Lucidas,
For hir sake he wold preue his might
With Darel to iust in dede,
7996 Towardes him a pace he yede,
But ageyñward darel so him hit,
Out of his sadle he made him flit, — but Darel unhorses and wounds him,
And wounded him thurgh the arme,
8000 Oñ swoũn he fel for that harme;
Reskewed thoo was his bodie, — though he is rescued.
But Darel as a knight hardie
His feire stede with him led,
8004 And to his felous he did him sped;

Darel turns

But in the turnyng ageynward
To the toure he loked vpward,

and sees Lucidas,

Tho he perceyued lucidas,
8008 And saw hou feir a ladie she was;
So feire a creature neuer saw he
Except [Clarionas,] nor of such beutie;

and falls so in love with her that

The sight of hir was in his thoght,
8012 In sore longyng it him broght;

he forgets all his jousting.

Darel his Iusting tho forgate,
Loue so herd at his hert sate.
Segryne he called to him that tide,
8016 And seid, "frende, come bi mi side;"
And seid, "frend, now tel me,
Haue ye acqueyntaunce of this contre?"
"Yea, sir," he seid, "I know it wel."

He asks Segryne who she is.

8020 "Now, gentil felow," seid Darel,
"The feire ladie that I yondre see
On high in the toure, what is shee?
Whethir is she maden or wife?
8024 Such oon saw I neuer in al my life."
"Sir," he seid, "wife is she nooñ;
A maide I trow is she ooñ."
"I koñ you thonk for youre answere;
8028 Now shal I tel you in youre ere,
Hir loue myn hert so sore hath take,
Departing can I noon make;
But to [Generides] ye it not sey,
8032 Nor of my counsel me bewrey."

Segryne tells him

"Sir," seid Segryne, "I wil you rede
Oñ euery side wel to spede;
That ladie that ye speke of here

that she is Amalek's daughter by Serenydes,

8036 Is Sir Amalekkes doughtre dere
Bi his quene Serenydes;
But I dar sey yet neuer-the-les

That [Generides] in this case
8040 Noon hate bereth to Lucidas.
Now, bi my rede, send hir a ring, — and advises him to send her a ring.
Therbi shal ye here tithing."
Darel toke him a ring a-nooñ, — Darel does so,
8044 And to the toure Segryne is gooñ;
He thoght for hir sake to doo dedes, — and to show his prowess,
To Iust thañ he wold nedes,
To Amanewel hir vncle he rode — rides at Amanewel
[Fol. 142, col. 2.] 8048 That ful hardelie him aboode;
But neuer-the-les Sir Amanewel
With the stroke he had of Darel
Oute of the sadle he was borñ, — and unhorses him.
8052 And his goode stede he hath lorñ.
Al that saw Lucidas; whañ he fel, — Lucidas sees this,
She semed Darel Iusted wel,
She thoght he was come of goode kyñ,
8056 Som dele he gan hir loue to wyñ;
If he wer come of goode kynrede, — and thinks she could love him if he was well born,
Loue him she wold for ony drede;
But wete she wold or oght long
8060 That she loued noght wrong.
Of [Generides] she herd tell,
She loued him euer wel,
But, for he hated hir fadre, she drede
8064 That he hated al the kinrede;
Therfor loue him durst she noght; — as she dare not love Generides.
To Darel she turned al hir thoght,
But neithir him nor [Generides]
8068 Knew she than without les.
She seid to hir modre, "madame,
That knight is [Generides] bi name. — She thinks it is Generides on the black steed,
Se ye him vpon the blak stede?
8072 I hold it he, so god me spede;

Al day he holdeth him the toure nere,
for he has jousted well — Many Iustingis he hath made here,
Speres broken, and stedes wonñ,
8076 Sith the ostes to assemble gonñ;
and thrown her uncle, — Min vncle he threw even nov douñ right,
And wañ his goode stede bi might;
So goode a knight saw I noon here
though he on the white courser is the best of all. — 8080 But him that rideth on the white courser,
He is doughtiest mañ in fight
That euer I saw, and boldest knight."
Into the toure sone come there
Segryne comes in, — 8084 Segryne the goode messangere;
The Quene perceyued him with sight,
Of his comyng hir hert was light,
She welcomed him, and gan him pray
8088 Of the ost without he wold hir say
If he there any knight knew;
tells them that the knight on the white steed is Generides, — "Ma dame," he seid, "bi seint Andrew,
Se ye him on the white stede?
8092 That is [Generides,] so god me spede;
and he on the black one, — And yondre knight on the stede blak
Is a doughti man without lak,
Darel, son of the Prince of Cesar. — The Prince soñ of Cesar he is,
8096 And his heire shal be I-wys;
Darel is his right name,
A curtes knight of goode fame."
Lucidas then falls in love with him; — Lucidas than loued him the more,
8100 Hir coloure therwith chaunged sore,
A grete sigh than she drogh,
her mother sees it and leaves her. — Hir modre perceiued it wel ynogh
Bi the chaungeyng of hir coloure [Fol. 142b, col. 1.]
8104 That she loued him paramoure,
For she that maner wel knew,
Therfor it did hir bales brew.

Serenydes turned hir hastelie
8108 And laft Lucidas hir by;
Segryne no lenger dwel wold,
But toke hir thoo the ring of gold — Segryne gives Serenydes Darel's ring,
Which that Darel to hir had sent;
8112 Moch it pleased hir hertes entent.
A ring of hirs she toke Segryne, — and she gives Segryne one for Darel.
And seid, "frende and felow myne,
To Sir Darel this ring ye bere,
8116 And pray him for my loue it to were,
And hertilie thonk him of his sond,
For neuer erst was man in lond
That I receiued of tokenyng
8120 Saue now, Segryne, *with*out lesing."
To hir modre ther she yede,
And Segryne on his way gan spede — Segryne
Til he cam to the tournay;
8124 Wel soone Darel him say,
He told him tithinges his hert to glade, — gives it to Darel,
Of the ring grete ioye he made,
Neuer of mirth smal ne grete
8128 Sith he was borñ so wel he lete.
Vnto Segryne than seid he,
"Frend, vnto the toure folow me; — who asks him to go with him to the tower.
The first stede ye shal haue
8132 That I wyñ, so god me saue."
Tho met Darel *with* grete envie
Leomedoñ king of Lubie; — Darel
Thei met there *with* egre moode,
8136 Darelles hert to his ladie stoode,
[Fol. 142b, col. 2.] He smote him sore, leomedoñ,
That out of his sadle he made him gooñ, — unhorses Leomedon, and gives his steed to Segryne.
And there he wañ his goode stede,
8140 And gafe it Segryne to his mede.

Lucidas saw that Iusting,
It mysliked hir nothing.
Among hem *with*out faile
8144 Hard was alwey the bataile;
Sleyn and take was mañy ooñ.
Tho *Generides* did his stede gooñ,
With the king of Lubie tho he mett
8148 That was ageyñ on hors set,

Generides cleaves the King of Lubie's head in two,

Generides smot him on the heid on hie
That the heid clefe oñ twoo partie;
To the ground fel Leomedoñ
8152 King of Lubie, deid as a stooñ.

and Amalek's host withdraw into the city,

Into the Citie ful fast thei drew,
The ost *with*out fast hem slew;
To the Citie or that thei come,
8156 Many good knightes wer ouernome,
So that Sir Amalek and his ost

discomfited;

Wer discomfet for al his bost.
Thei that gate in and wer vnslaw,
8160 The gates thei shet, the brigges did draw;

and Aufreus's army besieges the city closely,

And thei *with*out, al thei might,
Beseged the tovñ a-nooñ right.
Ageyn the toure on high to seyñ,
8164 *Generides* gan his tentes ordeyñ,

and make engines to beat down the walls.

Engynes thei did make ful fast
The stooñ walles douñ to cast;
Or thei departed thei thoght to wyñ
8168 The Citie and al that were *with*in.

CHAPTER XVII.

Here leueth of the sege And *Generides*, [and] turneth Ageyn to King Gwynañ king of Egipt, how he ordeined him A grete ost of people forto werre vpõn the Soudoñ of Perse to wyn Ageyñ his ladie *Clarionas*, And to avenge him of the despite that *Generides* did to him whan he feched hir fro Egipt.

[Fol. 143, col. 1.]

Of this sege herd Gwynañ the king, — Gwynan, king of Egypt,
And than he lete make purveing
While [Generides] was out of lond
8172 Into Ynde to take werre on hond;
Wonderlie couetous tho he was
Forto a-wreke him on [Generides,]
And of his fadres dethe also.
8176 A grete oste he gadred him thoo — gathers a great host to invade Perse,
To Perse *with* him forto wende,
Al that contre he thoght to shende;
A messenger he sent into ynde — and sends to tell Amalek
8180 Vnto Amalek where he might him finde,
And sent him word to kepe him close — to keep close
That he come not among his foos,
But that he stronglie kepe his castel, — in his castle,
8184 For help to him shal come ful wel;
"Sey to him," quod Gwynan the king,
"I and myn ost *with*out letting
Wil into Perse to win that lond;
8188 And whan I haue it in myn hond, — till Gwynan has taken Perse

and can come to help him.

Into ynde thañ come I shal
Him to help w*ith* myn ostes al."
To Amalek was this message doo;
8192 Glad of thes tithinges was he thoo.

Serenydes

Serenydes did hir doghtre call,
She cam to hir forth-w*ith*-all,

asks her daughter Lycidas

She seid, "doghtre, wold ye tel me
8196 Of oon thing I shal ask you?" seid she.
"Ma dame," q*uo*d she, "gladlie I shal
Tel you som dele, and elles al."
"Doghtre," she seid, "for my loue now,

what tidings Segryne brought her that morning.

8200 What tithinges broght Segryne to you
To day soo[1] tymelie in the mornyng [[1] MS. *soi.*]
Whan ye were in so grete talking."
She spake no word a grete while,
8204 But at the last she gan to smyle;
To tel the trouth, ashamed was she,
Alwey hir modre kept hir pryuee;
Lucidas seid, "for sothe, madame,
8208 I shal you tel w*ith*out blame
What Segrine seid vnto me,

"A diamond ring from a knight,

"A knight sent him hidre," seid she,
"A ring w*ith* a diamount he me broght;
8212 Of my goode fauoure he me besoght."
"Who is that knight?" seid the quene.
"Ma dame," she seid, "ye might him sene
Vndre the wal of the toure al day
8216 Riding as a knight in goode aray,

son of the Prince of Cesare,

He is the Prince soñ of Cesare,
His heire nedes shal he be;
Thus told me Segryne I-wis

named Sir Darel."

8220 That Sir Darel his name is."

Serenydes asks her to test Darel's love

"Ay, feire doghtre," seid the quene
"If he loue you ye shal sone sene:

Send to Segryne bi som page,
[Fol. 143, col. 2.] 8224 Pray him for his Av*a*untage
That he come to you hastilie,
And whan he cometh in privetie,
As he you loueth ye him pray
8228 To[1] Darel from you this message, [[1] ? for *take*.]
That for youre loue he sech grace
Of [Generides] to purchace
The same ring that [Clarionas]
8232 Yave him while he in Perse was;
For ye may say to Segryne
That ye haue a nigh cosyñ
That peyned is with a strong goute,
8236 Of his liue he hath grete doute,
To him it come bi a visioñ
That he shal neuer of that corrupcioñ
Be deliuered for noo thing
8240 Til that he haue the same ring,
If that he can bi any gyñ
To assay that ring to wyñ;
And whan he is hole, for certeyñ
8244 Ye shul send him the ring ageyñ.
Let him goo to Sir Darel,
I hope that he shal spede wel."
Lucidas herd hir moders tale,
8248 She vndrestoode not of the bale
That hir modre aboute went;
Aftre Segryne anoon she sent,
And he come redilie at hir sond:
8252 Wel soone she did him vndrestond
Of the ring of hir modres speech,
Ful hertlie she did him thoo beseech
For hir loue of Sir Darel to craue
8256 The same ring, that she might haue

by asking him to get her the ring that Clarionas gave to Generides, telling the story that a near relation wants it to cure him of "a strong goute,"

and when he is healed she will return it.

Lucidas, not seeing her mother's guile,

sends to ask Darel for the ring

to cure her friend.

For my grete frendes medicine
That of the goute hath grete pine.
Segryne went and Darel besoght,
8260 And the forseid message to him broght.

Darel asks Generides for the ring,

Vnto [Generides] Sir Darel yede,—
He wist wel sone to spede,—
[Generides] trusted Darel ynogh,

and he gives it him at once.

8264 And the ring fro his finger sone he drogh;

Darel then sends it to Lucidas,

Darel bad bere it to Lucidas,
And furth *with* it he went a-pas;
He com to hir, and deliuerd hir the ring,
8268 And she made him grete welcomyng.
Whan Segryne departed fro the Castel
She preid him recom*m*maund hir to Darel.
Serenydes saw wel whan he cam,
8272 And how hir doghtre the ring nam;
"Doghtre," she seid, "I se wel here
This knight you loueth *with* hert entier;
Loue Darel Ageyn now, I you rede,
8276 His loue I shal not you forbede;

and she gives it to her mother.

And nov the Ring ye take to me,
Therw*ith* shal I doo a goode iourney."

Serenydes gives it to a saucy wily lad, Gwisshare,

Whãn Serenides the Ring had, [Fol. 143b, col. 1.]
8280 Glad she was, and called a lad,—
The laddes name was Gwisshare,
A grete Iaper, he toke noo care,
A sotel felow and a ples*a*unt,
8284 Feire he was and Auenaunt,
Borñ he was in Ethiope,
He durst haue spoken to the Pope
Or to the Emp*erour*, as for langage,
8288 Such dedes did him avauntage,—
"Goo forth, a man I shal the make,"
(His erand *with* the ring did he take)

And faile not *with* this ring — and tells him to make discord by means of it.
8292 Discord to make for ony thing."
"Ma dame," he seid, "if I haue life,
I take on hond to make strife;"
So went he to Perse *with* the ring, — He goes to Perse
8296 But Lucidas wist noothing;
Yf she had wist of this sotelnes
She wold not haue goote the ring I-wis.
Gwisshar sped his wey ful fast,
8300 And into Perse he cam at last,
To Mounthanar that feir Citie — to the city of Mounthanar,
Thidre he cam for certaintie.
The Soudon was tho in grete thoght — where the Sowdon is,
8304 For new tithinges that were him broght,
How king Gwynan was in his lond — while Gwynan is taking possession of his castles, etc.
And begãn to sease it into his hond,
Castels, tovnes, burghes, and Cities,
8308 He begañ destroye thurgh the contres;
Toward Monthanar he was comyng,
A right grete ost him was foloyng.
The Soudon was right besie thoo
8312 To send a-boute to and froo
Aftre his lordes fer and nere
Forto help him in this daungere.
Gwisshar to Mounthanar is comeñ, — Gwisshar
8316 And his yñ In the Touñ hath nomeñ;
Vnto the Castel anõõn he yede
Boldli *without* ony drede;
The Soudon in his champel[1] was, [[1] so in MS.]
8320 And his doughtre [Clarionas];
Gwisshar into the Chapel drogh,— — goes to the Chapel where Clarionas is,
He couth his craft weld[1] ynogh,—
Right ageyñ [Clarionas] he stoode,
8324 The ring was Fyne and goode,

On his finger he it toke,
And made as to godward he did loke,
and holds his hand — His bare hond ou*er* his side casting,
8328 The ring to [Clarionas] euer shewing
so that Clarionas sees the ring. — So that she saw it at the last;
A grete sigh she gañ to cast,
It chills her, — And began to wex cold and pale
8332 Til she herd the sothe taile.
Mirabel thoo p*er*ceyue gañ
[1 so in MS.] — His[1] Ladies coloure wex pale and wañ, [Fol. 143b, col. 2.]
She seid, "ma dame, what aileth you?
8336 It is not wel, me thinketh now."
and she tells Mirabel that she has seen — Thoo [Clarionas] answerd ful stil,
"I not whedre me is goode or il,
Or whedre I may sorow or pleyñ
8340 For a thing that I haue seyñ.
In this chapel I saw here
the ring that she gave Generides, — The same Ring I gaf my fere
Ful priuelie at a window
8344 The first tyme I did him know:
on yon fellow's finger. — See ye the felow doth yondre stand,
And hou he leith furth his hond;
On his finger I saw it right now,
8348 Ful lefe me were to wete how
He come therto, and in what maner."
Mirabel tells her to go to her room, — Mirabel seid, "my ladie dere,
Goo to youre chaumbre and rest you,
8352 And I will abide here as now
And speke wit*h* him, if I cañ,
To wete how he that ring wañ."
[Clarionas] to hir chaumbre yede;
8356 Mirabel tho gãn hir spede,
and then brings Gwisshar to her. — To speke wit*h* him was al hir thoght,
To hir ladies chambre she him broght;

Whãn he was comen to [Clarionas]
8360 He did his message a grete pase,
"Ma dame," he seid without les,
To you commaundeth him [Generides];
Woo is me to be the messanger
8364 Of such tithinges as I bring you here,
But of Surre and furth broght
I am(:) therfore dismay you noght,
I must nedes doo his wil
8368 In al that I cãn loude or still,
And elles it wer me grete shame;
But I so did, I were to blame.
Ma dame, for sothe ye vndrestond
8372 [Generides] is become an husbond;
Wedded he hath a ladie ful clene,
Amalekes doghtre, as Iwene;
Ageyñs his wil he did that dede,
8376 But his fadre gañ him rede,
Vpoñ his blissing he did him pray,
So he durst not sey him nay.
Thurgh that marriage is now takeñ
8380 An hole accord, and wrath forsakeñ
Betwix Amalek and Aufris;
It was not bi [Generides] avice,
Yet shal he be crovned king
8384 Of ynde thurgh that wedding;
If ye trow not that it so be,
This token he sent you bi me;
He wil ye take an husbond
8388 Where so ye wil in ony lond.
[Fol. 144, col. 1.] Yet Ma dame, if youre wil be,
Koñ [Generides] noo magre,
For on the day of his wedding
8392 Thries he fel on swonyng

Gwisshar tells Clarionas that Generides

has married

Amalek's daughter,

against his will,

but urged by his father,

to make peace with Amalek.

Therefore he has returned her ring, and wishes her to marry some one else.

Before hem al that wer thare."

Clarionas swoons away,

Whan [Clarionas] herd him thus declare,
And saw the ring a tokeñ goode,
8396 A swouñ she fel as she stoode;
And for sorow that she had,
Mirabel grete dole had.

but recovers

[Clarionas] at last ouercaṁ,

and knocks the ring out of Gwisshar's hand into Mirabel's face.

8400 And of hir ring grete hede she naṁ,
And fellie smote it out of his hond
That Mirabel in hir face it fond.

Mirabel puts it safely away.

Mirabel toke it in that casting
8404 And put it in safe keping, [Fol. 144, col. 1.]
For al this she thoght trewlie
More of this ring wete wold she.

Gwisshar goes off home again.

Whan Gwisshar saw hir so take oñ,
8408 He toke his leue forto gooñ
Home ageyn to his contree.

Clarionas mourns,

Of [Clarionas] was great pitie,
So she wept and sorow made,
8412 And began to wax pale and fade.
Mirabel on hir side also
Wept, and wrong his handes twoo
For drede of this fals tithing

but Mirabel thinks there has been some trickery about the ring.

8416 That cam bi token of the ring;
But Mirabel euer thoght
Som falsnes therin might be wroght,
And the ring stole bi some tresoñ,
8420 She thoght it so in hir Reasoñ.

The Sowdon

The Soudon herd of [Clarionas]
His doughtre, hou she seke was:

goes to see Clarionas,

Vnto hir chambre he gañ goo,
8424 And on a swouñ he found hir thoo.
Moch sorow he gañ to make,
In his armes he did hir take,

"Doghtre, hou cam this euel to you?
8428 For my loue," he seid, "tel me now."
[Clarionas] opened hir eyen tweyñ, — and she tells him
And spake to hir fadre *with* grete peyñ,
"Sir," she seid, "for loue of ooñ — how Generides has betrayed her.
8432 That hath betraied vs euerechooñ,
And namely for you and me
This euel I have, cursed be he! — Cursed be he!
Bi [Generides] it is that I mene,
8436 His trouth he hath brogke, I wene;
Wedded he hath a wife in ynde."
"Doghtre," he seid, "than is he vnkynde."
"Sir," she seid, "thrugh that wedding,
8440 Amalek and Aufreus the king — and has made peace with Amalek.
And [Generides], thei accorded bene,
And pes is made hem betwene;
And, Sir, that this be noo lesing,
[Fol. 144, col. 2.] 8444 To tokeñ he sent me my Ring."
Than had the Soudon michel care, — The Sowdon says
"God," he seid, "hou may this fare,
That in such a noble knight
8448 Falsed be found day or night? — as the harm's done, there is no good in complaining.
But sith it is doo, there is no bote
Therageyñ no lenger to mote.
Doghtre, dismay you not therfore;
8452 For, sith that ye haue him forlore,
Ye shal haue a richer husbond — Clarionas shall have a richer husband within three days,
And a worthier, as I vndrestond,
I hope *with*in thes daies thre;
8456 For Gwynan neu*er* in al his liue — even Gwynan,
Was so glad as he shal bene
And he may haue you to his quene;
And pes in lond we shal haue, — with whom peace shall be made.
8460 And neuer-the-les oure hono*ur* saue."

Mirabel asks the Sowdon to wait till he knows the whole truth;

Mirabel of thes wordes lete yl;
That wedding wer not at hir wil;
And hir ladie *with*seid it noght,
8464 Therfor she had mych thoght,
For she loued euer [Generides]
Passing wel without les;
Mercy she gañ the Soudon crie
8468 That the wedding shuld not hie,
Al the soth til that he wist.
[Clarionas] tho to speke list,
And seid, "this is a wondre thing,

but Clarionas asks —Is not the ring enough proof?

8472 Mirabel, saw ye not the ring?
That was a goode tokeñ, I wene,
[Coude euyr any betre bene?]"

Whereupon Mirabel rebukes her for

She seid, "trow it neuer I shal—
8476 For noo token grete ne smal—
That he wold his trouth breke,
Til that I here him self speke.
For the Ring, no more ne les,
8480 For thurgh treason right wel I gesse;
The ring I deme right wel he hath lore;
Fals ye found him neuer before;

mistrusting her love whom she had never found false.

Ma dame, ye shuld not bi right
8484 Neuer mystrust so gentil a knight
For loue of a litle ring!

If Clarionas was stolen from him in the forest, why might not his ring be stolen too?

Oones he lost a betre thing
In the forest while he did slepe;
8488 Therfore, ma dame, take goode kepe,
Whan youre self from him was stole
Vnware, he might the betre thoole
Thurgh gile to les a little ring,
8492 Whan that he lost so precious a thing."

Mirabel persuades the Sowdon to wait,

In such wil the Soudon she broght
That at the last he him bethoght

And seid, "Mirabel, I wil tarie me
8496 If I might here and treulie se."
"I pray you, licence me to goo — and asks his leave to go into Ynde,
To that contre," seid she thoo,
"Into Ynde ther [Generides] is, — see Generides, and find out the truth;
[Fol. 144b, col. 1.] 8500 And I shal know the sothe I-wis;
In hast shal I come ageyñ,
And tel you the trouth in certeyñ;
Twoo monethes respite graunt ye me — but during the two months she is away,
8504 Forto fulfil my Journey.
The whils I am in that passage
That ye make no maner mariage
Betwene my ladie and Gwynañ, — Clarionas is not to be married to any man.
8508 Nor to noon othir erthlie mañ."
Without moo wordes the Soudoñ — The Sowdon agrees to this,
Graunted hir axing thoo anooñ;
Mirabel purveid hir to wende
8512 With twoo Squyers that wer hende,
Wel y-horsed thei were al thre;
With a grome(.) And no moo meignee, — and Mirabel starts for Ynde.
The wey thei toke to Ynde ward.
8516 Listneth now of aventure hard.
[Generides] was sore a-fright — Generides dreams that the Sowdon
For that he dremed on a night:
Him thoght the Soudon to him come,
8520 And [Clarionas] in his hond nome,
Sore weping him beforñ
As she shuld hir liue haue lorñ;
Him thoght the Soudon to him spake
8524 And seid, "[Generides], nov awake; — reproaches him with breaking his troth
Ye doo not as ye me behight
Whan ye to me youre trouth plight,
And also vnto my doghtre here,
8528 That ye shuld in no maner

Othir wife than hir to take;
Foule ye haue *your* trouth forsake
Now ye haue wedded another wife;
8532 Ne wende I neuer in al my life
To haue found in you such treasoñ."
And [Clarionas] that same seasoñ
Seid to him weping sore—
8536 As him thoght more and more—
That he deliuer hir hir ring,
Or elles she wold *with*out letting
To king Gwynan graunt his wil,
8540 His lust and pleasure to ful-fill,
And lete him kepe Lucidas
That his new wedded wife was.
Ouer that he drempt how king Gwynañ
8544 [Clarionas] had seased thañ,
And into Egipt he gan hir lede
That he might it not forbede;
But than he thoght Mirabel cañ,
8548 And Gwynan bi the throte nañ,
And cast him douñ to the ground,
And halpe hir ladie in that stound.
[Generides] than had such care,
8552 In his slepe he had nigh mysfare;
At the last he awoke and abraide,
He cried and was al dismaide.
With that crie vp stert Darel, [Fol. 144, col. 2.]
8556 And so did trew Nathanael,
And asked him whi he cried soo.
Thañ he hem answerd both twoo,
"Swete felows," he seid, "mercy!
8560 A wonder sweven drempt I."
His dremyng al he hem told;
Darels hert begañ to cold;

by marrying another wife,

and that Clarionas

demands her ring again,

so that she may have Gwynan,

and he his new wife Lucidas.

Generides also dreams that Gwynan is taking Clarionas into Egypt,

when Mirabel seizes him, and releases Clarionas.

Generides

wakes and cries out,

and tells Darel and Nathanael, his dream.

Of that [Generides] told him had
8564 In his hert he was a-drad,
For wel demed he in his thoght
Som mervel *with* the ring was wroght.
For care out of the tent he yede,
8568 And called Segryne in that nede
Softlie, and told him thoo
Of all the meting to and froo;
"For goddes loue, Segryne," seid he,
8572 "High you fast for the loue of me;
Pray Lucidas send me the ring,
For euer I drede me of som thing
That Serenydes therwith hath dooñ
8576 That shal repent vs euerichooñ;
For euer she is ful of gyle
To deceyue [Generides] with som wyle.
Wendeth fast, I you pray,
8580 Come ageyñ as hastelie as ye may."
Segryne went thoo ful fast
Vnto Lucidas in grete hast,
And preid hir deliuer him the ring.
8584 And she without more letting
Vnto hir modre thoo she yede,
But therof might she not spede;
Ageyñ to Segryne thoo she went
8588 With heuy tithinges him to present,
And seid, "allas! traied we bene
Of the ring bi my modre the Quene
That I may not come therbi;
8592 Som sorow she wirketh, wel wot I;
God send hir therwith euel to spede!
For Sir Darel I haue grete drede,
For that ring he shal haue blame;
8596 God kepe him for his holie name!

Darel fears that something wrong has been done with the ring,

and at once sends Segryne to Lucidas for it.

Lucidas goes to her mother, but cannot get the ring,

and tells Segryne that the Queen has betrayed them,

But tel him I send him to seyñ,
That king Gwynañ for certeyñ
Into Perse is come bi this
8600 With grete ost forto werre I-wis
On the Soudon, his lond to wyñ;
Therfor sey Darel that he ne blyn
Of [Generides] his leue to take,
8604 To Perse his iourney priuelie he make,
For ther I trow of the ring
That he shall here som tithing;
For [Generides] thidre it is take
8608 To cause his ladie him to forsake,
Thus I deme that it be,
But prey him kepe this prive
For his worship and for myñ, [Fol. 145, col. 1.]
8612 That noon but he, and ye, Segryñ,
May haue herof knowleching."
"Ma dame, I shal doo youre bidding."
Segryne carefullie turned a-geyñ,
8616 Darel met him, the soth to seyñ;
Segryne toke him bi the hond,
And did him al this vndrestond,
What word Lucidas to him sent;
8620 And to [Generides] thoo he went,
"Dismay you not for a dreme,
For bi Ihesu borñ in Bethleem,
Bi youre leue and youre assent
8624 To Perse to goo haue I ment,
New tithinges there to here,—
The Soudon the trouth wil me lere,
And of my ladie [Clarionas] also,—
8628 In hast, and come ageyn you too;
Therto I haue grete longyng."
[Generides] seid, "on goddes blissing,

and that as Gwynan has invaded Perse,

Darel must go there to get news of the ring.

Segryne tells Darel,

and he asks Generides leave to go to Perse,

to see the Sowdon and Clarionas.

Generides gladly

He you condite, my swete fere, — gives him leave,
8632 This gooyng is me lefe and dere:"
Darel made him redie and went. — and Darel starts.
[Generides] hath him sore bi-ment,
Of this dreme his hert was sore
8636 Til that he might know more;
That day hath he noon armes borñ,
For his dremyng the night beforñ
Had him broght in such afray
8640 That refreyñ him he wold that day.
Sone aftre Gwisshar to the oost cam, — Meantime Gwisshar (Serenydes's emissary)
And bi the teching the wey he nañ
Euen to [Generides] tent,
8644 Or he into the Castel went
Al his treason to fulfill,
Forto folow Serenydes will
Into the tent he him wond,
8648 And [Generides] therin he fond — makes his way to Generides,
Liyng sore discolored, ful pale;
He did his obeisaunce, and told his tale:
"[Generides]" quod he, "for youre sake — and tells him
8652 Grete trauel haue I vndretake,
And Anazaree that goode knight now
A M^l tymes commaundeth him to yow,
And sendeth you word, Gwynan the king, — that Gwynan has invaded Perse,
8656 In Perse he is without leasing
With navie and oste grete and strong,
And you he hath doon grete wrong,
For he hath wedded youre ladie — and wedded Clarionas,
8660 Bi the Soudones assent sekirlie."
So woo was than [Generides],
For sorow his wit nigh he lese,
And sore sighing, he seid, "what day
8664 Was she wedded, I the pray?"

the same morning that Gwisshar started.

"Sir," q*uo*d he, "that same mornyng
That I departed tithinges to bring; [Fol. 145, col. 2.]
At a chapel I left hem there,
8668 Many oon to witnes it there wer;
Of that wedding I had noo sight,
For so long dwel I ne might,
Mi maister hasted me soo
8672 Hidre forto come you too;
But wedded she is sekirlie."

Generides falls swooning to the ground.

[Generides] w*ith* that pitouslie
On swonyng douñ to ground fel.
8676 To him come rennyng Nathanael,
And conforted him that he might,
And blamed Gwisshar, I you plight.

But now let us turn to Mirabel.

Of Mirabel now speke we,
8680 For into Ynde come was she;

She meets Darel,

Darel she met fast riding,
And his hors ful sore rennyng;
Of him she was gretlie agast
8684 Whan she saw him comyng so fast,
At last she knew him, and seid, "Darel,
Of this meting it happeneth vs wel."
Darel hir spech vndrestoode,
8688 And welcomed her w*ith* milde moode.
Tithinges she axed anoon right,
"Sir," she seid, "ye ar A kinght,
First to speke bihoueth you,
8692 Of som tithinges tel me nov."

and he asks her whether

"Swete loue," q*uo*d Darel thañ,
"Hou fareth my lord the Soudañ,

Clarionas is still unmarried.

And my ladie Dame [Clarionas],
8696 Is she vnmaried as she was
Whan we out of that lond went?"
"Sir," she said, "if ye wil assent

Min axing forto tel me,
8700 I shal tel you trouth," seid she.
"Yes," q*uo*d Darel, "so god me spede."
"Sir," seid Mirabel, "haue ye noo drede — Yes, says Mirabel;
That my ladie vnwedded is,
8704 And nõõn husband hath̃ yet I-wis.
Now tel me trouth, bi youre life,
Hath [Generides] a new wife, — but has Generides a new wife?
And w*ith* Amalek is he at oõñ?"
8708 "Bi god," seid Darel, "and bi seint Ihoñ, — No, says Darel.
Hit come neuer in his thoght
Woman to wed that god hath̃ wroght
But [Clarionas], I dar wel swere,
8712 And oñ my life witnes to bere."
Thañ was she cou*n*forted wel,
And seid to him, "now, swete Darel, — Then go to Clarionas, and tell her, says Mirabel;
To my ladie now spede youre wey,
8716 For I drede me that she wil dey
The soner, but she counforted be
Of thes tithinges ye tel me."
"Maistres," he seid, "god you spede!
8720 I shal me hast, have ye noo drede;
[Fol. 145*b*, col. 1.] And to *Generides* into the oost, — and you go to Generides, says Darel.
Hast you, for diede he is almost."
Mirabel seid, "I shal hast me
8724 To put awey his mornyng redilie."
Darel went his wey ful fast,
And Mirabel tho did hir haste — Mirabel
That into the oost to *Generides*
8728 She was come thurgh al the pres;
And as [she] cãm to his tent, — meets Gwisshar as she enters Generides's tent,
Gwisshar she mett as she in went;
That he it was she wel aspied,
8732 And to hir squiers thoo she cried, — calls to her squires

to take him,

"Mi felous, as ye be to me leef,
Hastelie awreke me on this theef
That vs *with* falshod thus hath lad."
8736 Gwysshar it herd, and was a-drad;
He began to flee fast;

catches him by the hair,

Mirabel caght him in hast,
And al to-rent him bi the here

while her man gives him such a clap on the ear as makes him kiss the ground,

8740 The whiles oon gaf him on the ere
Such a clap *with* his fist
That he thoo the ground kyst;
The cheke in twoo he brast,

and break his neck.

8744 And his neke on sondre thrast,
And therwith he yeld vp the goost:
So was a-bated all his boost.

Generides

Generides of that noyse herd,
8748 And Mirabel unto him ferd.

sees Mirabel,

Whan he hir saw, wondre he gañ,
And to hir fast he rañ;

welcomes her heartily,

He welcomed hir ful hartelie,
8752 "Min ovñ feir loue, tel me whi
Into this contre ye come now?"
"Sir," she seid, "for youre prow;
No thing, I hope, for youre skathe."

and she tells him how

8756 Tithinges she told him rathe
"Hou the traitour I-slayne was

Gwisshar had told Clarionas that Generides had married,

That cam to hir ladie *Clarionas*;
He told hir 'hou that ye doutles
8760 Had wedded, and taken pees
Betwix you and Sir Amalek,'
He told hir such a fals chek;

and they all believed it because of the ring,

Also the ring she yave you,
8764 He had it, I wot neuer hou;
Al we wende, for that ring,
He had seid trouth of your wedding.

So wroth my ladie he thoo made
8768 That no thing sith might hir glade
Whan the tokeñ cam *with* the ring
Which I haue here *without* lesing:"
To shew the ring, that it was soo, — which Mirabel now shows him.
8772 On hir finger she did it thoo.
Ful wel thoo he lete therby
Whan he it saw sekirly,
He meruelled hou it cam aboute, — Generides wonders at her having the ring,
[Fol. 145b, col. 2.] 8776 For wel he wist *without* doute
To Sir Darel he it lent; — because he had lent it to Darel,
Wondre he had what he ment,
Whi he bourowed it of him soo;
8780 *Generides* than demed thoo — but supposes that Serenydes has brewed all the mischief.
That Serenydes brewed al this bale;
Therof he told a sothe tale.
Thoo gañ he make grete welcomyng
8784 To Mirabel for hir comyng,
"Haue I neuer ioye ne rest — He promises to reward Mirabel,
Whiles that my life may lest,
If it in my power be,
8788 Yo*ur* kindnes shal I quite sekirlie;
But, feire loue, I you pray, — and prays her to go back to Clarionas at once,
Hast you home al that ye may,
For my ladie wil gyve noo feith
8792 Vnto Darel, what so he seith;
Therfore the more nede it were
That ye were hastilie there,
Reco*m*maund me hertlie, I you pray,
8796 And more ouer ye to hir say, — and tell her he was never false to her.
Falshode fond she neu*er* in me,
Nor neuer shal, so mot I the."
Mirabel, in that she might, — Mirabel at once returns to Clarionas.
8800 Toke hir leue of that knight,

And fast highed to hir ladie
With Ioyful hert, and right merie.

But now let us tell how Darel sped.

Now of Darel I shal you say,
8804 Hou he sped him on his wey:
To Mounthanar comẽn he was,
And fast sped him a goode pas

He goes to Clarionas's chamber, and knocks

To *Clarionas* chambre ward;
8808 The dore he fond shet hard;
Twies or thries he called stil,
But noon wold answer at his wil;
Redie was noon in him to lete.

and beats at the door

8812 On the dore *with* his fist he bete;
Ther come a woman, and asked thoo
Whoo knokked at the dore soo?

till a woman orders him off,

She bad him fro the dore to gooñ,

as her lady

8816 For hir ladie rest may haue nooñ;
"Thre dais she nouthir ete nor drank,
For pure feint right now she sank,

is asleep.

In a soft slepe she is fall,
8820 Ye come to wake hir *with* alł."
Darel seid, "I you besech

Darel says he brings good tidings from Generides.

Lete me in, I shal be hir lech,
Tel hir now hou I bring
8824 From *Generides* goode tithing."

The woman says she'll have him turned away,

The woman answered egrelie,
"Goo from the dore hastelie,
Or I shal doo you hens gooñ
8828 Whethir that ye wil or nooñ;"
Of hir answerd[1] agreued he was, [[1] so in MS.]

but he shouts to Clarionas,

He cried alowde to(:) *Clarionas*,
"I am Sir Darel! for charitie [Fol. 146, col. 1.]
8832 Rise vp and speke a word *with* me."
Clarionas herd Sir Darel,

who wakes,

From slepe she rose, anooñ to tel,

Hir woman she bad the dore vndoo, — and orders him to be let in.
8836 And lete him In that crieth soo.
The woman opened the dore in dede,
And Darel hastelie In yede;
"Mekelie vnto youre noblenes — Darel gives her Generides's greeting, and tells her,
8840 Recommaundeth him hertlie [Generides];
He dremed of you which him affrayed,
That neuer sith was he wel payed; — that Generides, in consequence of a dream, has sent to hear tidings of her.
For that dreme hidre he sent me
8844 To here tithinges of you trewlye."
"Doo wey," seid *Clarionas* thoo, — Clarionas tells Darel to go away,
"For that ye say is noo thing soo;
Youre glosing I vndrestond wel; — and tell his lies to
8848 Goo ageyn," she seid to Darel,
And doo this message in his name
To Lucidas of noble fame — Lucidas,
Which he hath wed now newly. — Generides's bride.
8852 While I lyue, [I] think veraly
I shal nouthir trust him nor you — She cannot trust him or Generides.
In this case, I make god avow."
"Ma dame," seid Darel "whi soo? — Darel swears she has no reason for dirtrust.
8856 Bi god ye haue no skil thertoo,
For wrong ye bere him on hond
If ye the trouth wold vndrestond,
I shal not lie, bi god aboue:
8860 Lucidas paramoures I loue, — It is he (not Generides) who loves Lucidas,
And she thurgh hir modres glosing
Sent vnto me for that Ring, — and she asked him, Darel, for the ring to cure her cousin;
And seid she had a seke cosyñ
8864 Therof shuld haue a medicyñ;
As sone as he did amend,
The Ring ageyñ she shuld send;
But hir modre the fals quene, — but Serenydes
8868 That euer yet vntrew hath bene,

gave it to Gwisshar to work the separation of Generides and Clarionas.

Toke it Gwisshar, that fals felowñ,
Forto wirch this fals treasoñ
To bring this knight and you on sondre.

He, Darel, was the beginner of all this trouble,

8872 I was begynner of al this wondre
Whan I the Ring to borow gañ,
Therfor I am a sory mañ;
I thoght noo treasoñ herin I-wis,
8876 So god bring me to his blis.
Ma dame, but this soth be,
Elles trust ye neuer to me."

and he swears on his sword that he tells the truth.

His naked sverd he drogh there,
8880 And kneling begãn theroñ to swere,
That he hir told, soth it was.

Clarionas believes him,

With that beheld him *Clarionas*,
And saw this grete curtosie;
8884 She rose vp, and to him gan hie,
She toke him bi the hond, and kist,
Him to welcome thãn she list. [Fol. 146, col. 2.]

and he tells the Sowdon all about it;

The Soudoñ into hir chambre cam,
8888 And Darel he welcomed home,
Wondre he had that he there was;
He told him tithinges of Al the case.
The tithinges liked him ful wel;
8892 He enquered more of Sir Darel;

also that Generides has besieged Amalek in Vise.

He seid, "*Generides* bi manly asise
Hath beseged the tovñ of Vise
Ther Amalek and his folk is,
8896 That noon may passe out I-wis,
Nor noo vitail gete thei goñ,
Wel the soner thei shal be woñ."

The Sowdon says the news is good,

The Soudoñ seid, "now, bi the roode,
8900 Thes tithinges ar passing goode!
God yeve him grace wel to spede,

but he wants Generides sorely,

For of his help I haue grete nede;

Sone he may to long dwel;
8904 Of king Gwynañ ye may him tel,
Hou he is comẽn into my lond
Me to destroye *with* mighti hond,
He destroyeth fast this contre now;
8908 Tel him thus, I pray you."

and he must be told how Gwynan is ravaging the Sowdon's lands.

Darel seid "my lord, I shal."
His leue he toke furth *with* al
Of the Soudoñ and *Clarionas*,

Darel promises to do this,

8912 And furth he went a grete pase
To ynde ward, al that he might,
Riding both bi day and night.

and starts for Ynde.

The third day of his Iourney,
8916 Mirabel in a mornyng met he;
Eithir made othir goode chere,
Long dwelled not thei in fere;

On the third day he meets Mirabel,

*With*out lenger questionyng,
8920 Ech told othir tithing,

they tell one another their news,

And so departed thei twey,
On here iourney thei went here wey
And come where thei wold be certeyñ
8924 As Darel come to Inde ageyñ.

and part,

and Darel reaches Ynde.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Here Amalek isshued out of the Citie *with* his people, and yafe grete batel to the ooste, So that moch of his people were sleyñ, And he was fayne, for ease and socour of his people, to take A trews for A tyme.

Amalek's folk feel bold

Amalek and his folk wer out
Of the castel bold and stoute,

on hearing that Generides is ill;

Because thei herd wel seyñ
8928 That *Generides* seke had leyñ;

but Mirabel had since then recovered him,

But he was holer thañ thei wend,
Mirabel gan him so amend;

and Darel

Armed he was, and went his wey
8932 Or Darel come to the tourney.
Whan Darel to his tent com̃,
And fond *Generides* not at home;

goes after him to the fight.

He armed him, and russhed his stede,
8936 And forto Ioust fast he yede; [Fol. 146b, col. 1.]
The batel was ful hard and strong.

Darel attacks the Duke of Egypt

Darel vnto the Castel among
Cast his loke, and Lucidas sigh̃,
8940 And for hir sake gan draw ful nigh̃;
To the Duke of Egipt he rode,
That ful boldlie him abode
Vndre the wal of the castel,

and runs him through

8944 Darel smote him *with* hert fel
That his shelde al to-brake,
Neuer aftirward he spake,

Thurgh the hauberk to the hert — to the heart.
8948 The soket of the launce stert,
So that the Duke fel deid to ground.
Glad was Lucidas that stound — Lucidas
Of Darelles ageyñ comyng;
8952 Wel she knew him bi the Iousting.
Generides perceyued wel thoo — and Generides recognize Darel.
That it was Darel, and cãm him too;
He seid, "art thou Darel, my fere,
8956 This noble stroke that gaf here?"
"Smyte on hem," seid Darel,
"Ye hañ most cause, I wote it wel."
Tho was *Generides* right glad;
8960 Forto Iust goode wil he had
Vnto Amanuel, Amalekkes brothre,
That doghtier was than any othre.
Amanuel rode *Generides* to mete, — Generides charges Amanuel,
8964 Here stedes to renñ thoo thei lete,
Thei hurled thañ to-gedre soo
With here strong speres thoo
That *Generides* shelde to-rofe — who breaks his shield
8968 And a cantel a-way drofe,
So the soket thurgh shet,
With the pensel a fadom met
Euen furth bi *Generides* side,
8972 Nomore he hirt him that tide;
Thurgh strenght of that sore dent — and drives his feet out of the stirrups.
His stirrops from his feete went.
Generides with strenght certeyñ — Generides
8976 In the mid shelde smote him ageyñ,
The launce thurgh shelde and hauberk
Beforn hit frusshed al the werk, — runs Amanuel right through the body.
And thurgh the bodie an elle long:
8980 Amanuel thoo hem al among

Fel deid from his steid plat;
Amalek his brothre saw that,
So strong care had he neuer nooñ,
8984 He russhed his stede, and did him gooñ,
Toward Darel he roode thañ,
And he to him like a mañ;
For that dede Lucidas was woo
8988 Whan she saw hem to-gedre goo,
For hir fadre sore she drede,
And Darel she wold wel haue sped.
Amalek to Darel gan smyte, [Fol. 146b, col. 2.]
8992 The stroke in the shelde gãn bite,
And the rich pictoure to-brest;
Darel wold him neuer rest
Forto ley ooñ hard and sore,
8996 With here dyntes more and more
The stedes vndre hem gan feint,
And after thei were so atteynt
That on the ground both thei fel;
9000 Than were thei ful egre, to tel;
Thoo wax the prees aboute heñ thik,
To Darel was the more wik,
For Amalek was holp vp sone,
9004 And Darel had ynogh to doone
Amõng his enmyes there liyng,
Many oon rode ouer him prikking,
And he defended him there as he lay,
9008 Defouled he was mich that day;
Vp he stert at the last
And defended him right fast.
With that cam *Generides* riding,
9012 His naked swerd in hond bering,
And departed the pres in sondre;
Of his strokes thei had grete wondre,

Amalek

charges Darel,

and they fight

till both fall down.

Amalek is helped up,

but Darel is ridden over.

At last Generides rescues him,

So many he slogh, so many he feld, — and kills many of the enemy.
9016 That ther wer noon that *with* him deld
But he left deid in the place,
Outhir sore wounded, bodie or face;
Therfor many his strokkes dred,
9020 And durst not him abide, but fled,
For Darel sone had help anooñ
Fromñ his enmyes euerichooñ;
Thei *with*in begãn *with*draw, — They retire to the city,
9024 And to Amanewel that was slaw
Into the Citie forto burie,
For him was Amalek vnmerie;
Thei *with*out folowed hard,
9028 And slogh many of the rereward;
An hundreth of Amalekkes knightes, — losing 100 knights,
*With*out squiers, died douñ rightes,
Which sleyn were hem among.
9032 Amalek begañ to sorow strong
For los of his folkes thoo,
The gates he shet *with* mich woo; — shut the gates,
The baroñes that within were,
9036 To-gedre thei assembled there,
Among hem counsel thei toke — and resolve
A messenger hem to loke
Forto send to *Generides*,
9040 Trewes prayng for the pees, — to ask for a month's truce.
A moneth̃, if it were his wil,
The bodies that lay stil
To put hem in buriyng.
9044 Whan *Generides* herd that tithing,
Trews to graunt glad he was — Generides gladly grants it,
[Fol. 147, col. 1.] For the loue of [Clarionas],
For the while his hert was bent
9048 To Perse to goo *with* goode entent. — and resolves to go to Perse.

Sir Darel he called him vntoo,
And his squier Nathanael Alsoo,
"Sirres," he seid, "bi thassent of you
9052 To Perse I think to goo now,
Priuelie while the trews is lasting;

Generides leaves the host in Darel's charge,

Darel," he seid, "ye ar connyng,
Doghtie, and trew, my lefe fere,
9056 In my stede ye shal bide here,
And safelie[1] kepe al our oste; [[1] MS. *safelie.*]
For thei within, for al here boste,
Ye know wel be deceyueable,
9060 Therfor hold you to-gedre stable,
That, which tyme if thei arise,
Ye may the bettre you avise
Manli you forto defend;
9064 And if nede be, aftre me send,
I shal me hast ageyñ to you; [Fol. 147, col. 2.]

but bids him to prepare 100 of them to accompany him to Perse,

But, lefe Darel, I pray you nov
Priuely to my felows goo,
9068 And warn an hundreth, and no moo,
In al hast to make hem redie
To wende with me in companye
Right sone in the evennyng;
9072 For I wote wel Gwynan the king
Wil assay with al his might
Forto wyn my ladie bright;
Darel, in hast, my lefe frende,

and also Segryne.

9076 Aftre Segryne that ye send,
For he shal guyde vs in our Iourneys,
So wel he knoweth al contreys."
Darel was redie to fulfil
9080 In hast al *Generides* wil,
And neuer stint til he had wroght
Al that *Generides* of him soght.

CHAPTER XIX.

How *Generides* went privelie into Perse to King Gwynañ, and made him to be sworñ that he shuld neuer in al his life make werre Ayeinst the Soudoñ nor him (:) And accorded hem for euer, And lete him and al his people goo home into Egipt; And tho *Generides* hasted him Ageyn to Darel & his felows.

Generides and his 100 knights start for Perse,

9084 G*enerides* privelie in the evenyng
Went his wey w*ith*out letting,
With an hundreth knightes of his assent,
And Segryne into Perse went;
Thei ne stint day nor night
9088 Til thei of Perse had a sight.

which they find laid waste.

The contree waste there thei found,
King Gwynan was in the lond
And did grete destruccioñ,
9092 Castels and tovnes he bet douñ.
Generides saw the contre wast,
He rode furth in grete hast;

Generides sees a lady fleeing,

As he rode, p*er*ceyue he cañ
9096 Riding a grete gentilwomañ,
From the high wey fast she fled,
It semed as she wer a-dred;
Wonder fast she gan hir hie,
9100 Fiftene horses in hir companie.

rides to her,

[Fol. 147b, col. 1.] *Generides* to hir a pase yede,
And seid, "ma dame, no thing ye drede,

I meruel whi ye flee so fast,
9104 Ye nede not of me to be a-gaste."
She houed on hir palfray
To wit what he wold say:
and asks her where she is going, He hir demaunded, "feire ma dame,
9108 Whedre goo ye, in goddes name,
and who she is. And what ye ar, tel ye me."
"I am a woman dismaied, as ye may see;
"The Sowdon's niece Goffare, I am the Soudanes Nece Goffare,
9112 Of thes werres I was not ware
That king Gwynan maketh in this lond,
He wold me gyve an husbond,
Oon of his cosynes, as I wene,
9116 And kept I had my widowhede clene;
and I seek him at Mounthanar." Therfor to the Soudoñ am I bent,
To Mounthanar is myn entent."
Generides spered of hir ful wel,
9120 "Where is Gwynan? can ye me tel?"
Gwynan is near, "Sir," she seid, "a myle bi west
In a Castel bi a forest,
awaiting the king of Spain, The king of Spaigne, Ottran, to abide,
9124 That hath behote him *with* him to ride
In this lond to werre, thei say.
Gwynan wil the whiles play;
hunting daily, Euery day oñ hunting he rides
9128 In the forest there besides,
For he dredeth of noo wight,
Him self is so doughtie a knight;
His men ar chosen euerechooñ
9132 That *with* him ride or gooñ.
till they can attack the Sowdon; Were he come, the king Ottrañ,
Seeh thei wold the Soudoañ."
Tho he asked of the ladie
9136 If mocħ people were dwelling bi;

"Nay," she seid, "in certeyñ,
Not past an hundredth (the soth to seyñ)
Of knightes *with*out Squiers,
9140 But thei be armed in al maners,
And so thei ride on hunting
For auenture of ony spiyng:
I pray you yeve me leue this tide."

and Gwynan has only 100 knights with him.

9144 "Ma dame," he seid, "god be yo*ur* guyde!
Vnto the Soudoñ I wold you pray
On my behalf a message to say:
Say him, that 'of Surre a knight
9148 Reco*m*maundeth him *with* al his might,
As his man which hath liking
Of him to here goode tithing.'
In goddes name goo youre wey
9152 And I shal come whan I may."

Generides sends greeting to the Sowdon,

This ladie oñ hir wey sped.
Generides and tho men that he led
Gan to draw to the wod anooñ,
[Fol. 147*b*, col. 2.] 9156 And thei enbusshed hem euerichooñ,
And ther among hem̃ counsel toke
To send oute Segryne forto loke
Where Gwynan was, and what he did,
9160 What wey he pleid in any stid.
He went to wit hou it was;
Into the forest he toke his pase,
Toward the touñ of Mount Parsañ;
9164 There was that tyme king Gwynañ,
That dyned had in the mornyng,
And redie was to goo on hunting.
Segryne knew wel here manere,
9168 Al here counsel he gañ enquere;
And to his maistre he turned ageyñ
And told of the hunting shuld be certeyñ;

and the lady Goffare leaves him. Generides and his men hide in a wood,

and send Segryne to spy where Gwynan is.

Segryne finds out all about it,

and proposes

"Now lete vs stand al stil,
9172 And som what doo aftir my wil;
Here bi shal come Gwynan the king
With al his knightes on hunting.
Wil ye doo bi the reid of me?

to let Gwynan go quietly by,

9176 Lete hem passe—and kepe vs prive—
With al his folk here for bi,
That we make noo noyse nor crie;

and then they can get between him and the castle.

At avauntage we shal beeñ,
9180 We shal be the Castel and heḿ betwene;
Armed he is, and al his knightes,
Wel yhorsed at al rightes;
Him self he rides on a white stede,
9184 That saw I or I thens yede,
His shelde is white, and his launce,
And al is[1] white is hys countynaunce, [1 ? so.]
And a *perceyving* knight he is;
9188 Right sone he cometh this wey I-wis;
Now know ye al in this tide,
In thes busshes let vs abide."

Gwynan and his knights soon pass by,

Anoon thei passed bi that wey,
9192 Thei goñ to ascrie heḿ that day,

Generides and his men come out of their ambush,

And come out of here busshaile
Streight forto bede hem bataile.
Gwynan turned and heḿ beheld,
9196 Hou thei wer armed *with* spere *and* shelde;
Wondre he gan, and seid now,
"Goo we on hem for our prow;
To saue our worship in that we may,
9200 Manlie defende we vs this day."

and the attack begins.

To-gedre thei met right soone,
Aithir peyned hẽm wel to doone,
So did *Generides* companye,
9204 Thei were of goode wil for the maistrie.

The first assaute that euer thei made,
Gwynan thei gan to vnglade,
Fourti of his knightes thei slough̃
9208 Or euer thei hem withdrogh̃,
And ouer that thei toke fiftene,
For that Gwynan had-grete tene.
[Fol. 148, col. 1.] He rode vnto Lucas of Ydome
9212 That *with* [Generides] was I-come,
He was a goode knight of Renouñ;
Gwynan was egre as a Liouñ,
And *with* his launce eveñ to the hert
9216 Thurgh the bodie he him girt;
Deid from his stede fel Lucas;
Generides therfor ful woo was,
For he loued him speciallie;
9220 He had grete cause sekirlie,
For whan that he in prison was
For the loue of *Clarionas*,
Lucas him goode spake, and honoured,
9224 And vnto his deliueraunce he *pro*cured.
Generides wex so ful of moode
For Sir Lucas that was so goode;
In he girt thurgh the pres,
9228 To avenge him he wold not cese;
He wold haue met *with* Gwynan the king
But he was let bi a lording,
Gwynanes cosyñ, that him assailed;
9232 And *Generides* of him not failed,
The lord he smote thañ so wrothe
That shelde to-rofe, and hauberk bothe,
The shaft into the bodie wound,
9236 The lord fel deid vnto the ground.
That saw Gwynan: as woo he was
As *Generides* for Sir Lucas:

At the first assault, 40 of Gwynan's knights are slain,

and 15 taken prisoners.

Gwynan thrusts Lucas right through the heart.

Generides is woe for this,

dashes in to attack Gwynan,

but is stopped by Gwynan's cousin, whom he kills.

Then Gwynan collects his men,

The king Gwynan dismaied roode,
9240 He saw his men so abrode,
He blew his horn lowd and hard,
And gadred his men to him ward.

Generides his,

Than *Generides* gadred his also;
9244 There was noo hold but to go,

and they charge.

Who so might his match dovñ bring;
Ther was with heñ ful mich criyng;
Ther lay among here hors fete,
9248 Many a knight his lyve lete,

Gwynan is worsted.

But Gwynan had the wors side;
His folk he saw sprede so wide,
And many of his best mẽn sleyñ,
9252 He wold haue wroken him ful feyñ.
So come to him a bold barouñ

Sir Sampson of Corinthie

Of Corinthie, Sir Sampsoñ,
And seid, "Sir, ouercome we beeñ;
9256 Bot is ther noon but to fleeñ;
Therfor bi the reid of me

advises him to retreat to his castle,

Withdraw you right priuelie,
At youre Castel that ye were,
9260 Bettre forto ordeigne there;

and save himself.

Safe your self, what so of vs befal,
Blow your horñ, we may here it at."

Gwynan assembles his men

King Gwynañ blew his horñ,
9264 His folk gadred him beforñ,
Him self euer a-way he drogh

and steals quietly away.

Eueñ from hem priuelie ynogh [Fol. 148, col. 2.]
Prikking awey fast criyng;
9268 Sampsoñ toke his felous in keping,
Whan nede were hem to defend.
Generides gãn tho to entend
That Segryne aspied here fleeyng;

Segryne tells Generides

9272 "*Generides*," he seid, "for ony thing,

If thos men thus escape,
We ar but deid; this is noo Iape;
To Mount Parsañ his wey he hath nome,
9276 Right he wil thidre come,
His stede is swift and right goode."

that Gwynan is escaping to Mount Parsan, and must be stopped.

Generides his tale vndrestoode,
He spake to his stede on this maner,
9280 "Ay, blaunchard, hou I loue the dere!
Wel hast thou serued me beforñ,
And fro many a daunger eke me borñ,
But neuer had I so grete nede
9284 Til now, for of deth I me drede;
Help now, I prey the."

Generides asks his steed Blaunchard not to fail him,

He toke his stede, and fast yede he;
Thañ was he in litle while
9288 Before Gwynan half a myle,
Bi an othre wey in the wod side
That nauthir saw othre ride;
The pathes knew *Generides*,
9292 Ouertwhart the wey he ches
Toward Mount Parsañ ther the king
Was purposed to goo in his fleing;
Segryne for drede him folowed thañ.

and is soon half a mile before Gwynan.

9296 Sone aftir that king Gwynañ
Saw *Generides* him beforñ,
His countynaunce he had ny lorñ,
For erst he saw him at the bataile
9300 That he was best there saunfaile,
And the most durable in fight,
Therfor he was the more a-fright;
He begañ to flee a-side;

As soon as Gwynan sees Generides,

he is afraid and turns aside,

9304 *Generides* preid him to abide,
He axed him, and seid, "sir king,
For youre ladies sake abide Iusting!

but Generides calls on him to stay and fight.

High you hidre, on goddes name,
9308 Elles shal I euer say you shame
Vnto *Clarionas* whan I hir see."
Gwynãn saw it might noon othir be;
Proude he was, bold and hardie,
9312 And a strong man of his bodie;
He couered him *with* his shelde anooñ,
Gwynan stops and charges Generides; And spored his stede & did him gooñ
Ageyn *Generides* a goode pase;
9316 Bi that tyme ful redie he was,
And ful egrelie he *with* him met;
Aither ful sore here strokes set
their spears and shields break; That hir speres and sheldes brast,
9320 Therto might thei noo lenger trast;
they draw their swords; Here sharp swerdes thei drogh thoo, [Fol. 148b, col. 1.]
And fast to-gedre thei smote twoo;
Aither smote hard dyntes,
9324 The sparkles flow out as doth on flyntes;
Gold, asure, and rich pittour,
Was al defaced *with* here rigour,
Shyuered thei were *with* strokes kene.
Gwynan splits Generides's shield in two, 9328 Gwynãn gan wax togh and tene
That any knight so long him helde,
[Generides] he smote that his shelde
On twoo he clofe, and bare him froo;
9332 His swerd glaced bi his side thoo
And went bi [Generides] arme,
Almost it had doon him harme,
and his hauberk; The hauberk brest even a twoo,
9336 The swerd bi the naked gãn goo;
The king seid, "nov ar ye bare,
Goo hens for drede of more care."
Generides [Generides] for that abraiding
9340 Waxed wroth toward the king,

He lift vp his half shelde
And ageyn his visage it helde,
He loked on his goode brond
9344 And lift it vp *with* his hond
Thinking on the loue that was
Betwix him and [Clarionas],
And on the helm̃ he smote Gwynañ — cuts off part of Gwynan's helm,
9348 That the oon quarter thañ
With that stroke fel to ground,
And the sword that same stound
Shet douñ *with*in the shelde
9352 That the hond that it *with* helde
Smote of there fingers twoo, — two of his fingers,
That the harnes of the sheld also — and the thong of his shield.
That the sheld shuld hold bi
9356 Fel from him: thañ was he sory.
[Generides] seid to the king,
"Sir, nov want ye couering;
*With*out shelde ye most assaute,
9360 To day youre ovn shul ye faute."
Gwynan for wrath was nigh woode, — Gwynan
And saw his hond al on bloode,
Grete sorow to him he nam̃;
9364 *With* that [Generides] to him cam
With his sword him to haue slaw;
The king a little did him *with*draw,
And seid, "lefe frend, suffre me;
9368 Tel me what knight ar ye;
Youre name hide not fro me nov,
For fight shal I nomore *with* yov;
Here is my sword, and I me yelde — yields up his sword, and submits to Generides,
9372 To you while I my life shal welde,
And neuer more your [*sic*] to faile
If euer I may you availe,

What so ye wil haue me to dooñ."

who accepts the sword.

9376 [Generides] receyved his swerd sone [Fol. 148b, col 2.]
And told him what that he hight;
Thañ was he the more a-fright,

Gwynan asks to be

He seid, "if it be youre wil,
9380 To hate you I haue grete skil,
Ye slough my fadre sekirlie;
That deth I forgyf you trewlie
So that ye wil graunt me
9384 Oon thing, if youre wil be,

allowed to go home,

Safelie to wend into my lond;

and he will swear never to invade Perse again.

And I shal swere bi right hond
Vnto the Soudoñ, that neuer I shal
9388 Of Perse chalange part ne al,
Nor therin come ageyns his wil
Ayeinst him nor his, lowde nor stil."
[Generides] light a-down thoo,
9392 So did king Gwynan alsoo:
Bi than was Segryne to hem come
And both here stedes hath I-nome,

He kneels down and swears this,

And king Gwynan kneled there,
9396 And on his swerd did he swere
As he before seid euery dele;
Therto [Generides] listened wel,
And laghing he seid on his glee,
9400 "[Clarionas] ye shal leue with me."
"To hir ye haue more right than I
For grete labour of youre bodie,
Moch woo ye haue had for hir;

and releases his right to Clarionas.

9404 Mi right I reles you here, Sir,
Neuer to chalange hir no more;"
That oth eft yet he swore.

Generides kisses him and makes friends,

[Generides] bi the hond did him take,
9408 And kissed him, more frendeship to make;

Oft men seyñ "aftre hate strong
Grete loue fele folk among;"
So farde it than grete loue and pes
9412 Betwix him and Sir [Generides].
Ageyn thei lepe on here stedes,
And sent Segryne on here nedes
To here folkes forto cese,
9416 To abaite here strife and make pees.

and they send Segryne to stop their men's fighting.

Whan Segryne broght hem that tithing
Thei were glad to cese fighting;
And with Segryne to Mount Parsañ
9420 Al to-gedre went thei thañ;
Thei were glad of here comyng
That *Generides* broght Gwynan the king;
Grete ioye thei made al that night.

All are glad,

9424 On morow at the daies light
To his ost went Gwynãn the king,
And bad his ost "be gooyng
Homward, for the werre is dooñ;
9428 High you afore, I wil come soonẽ."

and next day Gwynan orders his host home.

CHAPTER XX.

Here *Generides* bringeth King Gwynañ to the Soudoñ forto be at ooñ *with* him for euer; And such Assurauncе was made or thei departed.

The Sowdon tells his daughter Clarionas

LIsteneth nov of the Soudoñ [Fol. 149, col. 1.]
That wist not hou thes gãmes wer goñ.
On the next day in the mornyng
that he dreamt 9432 He went and told his dremyng
Vnto [Clarionas] his doghtre dere;
"Doghtre," he seid, "wil ye here?
that Generides fought Gwynan and beat him, To-night I met that [Generides]
9436 Faght with Gwynan doutles,
And him ouercome so nere
That he cast him in a Riuer;
Tho Gwynan held his hondes on hie,
9440 And mercy begañ forto crie;
but Generides took pity on him. [Generides] had of him pitie,
And drogh̃ him vp, as thoght me.
The Sowdon wonders that they hear no tidings of Generides. Wondre me thinketh, bi heuen king,
9444 But we here of him tithing;
For myñ hert euer telleth me
He is not fer from this contre."
His doghtre herd this daliaunce,
9448 And told hir dremyng thurgh chauñce,
"Me thoght he com from ynde to Perse;"
And thus here thoghtes thei can reherse.
The lady Goffare comes to him, The ladie that him bi the wey met,
9452 She cañ to the Soudoñ, she had forget;

She seid, "my lord, I crie you mercy,
For euel forgeten me haue I.
I met a knight *with* feir meigne—
9456 Whan I come into this contre—
Armed, on a good stede riding,
Axing aftre Gwynan the king,
To you recommaunding him speciallie,
9460 And seid he wold see you hastilie,
And that as sone as euer he might;
But he told not what he hight,
But of Surre he seid he was."

and says that she had forgotten the message of a strange knight of Surre (Generides) to him.

9464 That word vndrestoode [Clarionas];
Who it was she knew wel;
She held hir pes thoo som del.

Clarionas knows who it was.

[Generides] and king Gwynañ
9468 Twoo dais wer at Mount Parsañ,
And aftre went *with* here meigne
To Mounthanar, that feire Citie;
Segryne thei made messenger;
9472 The Soudon for this was mery of chere.
Whan Segryne thes tithinges broght,
Vnto [Clarionas] to goo he thoght;
Into hir chambre he cam rennyng,
9476 Goode tithinges to hir bringing,
"That Gwynañ the king and [Generides]
Wer wel accorded in loue and pes,
And the king home ageyñ shuld wende,
9480 Al the werre was broght to ende,
And that hir lord was in the contree."

Generides and Gwynan come to Mounthanar, and send Segryne to the Sowdon and Clarionas, with tidings of the peace.

"Where is [Generides]?" thañ seid she.
[Fol. 149, col. 2.] "Ma dame," he seid, "at Mount Parsañ
9484 I left him and king Gwynañ."
"Shal he," seid she, "oght come here?"
"Ma dame, therof he made no chere

Clarionas asks whether Generides is coming to her.

"No," says Segryne, "he must go to Ynde."

Hidre to come As at this tide,
9488 For into Ynde nedes must he ride,
His oste there forto glade."
Thoo began hir colour to fade,

Segryne then tells the Sowdon to go to meet Generides in the forest,

And Segryne than turned fro[1] hir
9492 Vnto the Soudon, and seid, "Sir,
Al to long we dwel here,
We must hast vs on al manere;
[Generides] in the forest vs bideth,
9496 And sithen into Ynde he rideth."
Al this spake Segryne there
Openlie amonges hem that ther were
[Clarionas] therwith to greve,
9500 For she was of so mysbeleve.

and the Sowdon starts.

The Soudoñ rode forth thoo present,
Many knightes and squiers with him went.

Clarionas is full of woe,

This ladie thoo was ful of care,
9504 She swoned and gan mys to fare;
Vnto Mirabel pleyint she made,
And Mirabel tho gan hir glade,

but Mirabel says that Segryne has only been teasing her,

"Ma dame," she seid, "his condicion it is
9508 To awreke him on you I-wis;
Vpon myn heid, bold dar I bene,

and she shall soon see Generides.

Or oght long ye shal him seeñ."
"Trow ye so?" seid [Clarionas]
9512 "Yea," she seid, "bi seint Thomas."

The Sowdon meets Generides,

The Soudon to [Generides] cam,
And aithir othir in armes naṁ.
Aftir that come Gwynan the king
9516 Without ony more dwelling;

makes friends with Gwynan,

Both the king and the Soudoñ
There thei wer made at ooñ,
And sworñ brethreñ hem betweñ
9520 For euer more in loue to beñ.

[1] MS. *for*.

The king toke leue At the Soudoñ — and Gwynan takes leave of him.
And hasted him home to gooñ,
The Soudon him in armes caght,
9524 And kissed him, and to god him betaght.
[Generides] of the Soudoñ thoo — Generides takes leave too,
Toke his leue, and wold goo;
"To Ynde," he seid, "he must him spede,
9528 To comfort his folk in here nede."
Somdel sory the Soudon was,
And seid, "shal ye not se [Clarionas] — but the Sowdon asks him to see Clarionas first.
Nor speke *with* hir whil ye ar so nigh?"
9532 "Sir," he seid, "I haue grete high, — "No," says Generides, "I must go back to Ynde; but I will return soon."
Toward Ynde I most nede,
Ageyn to you I shal me spede,
I shal hir see in short day,
9536 Recom*m*maund me as goodeli as ye may,
And trusteth wel, bi god aboue,
[Fol. 149b, col. 1.] Othre than hir shal I neuer loue;"
Thus he departed from hem thañ.
9540 Both he and king Gwynañ — He and Gwynan ride off,
Rode to-gedre a myle and more,
Than thei departed and wept sore. — separate,
[Generides] seid to his meignee,
9544 "Goo logge you at the yondre Citie:
To Mounthanar Segryne and I
Most nede goo sekirlie."
Be than thei cam, it was night; — and then Generides goes back to
9548 Aftre soper anoon right
[Generides] went furth aloone;
Thurgh the gardin gañ he goonẽ
To [Clarionas] chambre window; — Clarionas's window,
9552 Ful wel the wey did he know.
Whan he coñ there, herken he gañ,
He herd the voice of a womañ — and hears her

lamenting over his cold love.

Pitouslie making hir pleint,
9556 "Whi loue gan to wax so feint,
Whan my lord was in this contre
And wold not ôônes speke *with* me."
Whañ he herd hir pleyn soo,
9560 Than abode he mich woo,
For than wist he wel it was
His ovn ladie [Clarionas];

At this he swoons away,

For verrey pitie in swonyng he feł,
9564 And in his falling, shortlie to teł,

crying piteously,

He made thoo a rewful crie;

but Clarionas doesn't hear him.

But his ladie was so sorie
That of him she toke no kepe.

Mirabel does,

9568 *With* that Mirabel at oones lepe
To the window to wete what
That made so grete noyse therat;
The window she gan vndow [aloone],

sees him,

9572 [Generides] she *perceyved* soone,[1]
There liyng; she gan him know;
She gan to cal somdele low,
"Ay [Clarionas], come hidreward!"
9576 [Clarionas] in hir peyne is hard.

and calls Clarionas.

"Ma dame," she seid, "arise vp now,
[Generides] lieth here in a swow;
At your window lieth this mañ."
9580 Vp she stert at oones thañ,
And to the wyndow in hast went;

Generides catches her in his arms,

[Generides] hir in armes hent,

kisses her,

Hertlie eoñ othir kist
9584 Or ony word speke hem list:
Than thei begoñ here talking;

and she asks him whether he was really going away without speaking to her.

She seid, "[Generides] myn ovn lording,
Wold ye haue goon from this contre
9588 And not haue spoken oones *with* me?"

[1] Or is *soone* miswritten for some word rhyming with *vndow*?

"Trewlie, dere hert," he seid, "nay,
But for that ye this othre day
Supposed in me such variyng
9592 Whan it was told you of my wedding;
[Fol. 149b, col. 2.] But if ye had found vntrouth in me
Ye shuld not haue demed that parde;
For verray wrath I thoght thoo,
9596 If I might my tyme come too,
To wrath you if that a litle wight
Mi purpos was, if that I might.
Now In hast I most to Ynde,
9600 Elles my worship wer behinde;
Mi felows think for me ful long
Til I be come hem among;
Of Amalekes treason euer I drede,
9604 To hast me therfor it is grete nede;
Whan I haue sped my Iourney
I wil come to you, trust verilie."
[Clarionas] wel vndrestoode
9608 That his reasoñ was trew and goode,
But neuer-the-les she was woo
To depart so sone him froo;
She graunted him thoo his wil,
9612 Into hir chambre she toke him stil
That noman but thei thre wist:
There thei halsed and thei kist,
Thei drew to mirth and al plesaunce
9616 And left al wanton Acqueyntaunce;
Al that night til the dawnyng
He abode with his derling.
In the mornyng departed he thoo;
9620 Thañ was hir hert ful woo,
But it might noon othre be;
He hasted furth on his Iourne.

"No, dear heart; but it was very naughty of you to believe I had married some one else,

and so I thought I'd tease you when my turn came;

but I must go back at once to Ynde,

and I will soon come back."

Clarionas takes him into her chamber,

loves and kisses him,

and (doing nothing wrong) he spends all the night with her.

Next morning he starts for Ynde.

CHAPTER XXI.

How [Generides] went Into Ynde and wounded Amalek to the dethe. And how pitouslie in his dieng he asked mercy of him for al his trespace, and of the treasoñ he had dooñ to King Aufreus his fadre; And hou lamentablie Quene Serenydes come with a naked sverd to [Generides] And offred hir to die for hir grete vntrouth doon to hir lord the King Aufreus; And how paynfullie hir hert brest in hir constreint sorow, And so she died ouertwhart Amalek; And how [Generides] was coroned king of Ynde.

Generides

HE toke Segryne, and went his wey [Fol. 150, col. 1.]
9624 To Mount Parsan on his palfray;

arrives in Ynde;

With his felows to ynde he went,
And whan he come to his tent,
Stil he yede without boost.

finds Darel about to fight Amalek,

9628 Darel was out with his oost;
The same day come Amalek,
And thoght to haue doo a shrewd chek;
Thogh he were redie to assaile,
9632 Darel thoght he wold not faite;
At his hond he was redie.
[Generides] and his companye

and joins him.

Armed hem, and thidre yede;
9636 [Generides] was on a blak stede,
Beside the Castel he met thoo

Sampson

Sampsoñ that in Perse fled him fro

While he folowed king Gwynañ.
9640 Sampson was hold a doughtie mañ,
And boldlie thoo *with* him met,
And [Generides] sore he smet — attacks Generides,
That his spere on him to-brast, — and runs his spear through his shield.
9644 And his tronchon stikked fast
With the soket in mid the shelde,
Thurgh it shet as he it helde;
[Generides] yet toke noo sore;
9648 Sampson dred to haue moch more.
Thoo [Generides] thurgh the haberioñ — Generides runs Sampson through the body.
And thurgh the bodie smot Sampsoñ;
That saw Amalek, and cam prikking — Amalek comes to avenge him,
9652 Toward [Generides] fast rennyng
With his naked swerd on hond,
To awreke Sampson he wold fond.
[Generides] on the helme he smote, — cuts through Generides's helm,
9656 He felt wel the swerd bote,
He clafe his shelde that oon quarter, — and chops off a quarter of his shield.
The swerd went nigh the hond there;
The harneys was strong, the swerd stint.
9660 [Generides] for that hevie dint — Generides
[Fol. 150, col. 2.] Was agreued in his hert,
And to Amalek egrelie stert;
On the helme sore he him s[m]et
9664 That the swerd wold not let,
The helme it clefe on the right side, — cleaves Amalek's helm,
Douñ bi the heid the stroke gañ glide,
And the right ere bi the heid fast — and cuts off his right ear
9668 It bare awey at the last,
Vnto his shuldre it did fal,
And clefe it douñ, and the arme *with*al, — and arm.
That both twoo fel to ground;
9672 And Amalek in that stound

Cried and pleyned him ful sore,
"In batel shal I come no more."
Aboute him come grete pres,
9676 Yet knew him not [Generides].
Darel beheld, and saw Segryne,

Darel asks who the knight on the black steed is;

"What knight is yondre, frend myñ,
That rideth on the blak stede?
9680 I wold him know, so god me spede!
That stede saw I neuer, as I deme;
Bi the grete strokes it shuld seme

he ought to be Generides.

[Generides] it Aght to bee."
9684 "Sir," seid Segryne, "it is hee,
Of him be ye no thing a-dred;
Comen he is, and hath wel sped."

Amalek is rescued

Amalek was reskewed thoo,
9688 For him his meny were ful woo,
Thei leid him on a shelde on long,
And him to the Citie bare hem among;
As softlie as euer thei might,
9692 From that batel thei hem dight.

and carried to his castle.

Amalek was to the Castel broght;
Whan the quene saw him she had great thoght,
So had hir doghtre Lucidas,
9696 Grete sorow among hem was.

He grows weak,

Amalek gan to feble fast,

and tells Serenydes

The Quene he resoned at the last
Ful pitouslie in this maner, [Fol. 150b, col. 1.]

that though they have loved one another dearly,

9700 "Wel ye wot, my ladie dere,
Michel I loued and cherisshed you,
And so alwey did ye me now;

yet their life has been evil;

But euel we haue led our life,
9704 For ye wer king Aufreus wife;
Mi souereyn lord he was trewlye,
In worship he did me magnifie;

And, like a traitour as I Am,
9708 His quene and wife from him I naṁ;
With moch falshod I toke on hond
Whan I drofe him from his ovñ lond;
To him I was som tyme leef,
9712 For of his lond he made me chefe;
Ageyñs goode I did him yl,
Therfor this harm cometh me bi skil;
The grete wronges I haue him wroght,
9716 To my deth hath me broght;
Thogh I therfor thries might die,
Worthie it I were sekirlie;
Therfor, ma dame, I pray you
9720 On vs both haue pitie now,
On our folie and our grete syñ,
And think how we haue ben therin.
Think wel, my ladie dere,
9724 How that ye ar partenere
Of that we haue doon to king Aufris,
Or we be dampned we may not mis.
Ladie, my deth nighes nere;
9728 In hast let send a messangere
To goode Darel, if his wil be,
That he wold come hastilie to me
And speke with me or that I die;
9732 Of his counsel I wold him prey,
Hou I may amendes make
To king Aufreus of al this wrake,
And to his soñ [Generides],
9736 Of that I haue ayeinst the pees
Wrongfullie hem myssgylt.
Thogh my life in erth be spilt,
Gladly I wold my soul saue,
9740 Mercy I hope of him to haue."

he, like a traitor, stole his king's wife

and drove him from his land,

returning evil for good,

and for these great wrongs death has come to him.

"Therefore think, lady dear, on our sins,

my death draws nigh;

send for Darel,

that he may tell me how to make satisfaction for my sin,

so that I may save my soul."

Serenydes

Whan Serenydes herd this tale,
For sorow she wax cold and pale;
She wailed that she was borñ,

swoons,

9744 On swounyng she fel him beforn;
Whan that she revived was,
She called hir doghtre Lucidas,

but prays Lucidas to send for Darel,

And praied hir hertilie
9748 To send for Darel hastilie.

which she does.

Lucidas for Segryne sent,
And Segryne on hir message went
Vnto Darel, to pray him come;
9752 A sauecondit she him nome,
That he shuld him saue bring
And goo ageyñ without hurting. [Fol. 150b, col. 2.]

Darel asks Generides if he may go,

Darel went to [Generides] anoon
9756 To assh leue forto gooñ
Vnto Amalek, for charitie
To speke with him twoo wordes or thre;
"I here say that he wil die,
9760 And oft he crieth mercie."
[Generides] thoo had pitie,

and Generides at once gives leave.

And seid, "Darel, if it so be,
Goo to him on goddes blissing,
9764 I pray you, hast you in al thing;
For my loue, with al your might
Comfort him, and saue my right."

Darel then declares his love for Lucidas,

"Sir, whi Lucidas sent for me,
9768 I loue hir paramours trewlie;
But if I haue hir to my wife
I shal neuer wed in al my life;
And, ye know, in grete loue is
9772 Som tyme sorow, somtyme blis,
Som tyme yuel, som tyme goodnes,
I take you self, Sir, to witnes.

And, Sir, if it your liking be,
9776 I pray you help to gete hir me;
But if that she gotẽn may be,
Mi deth is nigh in short day."
[Generides] answerd smyland,
9780 "Darel, I dar wel toke oñ hand
That ye loue feire Lucidas,
Therfor goo ye to hir a pas;
And hir fadre, while ye ar thore,
9784 Comfort him, as I seid yore,
And I shal doo al that ye wil;
I hope youre loue ye shal not spil."
Glad herof was Sir Darel,
9788 In hast he went to the Castel;
Amalek herd of his comyng,
Ful nigh he was his ending;
Darel fast he behelde,
9792 And seid, "Sir, crist you yelde
Of this comyng, ye doo charitie,
I pray you pray [Generides] for me,
That he forgyf my male talent
9796 That is doon thurgh̃ my *pro*curement,
And *with* his fadre to accord me;
This ax I him for charitie;
This shame & skath, al that I might,
9800 Which̃ is come to me by right.
Sith ye ar come of goode kinrede,
And also doghtie of your dede,
If I wist to thank ye wold it take,
9804 A mariage fayne wold I make
Betwix you and my doghtre dere,
Lucidas that sitteth here;
Othre heire haue I noon than hir,
9808 Al shal she haue, feire Sir."

and begs Generides to help him get her.

Generides

tells him to go to her at once,

comfort her father,

and he (Generides) will do all he can for him.

So Darel hastes to the castle,

and Amalek

prays him to beg for forgiveness from Generides and Aufreus;

and he will give him his daughter Lucidas.

[? A folio, or passage, omitted in the MS. here.]

Meantime news is brought to Generides that his father and mother are dead,

That ooñ Constable of Damas is, [Fol. 151, col. 1.]
That othre Constable of Surre I-wis:
Thei seid to *Generides* sekirlie,
9812 "Youre fadre and modre both deid be;
Thei died w*ith*in thre dais certeyñ,
That was grete pitie, soth̃ to seyñ."

on hearing which he swoons and falls from his saddle.

Whan he herd hem tel this tale,
9816 Anoon he wax ful deid and pale,
Out of the sadle amonges hem al
In swonyng douñ gan he fal;
Thei cried allas that thei him sigh̃
9820 So mych sorow to see him drigh̃;

His men pick him up, and carry him to Damas,

Vpon his hors men him lift,
And thus this goode knight thei shift
Euen to the Citie of Damas;
9824 Thei led him a soft pase.

where they put him in bed,

In his palace he did a-light,
And in his bed thei him dight;
There lay he seke a grete stound,
9828 His bountie fel fast to ground,
His feire skyn that was so clene
Wax al douñ on him to sene,

and he wastes away till

The flesh wasted fro the booñ,
9832 He was so feble he might not gooñ,

there is not hope of his life.

In him was noon hope of life;
For him was grete sorow & strife.
Aftre Segryne he gan to cal;
9836 Afore him on knees did Segryne fal,
And seid, "my lord, loo here your mañ."

Then he sends Segryne to tell Clarionas

Generides was ful feble thañ,
"Segryne," he seid, "a goode pase
9840 Goo to my ladie *Clarionas*;
Rec*om*maund me to hir hertilie,
I trow neuer to see hir sekirlie,

Doo hir verily to vndrestond
9844 Deth hath take me on hond; — that Death has hold of him,
Noon othir way may me betide,
I doo not elles but deth abide;
Sey, I besech hir pray for me, — and she is to pray for him.
9848 High you ageyñ to this contre."
Segryne toke a goode hakenay — Segryne
And hasted him on his Iournay;
To Perse he cam, to that Citie
9852 To[1] Mounthanar was called treulie, [[1] ? *That.*] — goes to Mounthanar,
Into the Castel he went a pase
There to speke *with Clarionas*;
In hir chambre he fond hir sitting,
9856 His erand he did sore weping; — and tells Clarionas the message.
Clarionas herd his message,
The teres fel from hir visage — Clarionas weeps and swoons.
As stremes douñ out of a wel,
9860 Hir sorow might noman tel,
Euer she swoned and wept.
Mirabel tho to hir lept — Mirabel
And held hir heid betwix hir handes;
[Fol. 151, col. 2.] 9864 "Segryne," she seid, "in hard bandes
Ye haue broght my ladie now;
What tithinges to hir broght yow?"
Al his tithinges he hir told;
9868 Hir hert began to wax cold;
Neuer-the-les, thogh she wer sory,
She went to comfort hir lady; — comforts her,
To hir she seid, "dere Ma dame,
9872 I vndretake bi seint Iame,
Doo as I shal you techñ, — and says she can soon cure her lord,
Sone shal ye be youre lordes lechñ."
Clarionas seid, "hou might I soo?
9876 Tel me and it shal be doo."

"Than wightlie take youre palfray,
by going to him in Surre, And priuelie goo ye youre way
Into Surre, *Generides* to sene;
9880 Lete rich̃ array at home bene,
Ye shal take but simple wede;
Nomoo shal ye *with* you lede
with her own servant But your ovn *seruaun*t Gwynet;
9884 Bi my counsel nomoo ye gete
and one groom. Saf on fote an othre mañ
That youre hors kepe cañ;
*With*out teching of ony wight
9888 Segryne knoweth the wey ful right."
Clarionas *Clarionas* seid, "*with*out faile
I shal doo bi youre counsaile."
Redie to goo she hir dight,
starts at once, 9892 Forth she went day and night
Til she cam to Surre,
goes to Damas, Euen to Damas, that feire Citie;
To the Castel she gan gooñ
9896 Bi hir self al alooñ,
She houed at the Castel gate,
Calling to come in therat;
and tells the castle porter that she can cure Generides. The porter anoon spake to hir,
9900 "Where is the king," she seid, "Sir?"
"Seke he is, as I herd say,
Therfor I am come this way;
His sekenes I dar vndretake
The porter 9904 In short tyme hole to make."
The porter toke hir in soone,
Hir message he yede forto dooñ;
tells Nathanael. Sone he met *with* Nathanael,
9908 And thoo he gan him forto tel
"A woman was come that was a lech,
That hertlie did him besech

To tel hou she dar vndretake
9912 Mi lord al hol forto make:"
Nathanael *with* the porte*r* yede, — Nathanael
And saw the woman in simple wede,
Discoulored and simple [she] was;
9916 He knew nat she was [Clarionas]; — does not recognize Clarionas,
Sore weping he coud nat stil;
He asshed thañ what was hir wil. — but asks her what she wants.
[Fol. 151b, col. 1.] She saw him wepe sore dismayd,
9920 "Sir," she seid, "I haue assaid — She says
Vertues of gresse and of rotes,
Of al euel I can doo bootes,
I hope to god amend his state — she can cure Generides.
9924 Be he neuer so feint and mate."
At last he aspied a Ring
Wherof he thoght he had knowing;
"Sustre, youre erand shal I dooñ."
9928 To [Generides] went he sone,
"Sir, here is a woman, a lecħ, — Nathanael tells Generides that a woman has come to cure him.
To make you hole she wil you tech;
Thogh she be in simple a-tire,
9932 To speke *with* you is hir desire;
On hir finger a Ring I know,
Ye yave youre ladie at a window."
[Generides] bad Nathanael gooñ, — He orders her to be brought in,
9936 "Fecch me hidre that woman anooñ."
Nathanael thoo broght hir in;
Wympled she was both cheke and chin;
[Generides] tho knew hir noght;
9940 To kysse him she him besoght, — and she asks him to let her kiss him.
And hele him she shuld to mede.
"Sustre," he seid, "god forbede — He refuses,
Or any woman that I kysse
9944 But oon that I sore mysse;

but wishes he had Clarionas to kiss and cure him.

With hir kissing, had I hir here,
Sone hole I trow I were;
Of bote had I leuer mys
9948 Thañ ony othir forto kys."
"Sir," she seid, "if she were here
That ye speke of, youre ladie dere,
Shuld hir kissing hele you?"
9952 "Yea trewlie shuld it," seid he now.

On this, she takes off her wimple,

She vnwimpled hir as fast,
And wipt hir face in al hast,

and says she is Clarionas.

"Now kys me, I am [Clarionas]." [Fol. 151*b*, col. 2.]
9956 [Generides] therof war was;
So glad he was of hir comyng,

Generides is cured at once. Kisses and clips her with all his might;

Of his euel he felt no thing;
He kist and clipt *with* al his might,
9960 And kept hir in his armes al that night;
Moch mirth and ioye thei made.
[Generides] gan to light and glade,
And wex al hole at his liking.

and next day she goes home.

9964 [Clarionas] in the mornyng
With mirth and ioye to hir contre
She went ageyñ *with* hir meigne;
The third day aftir hir wending,

Generides is soon crowned king,

9968 [Generides] ther was crovned king;
He toke feith of free and bond,
And set goode reule in the lond;
Whañ al was wel, the soth to seyñ,

and returns to Perse.

9972 Home he went to Perse ageyñ.

CHAPTER XXII.

[Of Generides's and Clarionas's Wedding.]

[Fol. 152, col. 1.]

[Generides] wedded was ful rially
To [Clarionas] that feire ladie;
A noble fest ther was hold
9976 Of al that thider come wold;
Thider come Gwynan the king,
With him come many a grete lording,
And the king of Tharse, Ismael,
9980 [Generides] brothre, and Sir Darel;
Of diuerse londes ther cam kinges,
Moo than xxx, withoute leasinges,
The king of Persan was ther goñ,
9984 With him there come many ooñ;
And the kinges son of Lubie,
A strong man and [a doughtie,[1]]
And the king of Tharse alsoo,
9988 His right name was Sir Luboo;
And the king of Aragew,
A feire man of his hew;
Also there come a strong king,
9992 Nabugodonosor son without leasing;
Of Egipt the kinges son also,
With him cam many oon moo;

Generides weds Clarionas, and holds a noble feast

to which come Gwynan,

Ismael,

Luboo,

Nabugodonosor's son,

[1] The MS. has been blotted, and the vellum destroyed by some blanching material.

And also the king of Melañ,
9996 With him cam many a doughtie mañ;
The king of Tuskañ, as I trow,
With many knightes on a row;
Ynel, And king Ynel was an othir,
10000 King Ermonius was his brothir;
The king of Europe also,
With him come kinges twoo;
Manassen, King Manasseñ, an hardie knight,
10004 And king Ruben of noble might;
Balaam, And king Balaañ, as I wene,
Cam with many knightes kene;
and Essaunce. King Essaunce of noble apparaile,
10008 To be there he wold not faile.
Darel is steward, Darel was steward at that fest
Forto welcome most and lest;
Al the kinges in here aray
10012 Cam thidre with grete noblay;
I dar wel say ther was plentie,
and no dainties are wanting. There lakked no thing that was deintie.
Whañ the fest was broght to ende,
10016 Gwynãn the king gan home wende,
And the othir kinges echooñ;
The ladies to here contres gan gooñ.
At last the Sowdon dies, The Soudion died at the last;
and Generides takes seisin of the land; 10020 [Generides] seased the lond in hast;
Castels, tovnes, burghes, and Cities,
Of al Perse he toke the fees;
all the lords obeying him. Al the lordes, as it was skil,
10024 Him obeid with goode wil;
He was gentil and merciable.
He marries Mirabel to Nathanael, Anoon in hast he maried Mirable
To Nathanael with grete honoure,
and gives them the city of Soure, 10028 He gafe hem the Citie of Soure [Fol. 152, col. 2.]

In Surre, *with* al the contree
Twelf myle aboute that noble Citie — the land and 12 miles round it.
Forto hold *with* al Fraunchise,
10032 And made Nathanael chief Iustise,
So that he might dispend wele
Vi M pound, and more som dele.
He yafe Anazaree for his kindnes — To Anazaree he gives
10036 A ful goode baronage doutles — Sir Lucas's baronage
That was Sir Lucas of Idome,
That bi eschete was to him come — that had escheated to him.
Aftre Sir Lucas was I-slaw;
10040 That lond he yafe him bi the law;
He made him steward and chief Iustise.
And Segryne, for his goode seruyce, — To Segryne he gives the laundress to wife,
The lauender to wife him toke
10044 Bi-cause hir contre she forsoke;
The lordeship of a grete tovñ — with the lordship of a town,
He yafe him to his warisoñ
That was wel worth ech yere
10048 Six hundred pound in oon manere; — worth £600 a year.
Of plentie thus he was abound
To hem al that he his frendes found.
A grete lord was [Generides],
10052 Emp*erour* of Perse, but neu*er*-the-les
King of Surre and of Ynde,
He had hem bi heritage of kinde
To him and to [Clarionas] his wife: — Generides and Clarionas lived long and had
10056 Long lyued thei a goode life,
And moch had of worldes wele,
Childre betwix hem right fele — many sons
That aftre were lordes of price,
10060 And here doghtres grete ladies; — and daughters,
And or xxx yere wer gooñ,
King Gwynãn wedded that oon. — of whom Gwynan married one.

All their other children were of great renown,

Of the othir childre al,
10064 Moch Worship to hem did fal;
Many were kinges of noble fame,
As here histories telleth the same.

and Generides and Clarionas led their life in joy and bliss.

[Generides] liued many a day,
10068 And [Clarionas], the soth to say;
Thei led here life In ioye and blis
As thei wer wele worthie I-wis.

Now the story of Generides and Clarionas is all told.

Of [Generides] and [Clarionas]
10072 Now haue ye herd al the case;
He was the king son of Ynde certeyñ,
Goten of the quene of Surre, Sereyñ;
Aufreus hight his fadre the king,
10076 In his tyme a grete lording.

May every true couple have such grace!

God graunt euery trew wight
Gete his ladie w*ith* as moch right,
And graunt hem such grace
10080 As had [Generides] and [Clarionas]!

Pray for him who made this tale to gladden all true lovers; and may God bring us all to heaven's bliss; Amen!

Pray for him this tale made
Al trew louers forto glade;
And g*ra*unt vs al at oure ende
10084 To heven blis forto wende,
Eternallie there to be!
Seith Amen al, for charitie.

Here endeth the noble historie of th[e excellent Pr]ince *Generides*, which bi his mariage was Emp*er*oure of P[erse and of] many a Regioñ longyng therto, And bi heritage king of Ynde and [of Surre].

GLOSSARY.

A, 1797, 5662, at.

Abasshed, 1229, perplexed.

Abate, 7802, beat or put down, conquer.

Abide, 3789, delay.

Abide, 2301, wait for; 122, come to a dead stop.

Abide, 7598, suffer.

Abiding, 7555, waiting, delay.

Abound, 10049, abundant, generous.

Abraid, 5974, frighten; O.N. *bregðа*; A.S. *bredan*. See *braid* in Coleridge's Gloss.

Abraide, 8553, started up.

Abraied, 545, started.

Abraiding, 9335, scoffing.

Abreid, or rather 'a breid,' 3052, a fuss. O.N. *bragð*.

Acquiten, 1406, pay off.

Acquite, 2993-8, clear, free.

Acton, 4525. Sp. *algodan*; Arab. *al-góton*. (Burguy.)

"Aketon, or Haketon . . . is a slevelesse jackett of plate for the warre, couered withe anye other stuffe; at this day also called a jackett of plate; suche *akston* Walter Stapletone, Bishoppe of Excester and Custos or Wardene of Londone, had vppon hym secretlye, when he was apprehended and behedded in the twentyeth yere of Edwarde the seconde."—(1599. F. Thynne.)

"Through shield and jack and *aeton* past."
—(1805. Sir W. Scott. "Lay of Last Minstrel," Canto vi. l. 3.)

Adoun, 5418, to an end.

Afray, 8639, dismay.

Afright of, 658, frightened about.

Again, 209, to meet, from the opposite side.

Agramed, 6044, angered. (Alysaunder, 3309.) A.S. *gram*, angry.

Agoon, 2954, gone, disappeared.

Agrose, 7960, was wroth. A.S. *agrýsan*.

A-know, 6739, known, recognized.

Alas, *sb.*, 692, crying alas!

Algate, 2237, anywise, at all risks.

Althers, 5244, of all.

Althir, 3751, of all.

Ame, 5959, aim. O.Fr. *esme*; L. *estimatio*.

Among, 7696, at intervals.

Among, 2755, during the work.

Amyrayle, 1612, chief.

An, 1337, one. A.S. *an*.

And, 5540, 5831, if.

Apaied, 4715, repaid, rewarded.

Apaire, 4899, impair, injure. Fr. *empirer*; L. *in-pejorare*.

A pase, 9102, at speed, in haste.

Arerud, 5924, reared up.

As . . . as, 9237-8, *conj.*

Ascrie, 9192, shout at. O.Fr. *escrier aucun*, to crie out on, or call upon, one.

Ashed, 4795, asked for.
Asise, 8893, custom, way, fighting.
Aslake, 6021, slacken. A.S. *slacian*, to slacken.
Aslake, 6770, fall, grow less.
Assay, 6037, temper, toughness.
Assh, 9756, ask.
Asshed, 6703, asked.
At, 1974, of, (had envy of).
At, 637, 1951, of, (take leave of).
At, 7184, with.
At, 1409, by, according to.
Atteynt, 8994, tired out, done up. Fr. *attaint*, hit, strucken, fetched up; *il est attaint*, he is but a gone man. (Cotgrave.)
Aventure of (for), 9138, for chance of, to guard against.
Avised, 231, informed. Fr. *advisé*, informed. (Cotgrave.)
Avisement, 4870, taking counsel. Fr. *advisement*, consideration.
Avoide, 1253, get out of one's sight. O.Fr. *voidier*, from L. *viduus*.
Awaite on, 6337, watch.
A-wreke, 1272, avenge. A.S. *wrécan*, to avenge.
Axing, 8510, request. A.S. *acsung*.

Bare, 3820, went, rushed.
Bare, 4229, bare skin, buff.
Barred of, 5636, striped with.
Banerer, 3508, baner (? a miswriting)
Banerer, 3681, bearer of the banner.
Batelles, 3552, battalions. Fr. *bataille*, the whole army, and sometimes also, any squadron, battallion, or part, thereof. (Cotgrave.)
Bayne, 4640, bane, destruction. A.S. *bana*.
Becam, 7223, went to.
Bede, 1160, bid, declare. A.S. *biddan*.
Begete, 4497, begetting, children.
Begete, 4810, take, gain, success. A.S. *begetan*, to get, seize.
Begoon, 178, gone over, covered. A.S. *be-gán*, to go over, perambulate.
Begoon, 4195, overrun.
Begrave, 7394, buried.
Behete, 463, promise. A.S. *behátan*, to promise.
Behote, 5605, promise.
Beleft, 5737, remained. A.S. *belæfan*, to leave.
Belfrayes, 7811, tower to shoot from. Fr. *baffroy*, a watch-tower of timber, also a Bastile of timber, whereout besiegers beat the besieged. (Cotgrave.)
Bended, 4538, with bands or bars.
Bendes, 3924, heraldic bands or bars.
Beseen, 207, looked after, fitted, furnished, A.S. *be-seón*, to look about, behold.
Besene, 3924, fitted, ornamented.
Besprenged, 7068, besprinkled. A.S. *besprengan*, besprinkle.
Betaght, 977, 9524, betook, committed; p. of *beteche*. A.S. *betácan*, p. *betáhte*.
Beteche, 973, betake, commit.
Bett, 504, better.
Bewept, 2355, wept, shed tears all over. A.S. *bewépan*, bewail.
Bidene, 3538, immediately.
Bi-ment, 8634, troubled.
Blin, 2048, stop, cease. A.S. *blinnan*.
Bliue, 629, 4207, quickly, for *belive*. Cp. Dan. *oplive*, to quicken, enliven. (Col.)
Bliue, 3106, blithe, glad. A.S. *bliðe*.
Blyn, 2767, cease.
Boistous, 3722, big and clumsy.
Boistous, 4280, terrible, frightful.
Boote, 5579, remedy. A.S. *bót*.

Bord, 364, *ship bord*, ship's side.
Bordes, 1019, tables. A.S. *bórd*, table.
Bote, 434, 3328, remedy.
Bountie, 9828, prowesse, courage. (Cotgrave.)
Bourdure, 4076, 5681, border.
Brace, 3324, embrace.
Brawn, 5991, flesh and muscle.
Brayde, 7643, rush. O.N. *bragð*.
Brede, 5518, breadth. A.S. *bred*, a surface.
Brent, 1661, burnt, scorched. A.S. *burnen*, *geburnen*.
Brayde, 2371, instant.
Brethre, 4499, brothers.
Burnesh, 780, "burnish, *polir*, to smooth, sleek, brighten, beautifie." (Cotgrave.)
Busshaile, 9193, ambush. Fr. *buschailles*, small twigs or sprigs.
Busshed, 3033, hid in bushes, lay in ambush.
Bushment, p. 64, heading, line 2, ambush.
But if, 9769, except.
By and by, 1158, at all times, constantly; 4836, continuously.
By and by, 4100, on both, all, sides. See extract under *True-love*.

Can, 141, 3508, 9450, *v. aux.* did.
Can, 144, 5579, know. A.S. *ic can*, I know, from *cunnan*.
Can, 455, began, or did.
Can thank, 1299, give thanks.
Cantel, 5934, slice, piece. O.Fr. *chantel*.
Careful, 138, 661, troubled, full of care and distress, or anxiety.
Cast, 1444, 5498, plan, purpose, intend; 1448, plan, sketch out; 8330, heave.
Castelion, 3562, castellan.
Casting, 8403, throwing, chucking.
Caught, 6060, received.
Cee, 6553, sea.
Chambre (used without an article), 'into chambre,' 1263, etc.
Champe, 3925, field, in heraldry; 5679, ground.
Checkmate, 7792-7, 7801.
Chek, 912, turn, trick. A.S. *ceaca*, a trial, proof.
Chek, 8758, tale.
Chekkes, 4042, injuries.
Chere, 661-4, 5699, cheer, countenance. Fr. *chere*.
Chere, 1051, cheer, fact, thing.
Chere, 9486, sign, show, intention.
Chik, 6061, check. A.S. *ceáca*.
Childre, 7780, children.
Clene, 508, well-cut, neat, handsome.
Clenlie, 880, neatly, well.
Cleped, 956, called. A.S. *clypián*, to cry, call.
Cleping, 2737, calling, summons. A.S. *clypung*.
Cleping, 3168, calling, name.
Clepur, 6877, clapper.
Cold, 8562, grow cold.
Come, 6765, coming.
Comforth, 572, comforts.
Companable, *adj.*, and in Chaucer, "Schipmannes Tale," l. 14415. See
Compenable, 47, social. (Palsgrave, 1530.) Fr. *compagnable*, companable, friendly, sociable, conversable. (Cotgrave, ed. 1650.)
Comyned, 2841, communed, consulted.
Condicion, 9507, intent, plan.
Condite, 8631, conduct, guide.
Coniecture, 84, plot, trick. See "Holy Graal."
Conyssaunce, 5684, flag, pennon, special to one knight.

Costage, 2302, cost, expense.
Coude, 884, knew.
Couerd, 5902, recovered.
Couetous, 8173, desirous.
Courser, 985, riding horse. Fr. *coursier*, a Tilting Horse, or horse for the Careere. (Cotgrave.)
Couth, 280, *vb. aux.* could.
Couth, 882, knew. A.S. *cunnan*, to know, p. *ic cuðe*, I knew.
Covetise, 3842, 5341, desire, wish.
Crased, 5785, cracked, were bruised. Fr. *escraser*, to squash downe, beat flat, crush in pieces.
Croupe, 3822, rump. Fr. *croupe*, the rumpe, or crupper piece.

Dampned, 2977, condemned.
Darreyn, p. 165 (heading of chapter), end, decide. Fr. *derreinier*, from *derrain*, from *de-retro-anus*, dernier. (Burguy.)
Daunger, 1874, difficulty, bother.
Deceyuable, 9059, full of deceit.
Deface, 9326.
Deidlie, 1252, mortally.
Delay, 3144, allay, satisfy. Fr. *delayer*, to allay, or soften, by steeping.
Dele, 51, (some)what. A.S. *dæl*, part.
Dele, 446, whit, piece.
Demean, 1911, behave.
Departed, 513, divided. Fr. *départir*, to diuide. (Cotgrave.)
Departed, 9013, separated.
Departing, 4505, separation.
Dere, 2802, harm, injure. A.S. *dere*, damage.
Des, 215, dais.
Devised, 232, understood.
Devise, 1041, study, make out, understand.
Devise, 1148, get at, discover.
Deyntie, 4115, treat.
Did, 7267, made.
Dight, 268, prepared; 2943, dress, put in funeral array. A.S. *dihtan*, to set in order, dispose, arrange.
Dight, 9692, betook.
Dight, 5226, sent.
Discure, 83, 86, expose, betray. O.Fr. *descuevrir*, découvrir, dévoiler. L. *discooperire*. (Roquefort.)
Disgyse, 1023, ornamented. Fr. *desguiser*, to set a false coate or glosse on. (Cotgrave.)
Dishereited, 2271, disinherited. O. Fr. *déshirété*.
Displesaunce, 76, displeasing.
Dome, 5670, trial, judgment. A.S. *dom*.
Don, 3774, din, resound.
Doo, 8191, given.
Doo way, 4131, 5591, get away, go along.
Doth, 6218, do you.
Doughtlie, 4905, doughtily.
Dovnermore, 4226, further down.
Doute, 3654, fear. Fr. *doubter*, to fear; *doubte*, fear.
Doute of, 2388, fear for.
Draw, 2151, go.
Drench, 6688, drown. A.S. *ge-drencan*.
Dres, 1726, go.
Drese, 4336, betake ourselves.
Dressed, 7307, prepared, got ready.
Drigh, 9820, suffer. A.S. *drécan*, p. *dréhte*, to trouble, oppress.
Drinkes, 4630, charges, rushes at, for *thrinkes*, or *thringes*. A.S. *þringan*, to press, to rush on or upon. (R. Morris.)
Dry, 3836, suffer, last, stand.
Durable, 9301, enduring, long-lasting.
Dwell, 1992, pause.
Dwelling, 9516, delay.

Eased, 2816, treated, accommodated. Cp. Chaucer, Prol. Cant. T., "we weren *esud* atte beste."

Eche a, 3356, every.

Eft, 1062, afterwards.

Egge, 5147, edge.

Egrely, 1351, savagely.

Elde, 825, age.

Elles, 468, else.

Emprise, 1937, station, birth. O.Fr. *emprise*, entreprise, projet.

Enbatelled, 3657, in order of battle.

Enbusshed, 9156, lay in ambush in bushes.

Encheason, 436, occasion. O.Fr. *acheson*, *enchaison*.

Entaile, 3608, 6699, cut, appearance. O.Fr. *entailler*, tailler; *entaille*, cut, notch. L. *talea*.

Entend, 129, attend.

> "I entende, I set my mynde, or apply my thought aboute a thyng. *Je suis deliberé*."
> —(Palsgrave.)

Entende, 1121, 9266, understand.

Erst, 506, before.

Escape 590, get through.

Eshete, 2190, escheat. O.Fr. *eschet; chaoir*, tomber.

Fade, 1288, pale. O.Fr. *fade*, déplaisant; L. *fatuus*.

Falsed, 8448, falsehood.

Fantise, 729, p. 24. O.Fr. *faintise*, dissimulation, tromperie.

Faute, 9360, miss, want.

Feautie, 706, fealty.

Feble, 9697, grow feeble.

Feith, 9969, pledge, fealty.

Feld, 5679, (*heraldic*) surface.

Fele, 756, perceive, see.

Fele, many. A.S. *féla*.

Fellie, 8401, angrily, fiercely. A.S. *fell*, cruel.

Felowrede, 3456, company, host. O.N. *felagi*, a partner in goods.

Fent, 5941, vent or ventaille (?); or another part of the armour, named from *fente*, the short slit at the collar of a robe closed by a brooch. (Way. Prompt. Parv. p. 156, v. 1.)

Ferd, 1310, fared, behaved. A.S. *faran*, to go.

Ferd, 4397, fared, went.

Fere, *sb.*, 259, company. A.S. *gefer*, a company.

Ferus, 353, companions.

Fest, 2717, fasten.

Fett, 759, fetched, brought.

Fetured, 2752, fettered.

Fewtred, 3851, put down to the charge. O.Fr. *feutre*, tapis, partie de la salle; L.L. *filtrum;* A.S. and E. *felt*. (Burguy.)

Feyne, 4721, shirk.

Fond, 2232, 4269, 9654, try. A.S. *fandian*.

Fond, 414, undertake, perform (?)

Foon, 3350, foes. A.S. *fá*, pl. of *fáh*.

For, 4027, notwithstanding; 8058, in despite of.

For, 3180, because.

For, 1863, against, to guard against.

Forbere, 3189, restrain, give up.

Forbi, 5748, by, past.

Forborn, 146, borne from, separated from, lost. A.S. *forbéran*, to forbear, abstain.

Forborn, 5005, restrained. A.S. *forbéran*, to refrain.

Fordoo, 2432, wash out, do away with. A.S. *fordón*, to destroy.

Forgoo, 4234, lose.

Forgoon, 4382, 5202, lost.

Forth broght, 879, brought up.

Forswett, 221, covered with sweat; *for*, intensive.

Forthinkes, 6161, repents.

Forthinketh, 2874, repents; 6610, makes sorry. A.S. *forþencan*, to mistrust, despair.

Forthoght, 6446, made sorry.

Fortune, 1187, give the luck, grant. Fr. *fortuner*, give good successe unto. (Cotgrave.)

Foryelde, 945, repay, reward. A.S. *forgeldan*, to repay.

Foules, 5680, birds.

Frape, 5085, crowd, rush. O.E. *frape*, quickly; "ffor to fyghte with thy *frapppe*," host, army. (Morte Arthure, l. 3549.) See *frushing*, below.

Frayn, 485, ask, question. A.S. *fregnan*; Goth. *fraihnan*.

Freres, 7508, brethren.

Frushed, 4974, pierced, split.

Frusshed, 8978, drove in, smashed.

Frushing, 3831, 4901, rushing, hurtling.

> "*frushchene* on alle the ffrape."
> —(M. Arthure, l. 2805.)

Frushing, striking right and left. See *tofrushed*, 4190, beaten to pieces.

Gan, 731, began.

Gelous, 1070, desirous, lustful.

Gete, *sb*. 5631, jet (the mineral).

Gif, 5176, give.

Girding, *sb*. fastening. A.S. *gyrdan*, to gird, to bind round.

Girt, 5764, thrust, driven. A.S. *gird*, staff, stick.

Glaced, 4231, 4680, slipped, cut. O.Fr. *glacer*, glisser, détourner un coup.

Glade, 702, gladden. A.S. *glædian*, to be glad.

Glent, 7081, turned, swerved, Sc. *glint*, *glent*, to glide, slide.

Glift, 7310, got a glimpse. Sc. *gliff*, a glimpse; Dan. *glippe*, to wink.

Gonfanon, 4350, banner; 4526, flag on a spear.

Goodeli, 1554, 9536, well; 3298, kindly.

Goodeli, 1183, 1186, handsome.

Goodeliest, 3019, most eloquent.

Goodelynes, 828, good looks.

Gooth, 492, go you.

Goules, 3925, gules, vermilion.

Gramercy, 775, great thanks.

Graunt, 788, 3235, agree. O.Fr. *graunter*, or *creanter*, from *creant* = L. *credens*. (Burguy.)

Gray mercy, 6285, great thanks.

Gref, 4130, grieve. Fr. *grever*, to grieue, aggrieue; L. *gravis*, heavy.

Grete, 1155, high, of noble parents.

Guy, 3510, guide.

Gyn, 610, device.

Gynn, 6975, trick. A.S. *gryn*, a snare.

Halfendele, 3465, the half part. A.S. *half*, *healf*, half; *dél*, part.

Hals, 1656, embrace round the neck. A.S. *hals*, neck.

Halsed, 9614, took one another round the neck.

Hand, bear on, 1904, have power over.

Hap, 5577, happen to, befall. Fr. *happer*, to hap or catch. (Cotgrave.)

Haunt, 5444, pass, spend. Fr. *hanter*, to haunt, resort unto.

Helde, 4444, yield, or heel over (?)

Hele, 725, conceal. A.S. *hélan*.

Helm, 3367, helmed men, knights. A.S. *helma*, a helm, rudder.

Helmes, 3729, picks (?)

Hende, 694, 5351, gentle. O.N. *henda*, to seize, happen; then, like G. *gefällig*, *hende*, courteous, falling in with the feelings of another. (Wedgwood.)

Hent, 1314, took; 2861, taken. O.N. *henda*, seize.

Hent, 5988, caught; 6035, received.

Heres, 4089, hers.

Hertlie, 821, earnestly.

Hertlie, 1482, hearty, benign, kind. A.S. *heort*, hearty.

Hie, 7326, hasten. A.S. *higan*, to hasten; *hicgan*, seek vehemently, struggle.

High, 9532, haste, hurry.

Highing, 7528, haste.

Him, 2034, them. A.S. *hem*.

His, 8334, her (as in the "Ayenbite").

Hole, 1123, whole.

Holer, 8925, more whole or well.

Holi, 3478, wholly.

Hond, bereth on, 2985, accuses of.

Honestie, 1856, honour.

Houe, 4635, stand.

Houed, 192, halted, stopped. W. *hofian*, *hofio*, to fluctuate, hover, suspend. (Wedgwood.)

Hurtled, 5789, hustled, charged.

Hurtling, 5904, charge, rush.

I (for *me*), 902.

Iape, 9274, joke, nonsense. Fr. *iapper*, to yawle, to bawle.

Iaper, 8282, joker, trickster. Fr. *iappeur*, a barker, bayer.

I-fett, 791, fetched. A.S. *fettan*, *fetigean*; Fris. *fetje*, to seize. (Wedgwood.)

Ilk, 482, very. A.S. *ilc*, the same.

Inly, 2397, inward. A.S. *inlic*, internal.

Iourney, 8278, deed, day's work. Fr. *iournée*, a dayes worke or labour. (Cotgr.)

It, 6265, he.

I-wys, 294, certainly. A.S. *gewis*.

Iust, 1969, joust. Fr. *iouster*, to iust, tilt, or tourney. (Cotgrave.)

Justise, 2848, judgment, punishment. Fr. *iustice*, a paire of gallowes, authority to execute lawes.

Kele, 5908, cool, grow cold. A.S. *célan*, to chill, be cold.

Kepe, 1655, reckon. A.S. *cépan*, to take.

Kerued, 5946, carved, cut.

Keuered, 5898, recovered, rose.

Kind, 3846, kinde 2824, nature. A.S. *cind*, *gecynd*.

Knowleching, 6896, recollection.

Kon magre, 8390, give displeasure to, bear ill-will to, be angry with. Cp. *can thonke*.

Kon (thanke), 8027, give, return thanks.

Kynrede, 2211, relative. A.S. *cynren*, kindred.

Laghing, 9399, laughing. Du. *een lachinge*, a laughing.

Larder, 7228, mincemeat (as we say now). Fr. *larder*, to stick with lard, to pricke or pierce as with a larding-pricke. (Cotgrave.)

Large, at youre, 3330, at large, at liberty. Fr. *mettre au large*, release, giue roome to. (Cotgrave.)

Largenes, 794, size.

Launde, 160, open space. Fr. *lande*, a laund; a wild, vntilled, shrubbie or bushie plaine. (Cotgrave.)

Lawndre, 611, launder, washerwoman, or the craft of laundry. Fr. *lavandiere*, a launderesse, or washing woman. (Cotgrave.)

Leche, 1276, doctor. A.S. *læce;* ? from Fr. *lecher*, to licke, lap, slap vp (Cotgrave): but Goth. *lekeis*, a leech; Boh. *lek*, medicine; Gael. *leighis*, to heal. See Wedgwood.

Leef, 6576, love, sweetheart. A.S. *leóf*, beloved one.

Lefe, 5428, desirous.

Leges, 177, ledges. 'A Ledge (or outward member in architecture) *Cymace.*' (Sherwood.) O.N. *lögg;* Sw. *lagg*, projecting rim.

Leid, 7349, led.

Lenght, 3001, lengthen. A.S. *langian.*

Les, 840, lies. A.S. *leas*, false.

Lessed, 7340, relieved.

Let, 4314, hinder, stop. A.S. *lettan.*

Let, 3078, refrain, stop.

Lete, 5905, prevent.

Lete, 5140, leave, lose. A.S. *lætan*, to let go, release, dismiss.

Lete, 5830, leave alone.

Lete, 4498, rejoice. Du. *liedt*, a song.

Lete, 847, 1787, 1844, 6764, rejoiced.

Lete, 3389, thought. A.S. *lætan*, think, suppose, pretend.

Lett, 333, stop.

Letting, 2496, hindrance, delay. A.S. *læting*, a hindering.

Leuer, 567, liefer, rather. A.S. *leófre.*

Leve, 6618, remain. Du. *blijven*, to stay, to tarry, or to demure. (Hexham.)

Lewd, 5, *adj.* lay. A.S. *læwd*, laicus.

Licence, 8497, give leave. Fr. *licencier.*

Licorous, 1068, lecherous. Fr. *lescheur*, lickorous. (Cotgrave.)

Life, 6817, conduct, propriety.

Life, 2902, live.

Light, 3981, dismount. Du. *lichten*, to light.

Light, 801, active (?)

Light, 983, glad.

Light of, 447, delighted with.

Lighting, 6373, dismounting.

Liked, 180, pleased. A.S. *lycian*, to please.

Lithe, 7721, make gentle. A.S. *liðe*, gentle; *liðian*, mitigate.

Lodesman, 3601, leader.

Logge, 6494, lodging, tent.

Logged, 3162, lodged, encamped.

Longed, 884, belonged.

Lore, 5457, loss, disgrace. A.S. *leóran*, to lose; *loren*, lost.

Lorn, 145, lost. A.S. *loren*, p.p. of *leósan*, *leóran*, to go forth, lose.

Los, 22, *sb.* praise, honour. Fr. *los*, laud, praise.

Loue daies, 4169, days of reconciliation. See Chaucer.

Lough, 3253, laughed.

Lowed, 2846, allowed, protected, borne harmless.

Magre, 5931, notwithstanding. Fr. *maugre; mal*, and L. *gratum.*

Maim, 3432, wound. Fr. *mahain;* Sp. *mancha*, stain, spot.

Maistreys, 1966, 2046, crafts, tricks. O.Fr. *maistrie*, artifice.

Maistrie, for the, 6696, for fast sailing, supremacy. Compare Chaucer. O.Fr. *maistrie, maîtrise*, suprématie.

Maistrie, 9200, trade, work, fighting.

Maistries, 4636, 4700, prowess.

Make, 63. A.S. *maca*, a mate, husband.

Making, 508, form, shape.

Male, 5966, mail, armour, plate.

Male talent, 9798, evil schemes, desires.

Maner, 2882, cause.

Manlie, 2528, in a manlike way.

Mastirles 4192, without a master, rider.

Mate, 4801, match, check.

Mate, 6100, faint (?) Fr. *matté*, amated, quelled, tired, wearied. (Cotgrave.)

Mate, 9924, ill.

Maugre, 5922, opposition.

Maugre, 3077, despite.

Maygnelles, 7801, mangonels.

"The *magonell*, one instrumente to flynge or cast stones into a towne or against a towne walles, an engine not much vnlyke to the catapulte, an instrumente to cast forthe dartes, stones, or arrowes."—(F. Thynne. "Animaduersions," 1599, p. 33, ed. 1865.)

Mede, 2781, reward. A.S. *méd*.

Medicine, 8257, 8860, healing, cure. Fr. *medecine*, healing or curing; a remedie for diseases. (Cotgrave.)

Medle, 4095, mellay, struggle. Fr. *meslée*, a fight, fray, conflict. (Cotgrave.)

Meke, *v. tr.*, 7709, humble. Du. *muycken*, to soften, to mollifie (Hex.); Goth. *muks*, soft.

Mell, 5288, talk.

Menged, 7067, mixed. A.S. *mengian*, to mix.

Meny, 126, meynee, 38, company of followers. Fr. *meignie*, a meynie or household. (Cotgrave.)

Merciable, 7285, merciful. O.Fr. *merciable*, miséricordieux.

Mesel, 6836, leper. O.Fr. *mesel*; Du. *maesche*, ofte *maschel*, a spot or a blemish. (Hex.)

Met, 6567, dreamed. A.S. *mætan*, to dream.

Mich, 691, much.

Michel, 9701, much.

Mischief, at, 5426, in evil plight. Fr. *meschef*.

Mistere, 3177, need, want. O.Fr. *mestier*, besoin.

Moch, 3701, big.

Mode, 2784, mood, temper. A.S. *mód*, passion.

Moode, 1259, temper, anger; 5722, rage.

Moode, 5520, intention.

Most, 339, must.

Mote, 4293, blast or call of a horn. Fr. *mot*, a motto, a word; also the mote winded by a huntsman on his horne. (Cotgrave.)

Mote, 8450, moot, argue (?) A.S. *mótian*, to discuss, dispute.

Mown, 758, *pl.* may, can.

Mychel, 6794, many (?)

Myn, 3474, mind, remember.

Mysbeleve, 9500, disbelief, want of trust.

Mysdemed, 7212, suspected.

Mysliked, 8142, displeased.

Myssgylt, 9737, offended against.

Myswent, 2959, misgone, gone out of his head.

Nad, 6007, had not.

Naked, 9332, naked skin. A.S. *nacod*, root *nag* (O.N. *gnaga*), gnaw, strip off bark, etc. (H. Coleridge.)

Nam, 892, took. A.S. *nám*, p. of *niman*, to take.

Nam, 1322, went.

Name, 2400, went, took her way.

Nas, 3089, ne was, was not.

Nauthir, 9286, neither.

Nighen, 731, draw nigh. A.S. *neah*, nigh.

Nold, 5864, ne wold, would not.

Nome, 9752, gave, delivered to. See *nam*.

Nome, 678, taken.

Noones, the, 182, the nonce, then (= that) once.

Nors, 765, nurse.

Nortur, 972, nurture, training. O.Fr. *noriture*, éducation.

Not, 2151, 2693, 3397, ne not, know not.

Nouch, 7746, ouch, carcanet. Fr. *mouilles*, necklaces, tablets, brouches or *ouches*; any such ornaments for the necke. (Cotgrave.)

Obeid, 682, bowed (?), served, attended. Fr. *obeïr*, to be obsequious or dutifull unto. (Cotgrave.)

Obeid, 6268, bowed to, saluted.

Of, 5874, at.

Of, 4098, with.

Of, 4105, 4114, on.

Of, 1394, off, from.

Of, 6071, from.

Of, 4416, by.

Of, 4457, off.

Of, 4866, during.

Oght, 9485, at all.

On, 4524, in.

On, 6344, 6396, for.

On, 5484, of

On liue, 630, alive.

Or, 3302, before.

Ordein, 6846, manage. O.Fr. *ordener*, mettre en ordre. 7361, send.

Ordinaunce, 7811, artillery.

Ostrye, 2259, hostelry, inn. O.Fr. *osteus*, hôtel.

Ouercam, 8399, came round (from swooning), recovered.

Ouer-doon, 7659, overdone, exhausted. A.S. *oferdón*, to overdo.

Ouer-think, 1721, repent.

Overslept, 2646. A.S. *oferslǽp*, oversleep.

Ouertwert, 2104, overthwart, crossly.

Outhre, 309, either.

Ow, 7422, ought.

Ow, 899, am bound, ought.

Paied, 226, pleased. Fr. *payer*, to satisfie, content. (Cotgrave.)

Pale, 1559, grow pale. Fr. *se paslir*, to wax pale, wan, bleake. (Cotgrave.)

Palfrey, 3791, hack; as contrasted with *steed*, war horse.

Pane, 284, cloth, coverlet (?) Fr. *pan*, a pane, piece, or pannell of a wall; also the skirt of a gowne; the pane of a hose, of a cloake, etc. (Cotgrave.)

Paramour, 7350, love, sweetheart.

Paramoures, 4553, by way of love, as a lover, desperately; 9768, dearly.

Parlous, 3959, dangerous, terrible. O.Fr. *perillous*.

Pas, 2568, way.

Passing, 683, dying. Fr. *passer*, to decease. (Cotgrave.)

Pay, 5665, pleasure.

Pay, 7558, please.

Peased, 5424, appeased.

Pensel, 4952, ? the big flag, or banner, *gonfanon*, the small one. Fr. *pensil*, (slightly) hanging. (Cotgrave.)

> "þe king he[om se]tte vp on an hulle
> [m]id mony *pensiles*." (standards.)
> ab. 1300. Laȝamon's Brut, v. 3, p. 83, l. 2.
> (The 1200 text has *here-markon*.)

Perceivyng, 9187, quick, intelligent.

Pere, 5531, equal.

Personable, 1552, well-shaped.

"Personable, *qui a bonne mine, bien fait*." (Miege, 1684.)

Perus, 354, peers, equals.

Pictoure, 8989, ? painting, enamel.

Pittour, 9324, ? painting, enamel.

Place, 164, castle, mansion.

Plat, 8977, flat to earth. Fr. *plat*, flat, plaine, low.

Play, 6785, game, dodges, schemes.

Plegge, 3158, pledge. Fr. *pleige*.

Plener, 3507, full.
Pleyne, 1651, complain.
Preise, 5850, value. Fr. *pris*, value. (Cotgrave.)
Prest, 2039, willing; 2647, 7866, ready. O.Fr. *prest*.
Prest, 3858, pay, death. O.Fr. *prester*, payer.
Price, 344, esteem. Fr. *pris*, accompt, estimation.
Price, 3816, prize or praise.
Price, 4426, value or renown.
Price, 10059, esteem, renown.
Prise, 5196, praise, honour.
Prisoned, 5510, imprisoned.
Prisovn, 2816, prisoner.
Priuetie, 745, ? power of keeping secrets.
Priuetie, 6193, secrets; 6308, secret. Fr. *privauté*, priuacie.
Procure, 9220, help.
Profre, 1218, *sb.* proffer.
Prou, 5472, advantage. O.Fr. *prou*.
Purchase, 8230, get, obtain. O.Fr. *purchacier*, procurer, amasser.
Purveaunce, 2301, provision. Fr. *pourvoyeur*, a prouider; *prouvoyance*, purueyance, prouision. (Cotgrave.)
Purveid, 5730, arranged, disposed.
Purvey, 5313, look for, provide.
Purviaunce, 6218, provision.
Putt, 4588, shove, thrust.

Queme, 3045, please. A.S. *cweman*.
Quengeovn, 1339, ? a dwarf, or general term of contempt. 'Coonyone or drowtly (conione or dwerhe, K.; conione or dwerwe, H.; congeon or dwerfe, P.) *Sessillus*.'

"Thou coinoun wode" . . . "thou konioun."
—(King Alisaundre, ll. 1718, 7748, Promptorium Parv., ed. Way.)

Quentise, 6213, device, scheme. Fr. *cointise*, quaintnes. (Cotgrave.)
Quert, 1674, heart, spirits, happiness. O.Fr. *queor*.

Rage, 7107, copulate. Fr. *rager*, lasciuiously to toy, dallie, or wantonnize it. (Cotgrave.)
Rape, 3869, hurry. Dan. *rap*, quick, swift.
Rathe, 8752, soon, quickly. A.S. *ræð*, quick; *hraðe*, quickly, soon.
Rathe, 2679, early.
Rather, 3392, more willingly. A.S. *hraðe*, of one's own accord.
Reason, 2809, question.
Recheles, 88, without care-taking or suspicion. A.S. *recce-leas*, careless.
Recover, 3824, get on to again.
Redres, 358, restrain.
Refreyned, 6387, reined in; *refreyn*, 6431. Fr. *refrener*, to bridle, pull in. (Cotgrave.)
Rehersed, 966, rehearse to, direct, tell. Fr. *reherser*, to harrow over again; *herse*, harrow. (Cotgrave.)
Reide, 1441, 6619, counsel, trick. A.S. *ræd*.
Remew, 4024, remove, go away. Fr. *remuer*, to remove. (Cotgrave.)
Rereward, 3757, rearguard.
Resign, 1886, give up.
Respit, 3147, delay. Fr. *respit*.
Respite, 1851, grant.
Respite, 3101, give up, cease from.
Restreyn, 5817, draw back, shorten.
Reueted, 2754, riveted. Fr. *river*, to rivet or clench; *rive*, side, edge. (Cotgrave.) L. *ripa*; not from *rebattre*. See Wedg.
Revived, 9745.
Rift, 5756, split. Dan. *rift*, splitte; Du. *rijten*, to rieve or to split.

Ripling, 5750, scratch. Pl.D. *repen*, to rip, tear, rip up; Dan. *oprive*.

Riue, 4456, rive, split.

Roght, 126, thought, recked. A.S. *róhte*, p. of *récan*, to reck, care for.

Rote, 5294, turn, bad luck (?)

Rought, 53, perf. of reck, care for, regard. A.S. *róhte*, p. of *récan*.

Russhed, 5740, made to rush. Du. *ruyschen*, to rustle, or make a rustling noise. (Hex.)

Saght, 4178, satisfied. A.S. *sæd*.

Sailing, 7902, assailing. Fr. *saillir*, to goe out, issue forth.

Salewing, 916, salutation.

Sauecondit, 9752, safe conduct, pass.

Saw, 2930, saying, tale; 6463, dictum. A.S. *sægen*.

Scarmysh, 4813, skirmish, fight. O.F. *escarmoucher*, to skirmish, bicker, brable, (Cotgrave); Bret. *garm*, battle-cry; W. *ysgarmes*, outcry, skirmish, (Wedgwood).

Scomfited, 4266, discomfited.

Seased, 7770, seized. Fr. *saisir*; O.H.G. *sazjan*, to set, put, *bisazjan*; G. *besetzen*, take possession. (Burguy.)

Sech, 6693, 6733, seek. A.S. *sécan*.

Sechand, 1315, seeking.

Sekirlye, 408, surely, certainly. O.Fris. *sikur*; L. *securo*.

Self, 3857, very.

Semblaunce, 141, appearance. Fr. *semblance*.

Semble, 3356, assembly, host. Fr. *assemblé*; A.S. *symbel*, a meeting.

Semed, 8054, thought. A.S. *seman*, to seem, judge.

Seruiceable, 1152, useful, handy. O.Fr. *serviable*.

Seyn, 2597, 2864, say. A.S. *secgan*, *sægan*.

Seyn, 2576, see. A.S. *seón*.

Shaft, 4440, spear. A.S. *sceaft*, a shaved stick, pole, spear.

Shake, 6326, go. A.S. *scacan*, shake, go, hasten.

Sharplie, 5044, rebukingly. A.S. *scearplice*, sharply.

Shende, 6724, punish, destroy. A.S. *scendan*, to confound, shame, shend.

Shende, 8178, ravage, destroy.

Shene, 3639, bright. A.S. *scéne*, *scíne*.

Shent, 5593, ruined, disgraced.

Shent, 1266, troubled.

Shet, 4598, shot, rushed. A.S. *scét*, p. of *sceótan*.

Shipped, 6661, put on board ship. A.S. *scippod*, p.p. shipped.

Shoke, 4241, rode.

Shond, 2986, disgrace. A.S. *scond*, shame, disgrace.

Short, 562, shorten. A.S. *sceortian*,

Shottes, 196, bolts. A.S. *scót*, an arrow, dart.

Shoure, 4312, 5692, fight. A.S. *scúr*, shower of arrows, battle, fight.

Sidelinges, 4206, sidewise, on his side; *-linges*, adv., as *-ling* in groveling, flatling, *-long* in headlong.

Sigh, 1325, saw. A.S. *seáh*, I saw.

Sith, 295, times. A.S. *siþ*, time.

Sith, 404, 1797, since. A.S. *siþþa*.

Sithen, 9496, afterwards. A.S. *siþþan*.

Skill, 248, 2936, 8856, reason, O.N. *skil*; A.S. *scyle*, difference, distinction.

Slidre, 4152, slip, slide. Du. *sledderen*, *slibberen*.

Slotered, 7066, dirtied, darkened. Bav. *schlotter*, *schlott*, mud. (Wedgwood.)

Slough, 2861, slewed; slew = *slive*, slip. A.S. *slyf*, sleeve. (Wedgwood.)

Smert, *v. tr.* pain, hurt. Dan. *at smærte*; Du. *smerten*, to paine.
Smert, 6384, quick. Fris. *snar*, quick, smart.
Smert, 1632, pain, disease. Dan. *smærte*.
Snell, 4584, quick. A.S. *snell*.
Sobre, *v. tr.*, 7626, quiet.
Sofferaunce, 1671, suffering, endurance. Fr. *souffraunce*.
Soght, 2665, ran. A.S. *sóhte*, I went to, p. of *sécan*.
Sond, 738, sending, gift; 8251, message. A.S. *sond*, a mission.
Sond, 1123, *adj.* sound.
Sonde, 5613, sending, message.
Sonde, 369, aid, messenger (?)
Sondri, in, 4847, asunder,
Sotelnes, 8297, trick. Fr. *subtil*, craftie, cunning. (Cotgrave.)
Spere, 6820, enquire, find out. A.S. *spirian*, to track, inquire.
Spered, 9119, asked, enquired.
Spill, 1900, hurt, kill. A.S. *spillan*, to destroy, kill.
Stepmoder, 3991, stepmother.
Stede, 683, time (?) A.S. *stede*, a place, station.
Stede, 3792, war-horse, charger. A.S. *steda*; Gael. *steud*, to run. (Wedgwood.)
Stere, 3751, guide, lead, command. A.S. *styran*, to govern.
Stere, 2072, stir. A.S. *styran*, to move, stir.
Stere, 6056, control.
Stere, 1773, steer, control.
Sterting, 7317, starting aside.
Stid, 484, stead, place. A.S. *stede*.
Stint, 5160, was dulled, stopped. A.S. *stintan*, to be blunt, dull, faint.
Stint, 2296, stop.
Stint, 9077, 9087, stopped.
Stiroples, 7270, without stirrups. A.S. *stíg-ráp*, a mounting-rope, stirrup.
Stoberlie, 2751, harshly. Du. *stobbe*, the stock of a tree; A.S. *stub*.
Stound, 29, *sb.* a short time. A.S. *stund*.
Stoyned of, 5993, astonished at.
Supprise, 1912, preserve, keep.
Swere, 1175, neck. A.S. *sweora*.
Sweting, 7244, love, sweet one.
Sweven, 8560, dream. A.S. *swefen*.
Swilling, 2375, rinsing. A.S. *swiling*, a gargle; *swil-ian*, to swill, wash.
Swow, 9578, swoon. Dan. *besvime*, to swoon away.
Syke, 1046, sigh. A.S. *sýcan*.
Syn, 1796, since.
Syne, 2701, afterwards.

Take, 6839, give, deliver to. A.S. *tacan*. take.
Take on, 1347, behave; 5200, fight.
Take on hand, 9780, say, assert.
Taketh on, 5200, fights.
Tane, 1620, taken, seized.
Tel, 4132, account, consider.
Ten, 3603, tenth.
Tene, 75. A.S. *teóna*, injury, wrong, injustice, insult.
Tene, 1738, trouble.
Tene, 6025, anger, vexation.
Tene, 1264, out of tene, (?) in trouble. distress.
Tene, 9328, vexed. A.S. *teonan*, *tynam*, to anger.
Tent, 2831, guard.
Than, 271, 431, the time that; acc. of *the*.
To thank, 9803, in goodwill, pleasingly.
Thar, *v.* 316, 6868, need. A.S. *þearf*. need; *þearfan*, to need.

Thar, the, 3002, thou must; thar him, 3, must he.
That, 6573, all, as much as.
That, 1736, *conj.*
That, 1737, *rel. pron.* who.
That, 5861, the time that.
The, 5976, thrive. A.S. *þeón.*
Ther as, 2660, where, in which.
There, 861, where, in which.
Thertil, 4292, thereto.
Therto, 3928, also.
Thoght, 6826, anxiety.
Thoole, 8490, suffer. A.S. *þólian.*
Thral, 3947, cast down (?)
Thrast, 8744, broke. A.S. *þræstian,* to rack, twist.
Threte, 1254, threaten.
Thretinges, 4800, threats.
Throm, 2949, body, rout, all-together. A.S. *truma,* a troop or band of soldiers.
Throm, 4289, cluster, close body.
Til, 2428, 4495, to. O.N. *til.*
To, 848, 4055, at.
To, 5827, for, as.
To, 1132, 3843, till.
To, 3849, for.
To, 853, too.
To-bett, 222, very much beaten. A.S. *tobeot; to,* intensive.
To-brast, 3970, 4453, burst into pieces. A.S. *toborsten.*
To-fligh, 4678, flew to pieces.
Tofore, 3688, before. A.S. *tofóren.*
To-frushed, 4190, battered to pieces.
Togh, 9328, angry (?)
Tome, 3126, leisure. A.S. *tom,* empty.
Tooke, 25, translated.
Toon, 3405, toes. A.S. *taan, tán.*
To-ragged, 6875, in rags, torn to rags.
To-rent, 1258, 2951, rent to pieces.
To-rofe, 4453, split to pieces.
To-roofe, 2887, tore, split.
To-sheuered, 5156, split.
Traied, 6391, betrayed. Fr. *trahi.*
Traitoure, 3697, betrayer.
Trast, 9320, trust. A.S. *treów,* trust.
Trauelled, 2336, worked, laboured at. Fr. *travailler,* to swinke, labour, toyle, moyle, (Cotgrave.)
Trauelled, 527, ? travailed, worked, dead-beat.
Tray, 7150, trick, treason.
Trayn, 6088, deceit.
Trevage, 3292, tax, tribute. O.Fr. *truage,* a toll, custome, tax. (Cotgrave.)
Treyn, 6332, treachery, deceit, trick. Fr. *train,* worke, dealing.
Trewloue, 173 (O.N. *trúlofa* spondere; *lofa,* to promise), ? of true-lovers' knots, or in imitation of a flower. 'Truelove, herb *Paris,* a quatrefoil whose leaves bear a sort of likeness to a true-lovers' knot,' (Coles); 'Oneberry,' (Halliwell). Cp.

"Then shall ye were a shelde of blewe,
In token ye shall be trewe,
With vines of golde set all aboute
Within your shelde, and eke without,
Fulfylled with ymagery,
And poudred with *true loves* by and by."
(The Squyr of Lowe Degre, l. 210, Ritson, *v.* 3, p. 154.)

Tronchon, 4461, shaft of the spear. Fr. *tronchon.*
Trusses, 7057, bundles of clothes.
"a trusse or a fardle, *een pack.*"—(Hex.)
Tymelie, 8201, early. A.S. *tímlíce,* soon.

Valour, 3000, value. Fr. *valeur.*
Vaward, 3513, vanguard.
Vncoupled, 104, uncoupled, slipped.
Vncouth, 519, unknown, strange. A.S. *uncúð.*

Vndede, 684, opened.
Vnderfong, 4, 3524, undertake. A.S. *underfeng*, undertook.
Vndirfong, 3076, receive. A.S. *underfón*, to receive.
Vndrefong, 4175, received.
Vndre-nome, 120, seized, overcome.
Vndre-nome, 5702, understood. A.S. *underniman*, to undertake, comprehend, take.
Vndre-yatte, 443, undergot, understood. A.S. *undergitan*, to understand.
Vnethes, 3870, hardly, with difficulty. A.S. *unéðelíce*.
Vnglade, 5876, sorry. A.S. *ungléd*.
Vnglade, 9206, make sorry.
Vnhende, 442, ungentle.
Unhorsed, 5227.
Vnknyt, 7091, unknot, untie.
Vnmerie, 9022, sorry.
Vnskilfullie, 3038, without reason. See *skill*, O.N. *skil*.
Vnslaw, 8159, not slain.
Vntill, 342, to.
Vnwimpled hir, 9953, took off her wimple or hood.
Voide, 5540, come away from, or remove(?) See l. 5554. O.Fr. *vuider*, emptie, rid of.
Voye, 1925, vow. O.Fr. *vo*, *vou*, voeu, (Burguy); or avoye, *adveu*, (Cotgrave).
Vprising, 574, getting up, out of bed.
Vs, 4367, we.
Vse, 1970, practise.

Wage, 3264, pledge, take. Fr. *gager*.
Waite, 6091, plot. Fr. *agaiter*, epier, tendre des piéges; O.H.G. *wahtén;* Goth. *vakan*, watch.
Waited, 1358, planned for, put upon.
Waited, 2589, took leisurely (?)
Walopand, 3642, galloping.
Waloping, 4744, galloping.
Wardes, p. 115 (heading of chapter), divisions, battalions.
Warison, 10046, guardianship (?) O.Fr. *garison*, *warison*, sureté, sauveté.
Was, 5674, were.
Wayting, 4560, watching.
Wed, 5030, pledge. A.S. *wed*.
Wedd, 5545, pledge.
Wende, 4691, thought. A.S. *wende*.
Wendeth, 8579, go. A.S. *wendan*, to go.
Wending, 9967, going, departure. A.S. *wending*, a turning.
Wene, 507, think, suppose. A.S. *wenan*, to think.
Went, 4339, 6403, gone. A.S. *wended*.
Went him, 2577, went.
Were, 4016, protect. A.S. *werian*.
Wete, 569, learn. A.S. *witan*, to perceive.
Weten, 28, know.
Wetenes, 546, wetness.
Weymenting, 5134, lamentation.
Weyned, 781, was weaned. A.S. *wenian*, to wean.
Whatsomeuer, 2804, whatsoever.
Which, 8841, things which.
Which, 680, 686, 718, who.
Who, 313, whosoever.
Whom, 2522.
Wight, 1246, able; 2250, quick, able; 3544, quick, able, strong. Sw. *vig*, active.
Wightlie, 1134, 4106, 9877, quickly.
Wirch, 7032, work.
Wit, 470, know.
Wite, 4086, blame. A.S. *wíte*, punishment; *wítan*, to blame.
With, 4188, by.
With, 6313, in.

Withold, 1053, keep, retain. A.S. *wiþ*, against.

Withseid, 8463, opposed. A.S. *wiþseggan*, to gainsay.

Withsett, 4518, oppose. A.S. *wiþsetten*, to resist.

With-seyn, 2922, answer, resist.

Wittilie, 4298, skilfully. A.S. *wittig*, skilful.

Wode, 5777, savageness, passion.

Wond, 4106, turned. A.S. *wendan*, to turn.

Wonnyng, 394, dwelling, castle. A.S. *wunung*.

Woode, 1260, mad. A.S. *wód*.

Woode, 320, badly; 4913, madly.

Woone, 874, country (?) A.S. *wunian*, to inhabit.

Wrech, 6396, revenge, punishment. A.S. *wræc*.

Wreche, 1275, vengeance.

Wreke, 1294-6, avenge. A.S. *wræccan*.

Wring, 2342, twist. A.S. *wrigan*.

Wrie, 5957, turn. A.S. *wríþan*, to writhe, twist.

Wroken, 1256, wreaked, avenged.

Wrothe, 9233, angrily, fiercely. A.S. *wráþe*.

Wrotlie, 2917, in wrath.

Wry, 1352, turn, bend.

Wysslie, 3269, surely, certainly. A.S. *gewis*.

Ych, 847, each. A.S. *ylc*, same.

Yede, 648, went. A.S. *ic éode*, I went.

Yeft, 5832, gift. A.S. *gift*.

Yelde, 9792, reward. A.S. *geldan*, to pay.

Yeme, 7085, heed. A.S. *geman*, to heed.

Yern, 1274, earnestly. A.S. *georne*.

Yeuen, 5733, gave. A.S. *we geafon*, we gave.

Ygraue, 2364, buried. A.S. *græf*, a grave: *y* marks the perfect participle.

Yhorsed, 8513, horsed, mounted.

Ylorn, 653, lost. A.S. *loren*.

Youres, 408, yours.

Yndes, 5122, Indians, men of Higher Inde.

Ynogh, 109, enough. A.S. *genog*.

Yuel, 226, evil, ill.

Yuel, nam to, 3972, took as bad, disagreeable, didn't like at all.

Yuel paied of, 5926, ill-pleased with.

Yuell, 326, evil; in.

Yuell, 341, as improper.

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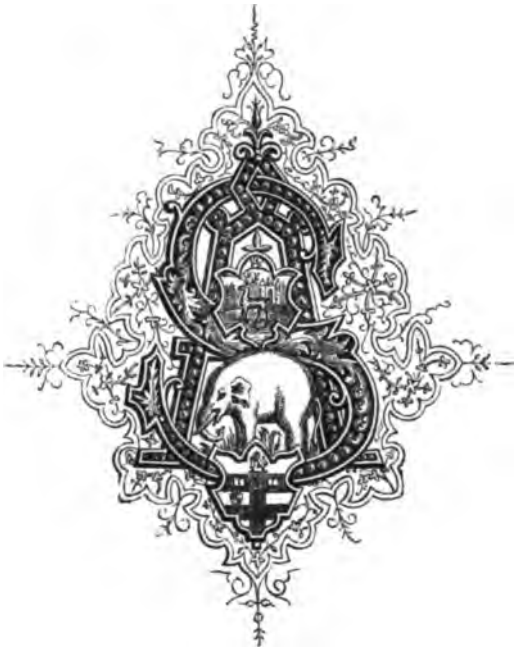
STEPHEN AUSTIN,



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